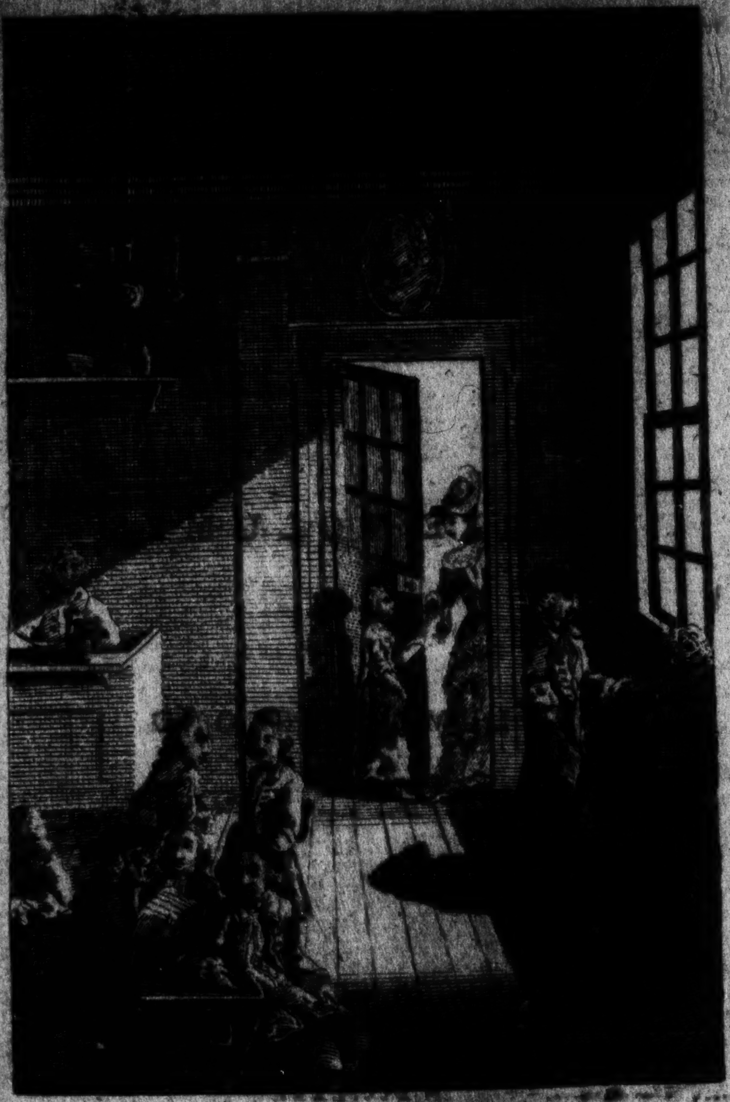

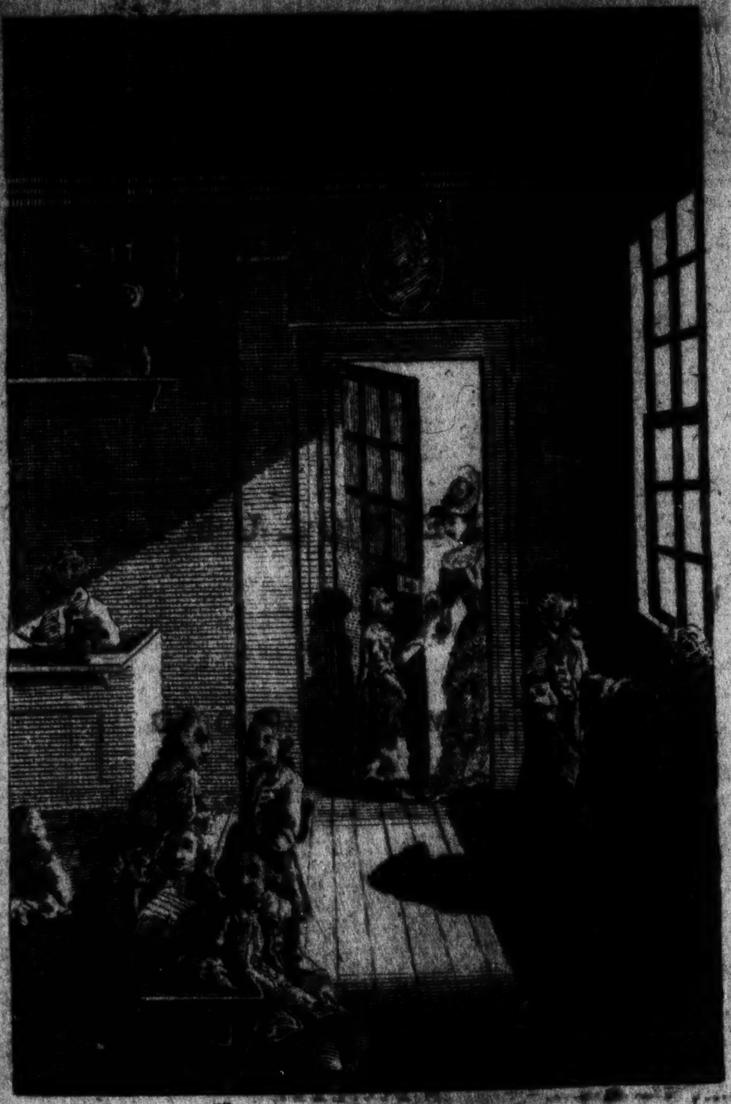

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THE GUARDIAN.

IN

THREE VOLUMES.

VOLUME the SECOND.

LONDON:
Printed for S. CROWDER, C. WARE, and T. PAYNE.
M.DCC.LXXI.

TO

Mr PULTENEY.

SIR,

THE greatest honour of human life, is to live well with men of merit; and I hope you will pardon me the vanity of publishing, by this means, my happiness in being able to name you among my friends. The conversation of a gentleman, that has a refined taste of letters, and a disposition in which those letters found nothing to correct, but very much to exert, is a good fortune too uncommon to be enjoyed in silence: In others, the greatest business of learning is to weed the soil; in you, it had nothing else to do, but to bring forth fruit. Affability, complacency, and generosity of heart, which are natural to you, wanted nothing from literature, but to refine and direct the application of them. After I have boasted I had some share in your familiarity, I know not how to do you the justice of celebrating you for the choice of an elegant, and worthy acquaintance, with whom you live in the happy communication of generous sentiments, which contribute, not only to your own mutual entertainment and improvement, but to the honour and service of your country. Zeal for the public good is the characteristic of a man of honour and a gentleman, and must take place of pleasures, profits, and all other private gratifications. Whoever

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wants this motive, is an open enemy, or an inglorious neuter to mankind, in proportion to the misapplied advantages with which nature and fortune have blessed him. But you have a soul animated with nobler views, and know that the distinction of wealth and plenteous circumstances, is a tax upon an honest mind, to endeavour, as much as the occurrences of life will give him leave, to guard the properties of others, and be vigilant for the good of his fellow-subjects.

This generous inclination, no man possesses in a warmer degree than yourself; which, that Heaven would reward with long possession of that reputation into which you have made so early an entrance, the reputation of a man of sense, a good citizen, and agreeable companion, a disinterested friend, and an unbiassed patriot, is the hearty prayer of,

SIR,

your most obliged,

and most obedient,

humble servant,

The GUARDIAN.

THE GUARDIAN.

Nº 17. SATURDAY, MAY 16.

Quam multa injuſta ac prava fiunt moribus!

Ter. Heaut. Act. 4. Sc. 4.

How many unjuſt and wrong things are authoriſed by cuſtom!

IT is of no ſmall concern to me, that the intereſts of virtue are ſupplanted by common cuſtom and regard for indifferent things. Thus mode and faſhion defend the moſt abſurd and unjuſt proceedings, and nobody is out of countenance for doing what every body practiſes, though at the ſame time there is no one who is not convinced in his own judgment of the errors in which he goes on with the multitude. My correſpondent, who writes me the following letter, has put together a great many points which would deſerve ſerious conſideration, as much as things which at firſt appearance bear a weightier aſpect. He recites almoſt all the little arts that are uſed in the way to Matrimony, by the parents of young women. There is nothing more common than for people, who have good and worthy characters, to run, without reſpect to the laws of gratitude, into the moſt exorbitant demands for their children, upon no other foundation

than that which should incline them to the quite contrary, the unreserved affection of the lover. I shall at this time, by inserting my correspondent's letter, lay such offences before all parents and daughters respectively, and reserve the particular instances to be considered in future PRECAUTIONS.

To NESTOR IRONSIDE, Esq;

'SIR,

'I HAVE for some time retired myself from the 'town and business to a little seat, where a plea'sant champain country, good roads and health'ful air, tempt me often abroad; and being a 'single man, have contracted more acquaintance 'than is suitable to my years, or agreeable to the 'intentions of retirement I brought down with me 'hither. Among others, I have a young neighbour, 'who, yesterday, imparted to me the history of an 'honourable amour, which has been carried on a 'considerable time with a great deal of love on his 'side, and, as he says, he has been made to believe, 'with something very unlike aversion on the young 'Lady's. But so matters have been contrived, 'that he could never get to know her mind tho'roughly. When he was first acquainted with 'her, he might be as intimate with her as other 'people; but since he first declared his passion, he 'has never been admitted to wait upon her, or to 'see her, other than in public. If he went to her 'father's house, and desired to visit her, she was 'either to be sick, or out of the way, and no body 'would come near him in two hours, and then he 'should be received as if he had committed some 'strange offence. If he asked her father's leave 'to visit her, the old gentleman was mute. If he 'put it negatively, and asked if he refused it, the

'father would answer with a smile, ' No, I do
'not say so neither.' If they talked of the fortune,
'he had considered his circumstances, and it every
'day diminished. If the settlements came into de-
'bate, he had considered the young gentleman's
'estate, and daily increased his expectations. If the
'mother was consulted, she was mightily for the
'match, but affected strangely the shewing her
'cunning in perplexing matters. It went off seem-
'ingly several times, but my young neighbour's
'passion was such, that it easily revived upon the
'least encouragement given him; but tired out
'with writing (the only liberty allowed him) and
'receiving answers at cross purposes, destitute of
'all hopes, he at length wrote a formal adieu; but
'it was very unfortunately timed, for soon after he
'had the long wished for opportunity of finding
'her at a distance from her parents. Struck with
'the joyful news, in heat of passion, resolute to do
'any thing rather than leave her, down he comes
'post, directly to the house where she was, without
'any preparatory intercession after the provocation
'of an adieu. She, in a premeditated anger, to
'shew her resentment, refused to see him. He, in
'a kind of fond phrenzy, absent from himself, and
'exasperated into rage, cursed her heartily; but
'returning to himself, was all confusion, repent-
'ance, and submission. But in vain; the lady
'continued inexorable, and so the affair ended in a
'manner that renders them very unlikely ever to
'meet again. Through the pursuit of the whole
'story (whereof I give but a short abstract) my young
'neighbour appeared so touched, and discovered
'such certain marks of unfeigned love, that I can-
'not but be heartily sorry for them both. When
'he was gone, I sat down immediately to my scru-

'toir, to give you the account, whose business as
'a GUARDIAN, it is to tell your wards what is to
'be avoided, as well as what is fit to be done.
'And I humbly propose, that you will upon this
'occasion extend your instructions to all sorts of
'people concerned in treaties of this nature (which
'of all others do most nearly concern human life)
'such as parents, daughters, lovers, and confidents
'of both sexes. I desire leave to observe, that the
'mistakes in this courtship (which might otherwise
'probably have succeeded happily) seem chiefly
'these four, *viz.*

'1. The father's close equivocal management,
'so as always to keep a reservation to use upon oc-
'casion, when he found himself pressed.

'2. The mother's affecting to appear extremely
'artful.

'3. A notion in the daughter, (who is a lady
'of singular good sense and virtue) that no man
'can love her as he ought, who can deny any thing
'her parents demand.

'4. Carrying on the affair by letters and confi-
'dents without sufficient interviews.

'I think you cannot fail obliging many in the
'world, besides my young neighbour and me, if
'you please to give your thoughts upon treaties of
'this nature, wherein all the nobility and gentry
'of this nation (in the unfortunate methods mar-
'riages are at present in) come at one time or other
'unavoidably to be engaged: especially it is my
'humble request, you will be particular in speak-
'ing to the following points, to wit,

'1. Whether honourable love ought to be men-
'tioned first to the young lady or her parents?

'2. If to the young lady first, whether a man
'is obliged to comply with all the parents demand

'(particularly) to be at the pain of breaking [illegible]
'[illegible]
'[illegible] as the parents [illegible] the lover
'[illegible] proposals [illegible] give)
'and refuse to make such settlement as must neces-
'sitate him for any thing in the [illegible] without
'just imputation of being covetous, or putting a
'slight upon the lady, by entertaining views upon
'the contingency of her death?

'4. What instructions a mother ought to give
'her daughter upon such occasions, and what is the
'old lady's part properly in such treaties, her
'husband being alive?

'5. How far a young lady is in duty obliged
'to observe her mother's directions, and not to re-
'ceive any letters or messages without her know-
'ledge?

'6. How far a daughter is obliged to exert the
'power she has over her lover, for the ease and
'advantage of her father and his family; and
'how far she may consult and endeavour the in-
'terest of the family she is to marry into?

'7. How far letters and confidents of both sexes
'may regularly be employed, and wherein they
'are improper?

'8. When a young lady's pen is employed about
'settlements, fortunes, or the like, whether it be
'an affront to give the same answers as if it had
'been in the hand-writing of those that instructed
'her?

'Lastly, be pleased at your leisure to correct
'that too common way among fathers, of publish-
'ing in the world, that they will give their daugh-
'ters twice the fortune they really intend, and
'thereby drawing young gentlemen, whose estates
'are often in debt, into a dilemma, either of cros-

'ing a settled inclination, contracted by a long habit of thinking upon the same person, and so being miserable that way; or else beginning the world under a burden they can never get quit of.

'Thus, sage Sir, have I laid before you all that does at present occur to me on the important subject of Marriage; but before I seal up my epistle, I must desire you farther to consider how far treaties of this sort come under the head of bargain and sale. Whether you cannot find out measures to have the whole transacted in fairer and more open market than at present. How would it become you to put the laws in execution against forestallers, who take up the young things of each sex before they are exposed to an honest sale, or the worth or imperfection of the purchase is thoroughly considered?

'We mightily want a demand for women in these parts.

'I am, sagacious Sir,

'Your most obedient and

'Most humble servant,

'T. E.'

No 58. MONDAY, MAY 18.

"Nec sibi, sed toti genitum se credere mundo." Lucan.

Not for himself, but for the world, he lives.

A PUBLIC spirit is so great and amiable a character, that most people pretend to it, and perhaps think they have it in the most ordinary occurrences of life. Mrs Cornelia Lizard buys abundance of romances for the encouragement of learning; and Mrs Annabella squanders away her money, in buying fine clothes, because it sets a great many poor people at work. I know a gentleman, who drinks vast quantities of ale and October to encourage our own manufactures; and another who takes his three bottles of French Claret every night, because it brings a great custom to the Crown.

I have been led into this chat, by reading some letters upon my paper of Thursday was se'enight. Having there acquainted the world, that I have, by long contemplation and philosophy, attained to so great a strength of fancy, as to believe every thing to be my own, which other people possess only for ostentation; it seems that some persons have taken it in their heads, that they are public benefactors to the world, while they are only indulging their own ambition or infirmities. My first letter is from an ingenious author, who is a great friend to his country, because he can get neither victuals nor clothes any other way.

To NESTOR IRONSIDE, Esq;

' SIR,

' OF all the PRECAUTIONS with which you
' have instructed the world, I like that best,
' which is upon natural and fantastical pleasure,
' because it falls in very much with my own way
' of thinking. As you receive real delight from
' what creates only imaginary satisfactions in o-
' thers; so do I raise to myself all the convenien-
' cies of life by amusing the fancy of the world.
' I am, in a word, a member of that numerous
' tribe, who write for their daily bread. I flourish
' in a dearth of foreign news; and though I do
' not pretend to the spleen, I am never so well as
' in the time of an easterly wind. When it blows
' from that auspicious point, I raise to myself con-
' tributions from the British isle, by affrighting my
' superstitious countrymen with printed relations
' of murders, spirits, prodigies, or monsters. Ac-
' cording as my necessities suggest to me, I hereby
' provide for my being. The last summer I paid
' a large debt for brandy and tobacco, by a won-
' derful description of a fiery dragon, and lived
' for ten days together upon a whale and a mer-
' maid. When winter draws near, I generally
' conjure up my spirits, and have my apparitions
' ready against long dark evenings. From No-
' vember last till January, I lived solely upon mur-
' ders; and have, since that time, had a comfort-
' able subsistence from a plague and a famine. I
' made the Pope pay for my beef and mutton last
' Lent, out of pure spite to the Romish religion;
' and at present my good friend the King of Swe-
' den finds me in clean linen, and the Mufti gets
' me credit at the tavern.

'The astonishing accounts that I record, I
'usually enliven with wooden cuts, and the like
'paltry embellishments. They administer to the
'curiosity of my fellow-subjects, and not only ad-
'vance religion and virtue, but take restless spirits
'off from medling with the public affairs. I
'therefore cannot think myself an useless burden
'upon earth; and that I may still do the more
'good in my generation, I shall give the world, in
'a short time, an history of my life, studies, maxims
'and atchievments, provided my bookseller ad-
'vances a round sum for my copy.

'I am, SIR, yours.'

The second is from an old friend of mine in the country, who fancies that he is perpetually doing good, because he cannot live without drinking.

'Old IRON,

'WE take thy papers in at the bowling-green,
'where the country gentlemen meet every
'Tuesday, and we look upon thee as a comical
'dog. Sir Harry was hugely pleased at thy fancy
'of growing rich at other folk's cost; and for my
'own part, I like my own way of life the better
'since I find I do my neighbours as much good as
'myself. I now smoke my pipe with the greater
'pleasure, because my wife says, she likes it well
'enough at second hand; and drink stale beer the
'more hardly, because, unless I will, nobody else
'does. I design to stand for our borough the next
'election, on purpose to make the Squire on the
'other side tap lustily for the good of our town;
'and have some thoughts of trying to get knight-
'ed, because our neighbours take a pride in say-
'ing, They have been with Sir such a one.

'I have a pack of pure slow-hounds against
'thou comest into the country, and Nanny my fat
'doe shall bleed when we have thee at Hawthorn-
'hall. Pr'thee do not keep staring at gilt coaches;
'and stealing necklaces and trinkets from people
'with thy looks. Take my word for it, a gallon
'of my October will do thee more good than all
'thou can'st get by fine sights at London, which
'I will engage thou may'st put in the shine of
'thine eye.

'I am, Old Iron,

'thine to command,

'Nic. Hawthorn.'

The third is from a lady who is going to ruin her family by coaches and liveries, purely out of compassion to us poor people that cannot go to the price of them.

'Sir,

'I AM a Lady of birth and fortune, but never
'knew, until last Thursday, that the splendor
'of my equipage was so beneficial to my country.
'I will not deny that I have dressed for some years
'out of the pride of my heart; but am very glad
'that you have so far settled my conscience in that
'particular, that I can now look upon my vanities
'as so many virtues. Since I am satisfied that my
'person and garb give pleasure to my fellow crea-
'tures, I shall not think the three hours business I
'usually attend at my toilette, below the dignity
'of a rational soul. I am content to suffer great
'torment from my stays, that my shape may ap-
'pear graceful to the eyes of others; and often
'mortify myself with fasting, rather than my fat-

'ness should give distaste to any man in England.
' I am making up a rich brocade for the benefit
' of mankind, and design, in a little time, to treat
' the town with a thousand pounds worth of
' jewels. I have ordered my chariot to be new
' painted for your use and the world's; and have
' prevailed upon my husband to present you with
' a pair of fine Flanders mares, by driving them
' every evening round the Ring. Gay pendants
' for my ears, a costly cross for my neck, a diamond
' of the best water for my finger, shall be purcha-
' sed at any rate to enrich you; and I am resolved
' to be a patriot in every limb. My husband will
' not scruple to oblige me in these trifles, since I
' have persuaded him from your scheme, that pin-
' money is only so much set apart for charitable
' uses. You see, Sir, how expensive you are to
' me, and I hope you will esteem me accordingly;
' especially when I assure you that I am, as far as
' you can see me,

' entirely yours,

' Cleora.'

N° 59. Tuesday, May. 19.

" Sic honor & nomen divinis vatibus atque
" Carminibus venit"—— *Hor. Ars Poet. v. 400.*

So ancient is the pedigree of verse,
And so divine a poet's function. *Roscommon.*

THE tragedy of Cato has increased the number of my correspondents; but none of them can take it ill, that I give the preference to the letters which come from a learned body, and which

on this occasion may not improperly be termed the Plausus Academici. The first is from my Lady Lizard's youngest son, who, (as I mentioned in a former Precaution) is Fellow of All-souls, and applies himself to the study of divinity.

'Sir,

'I RETURN you thanks for your present of 'Cato: I have read it over several times with 'the greatest attention and pleasure imaginable. 'You desire to know my thoughts of it, and at 'the same time compliment me upon my know-'ledge of the ancient poets. Perhaps you may 'not allow me to be a good judge of them, when 'I tell you, that the Tragedy of Cato exceeds, in 'my opinion, any of the dramatic pieces of the 'ancients. But these are books I have sometime 'since laid by; being, as you know, engaged in 'the reading of divinity, and conversant chiefly in 'the poetry of 'the truly inspired writers.' I 'scarce thought any modern Tragedy could have 'mixed suitably with such serious studies, and 'little imagined to have found such exquisite poetry, 'much less such exalted sentiments of virtue, in 'the dramatic performance of a cotemporary.

'How elegant, just and virtuous is that reflec-'tion of Portius!

"The ways of Heav'n are dark and intricate,
"Puzzled in mazes and perplex'd with errors;
"Our understanding traces 'em in vain,
"Lost and bewilder'd in the fruitless search;
"Nor sees with how much art the windings run,
"Nor where the regular confusion ends."

'Cato's soliloquy at the beginning of the fifth 'act is inimitable, as indeed is almost every thing 'in the whole play; but what I would observe, by 'particularly pointing at these places, is, that such

'virtuous and moral sentiments were never before
'put into the mouth of a British actor; and I con-
'gratulate my countrymen on the virtue they have
'shown in giving them (as you tell me) such loud
'and repeated applauses. They have now cleared
'themselves of the imputation which a late writer
'had thrown upon them in his 52d speculation.
'Give me leave to transcribe his words.

"In the first scene of Terence's play, the Self-Tormentor, when one of the old men accuses the other of impertinence for interposing in his affairs, he answers, 'I am a man, and cannot help feeling any sorrow that can arrive at man.' It is said this sentence was received with universal applause. There cannot be a greater argument of the general good understanding of a people, than a sudden consent to give their approbation of a sentiment which has no emotion in it.

"If it were spoken with never so great skill in the actor, the manner of uttering that sentence could have nothing in it which could strike any but people of the greatest humanity, nay people elegant and skilful in observations upon it. It is possible he might have laid his hand on his breast, and with a winning insinuation in his countenance, expressed to his neighbour, that he was a man who made his case his own; yet I will engage a player in Covent-Garden might hit such an attitude a thousand times before he would have been regarded." 'These observations in 'favour of the Roman people, may now be very 'justly applied to our own nation.

"Here will I hold. If there's a power above us,
"(And that there is, all nature cries aloud
"Through all her works) he must delight in virtue;
"And that which he delights in must be happy.

'This will be allowed, I hope, to be as virtuous 'a sentiment as that which he quotes out of Terence; and the general applause with which (you say) it was received, must certainly make this writer (notwithstanding his great assurance in pronouncing upon our ill taste) alter his opinion of his countrymen.

'Our Poetry, I believe, and not our Morals, has been generally worse than that of the Romans; for it is plain, when we can equal the best dramatic performance of that polite age, a British audience may vie with the Roman theatre in the virtue of their applauses.

'However different in other things our opinions may be, all parties agree in doing honour to a man who is an honour to our country. How are our hearts warmed by this excellent tragedy, with the love of liberty and our constitution! How irresistible is virtue in the character of Cato! Who would not say, with the Numidian prince to Marcia!

"I'll gaze for ever on thy godlike father,
"Transplanting, one by one, into my life
"His bright perfections, till I shine like him."

'Rome herself received not so great advantages from her patriot, as Britain will from this admirable representation of him: Our British Cato improves our language as well as our morals, nor will it be in the power of tyrants to rob us of him, (or to use the last line of an epigram to the author)

"In vain your Cato stabs, he cannot die."

'I am, Sir,
'your most obliged
'humble servant,
'William Lizard.'

Oxon. All-Souls
Col. May 6.

'Mr IRONSIDE, Oxon. Christ-Church, May 7.

'YOU are, I perceive, a very wary old fellow, 'more cautious than a late brother-writer of 'yours, who, at the rehearsal of a new play, would, 'at the hazard of his judgment, endeavour to pre-'possess the town in its favour; whereas you very 'prudently waited until the tragedy of Cato had 'gained an universal and irresistible applause, and 'then with great boldness venture to pronounce 'your opinion of it to be the same with that of all 'mankind. I will leave you to consider whether 'such a conduct becomes a GUARDIAN, who ought 'to point out to us proper entertainments, and in-'struct us when to bestow our applause. However, 'in so plain a case, we did not wait for your di-'rections; and I must tell you, that none here were 'earlier or louder in their praises of Cato, than we 'at Christ-Church. This may, I hope, convince 'you, that we do not deserve the character (which 'envious dull fellows give us) of allowing no body 'to have wit or parts but those of our own body, 'especially when I let you know that we are many 'of us,

'your affectionate

'humble servants.'

To NESTOR IRONSIDE, Esq;

Mr IRONSIDE, Oxon. Wad. Col. May 7.

'WERE the Seat of the Muses silent while 'London is so loud in their applause of Cato, 'the University's title to that name might very 'well be suspected;—in justice therefore to your 'Alma Mater, let the world know our opinion of 'that Tragedy here.

'The Author's other works had raised our expectation of it to a very great height, yet it exceeds whatever we could promise ourselves from so great a genius.

'Cæsar will no longer be a hero in our declamations: this tragedy has at once stripped him of all the flattery and false colours, which historians and the classic authors had thrown upon him, and we shall for the future treat them as a murderer of the best patriot of his age, and a destroyer of the liberties of his country. Cato, as represented in these scenes, will cast a blacker shade on the memory of that usurper, than the picture of him did upon his triumph. Had this finished dramatic piece appeared some hundred years ago, Cæsar would have lost so many centuries of fame, and monarchs had disdained to let themselves be called by his name. However, it will be an honour to the times we live in, to have had such a work produced in them, and a pretty speculation for posterity to observe, that the Tragedy of Cato was acted with general applause in 1713.

'I am, SIR,

'your most humble servant, &c.

'A. B.'

'P. S. The French translation of Cato now in the press, will, I hope, be in usum Delphini.'

N° 60. Wednesday, May 20.

"Nihil legebat quod non excerperet." *Plin. Epist.*

He pick'd something out of every thing he read.

To Nestor Ironside, Esq;

'Sir,

'THERE is nothing in which men deceive 'themselves more ridiculously, than in the 'point of Reading, and which, as it is commonly 'practised under the notion of improvement, has 'less advantage. The generality of Readers who 'are pleased with wandering over a number of 'books, almost at the same instant, or if confined 'to one, who pursue the Author with much hurry 'and impatience to his last page, must without 'doubt be allowed to be notable digesters. This 'unsettled way of Reading naturally seduces us 'into as undetermined a manner of thinking, which 'unprofitably fatigues the imagination; when a 'continued chain of thought would probably pro-'duce inestimable conclusions. All authors are 'eligible either for their Matter or Style; if for 'the first, the elucidation and disposition of it into 'proper lights, ought to employ a judicious Reader; 'if for the last, he ought to observe how some com-'mon words are started into a new signification, 'how such epithets are beautifully reconciled to 'things that seemed incompatible; and must often 'remember the whole structure of a period, be-

'cause, by the least transposition, that assemblage 'of words which is called a style, becomes utterly 'annihilated. The swift dispatch of common 'Readers not only eludes their memory, but be-'trays their apprehension, when the turn of thought 'and expression would insensibly grow natural to 'them, would they but give themselves time to 'receive the impression. Suppose we fix one of 'these readers in an easy chair, and observe him 'passing through a book with a grave ruminating 'face, how ridiculously must he look, if we desire 'him to give an account of an author he has just 'read over, and how unheeded must the general 'character of it be, when given by one of these 'serene unobservers! The common defence of 'these people is, that they have no design in read-'ing but for pleasure, which I think should rather 'arise from the reflection and remembrance of what 'one has read, than from the transient satisfaction 'of what one does, and we should be pleased pro-'portionably as we are profited. It is prodigious 'arrogance in any one to imagine, that by one 'hasty course through a book he can fully enter 'into the soul and secrets of a writer, whose life 'perhaps hath been busied in the birth of such 'production. Books that do not immediately con-'cern some profession or science, are generally run 'over as mere empty entertainments, rather than 'as matter of improvement; though in my opi-'nion, a refined speculation of morality, or history, 'requires as much time and capacity to collect and 'digest, as the most abstruse treatise of any pro-'fession; and I think besides, there can be no book 'well written, but what must necessarily improve 'the understanding of the reader, even in the very 'profession to which he applies himself. For to

'reason with strength, and express himself with propriety, must equally concern the divine, the physician, and the lawyer. My own course of looking into books has occasioned these reflections, and the following account may suggest more.

'Having been bred up under a relation that had a pretty large study of books, it became my province once a week to dust them. In the performance of this my duty, as I was obliged to take down every particular book, I thought there was no way to deceive the toil of my journey through the different abodes and habitations of these authors, but by reading something in every one of them; and in this manner to make my passage easy from the comely folio in the upper shelf or region, even through the crowd of duodecimo's in the lower. By frequent exercise I became so great a proficient in this transitory application to books, that I could hold open half a dozen small authors in my hand, grasping them with as secure a dexterity as a drawer doth his glasses, and feasting my curious eye with all of them at the same instant. Through these methods the natural irresolution of my youth was much strengthened, and having no leisure, if I had had inclination, to make pertinent observations in writing, I was thus confirmed a very early wanderer. When I was sent to Oxford, my chiefest expence ran upon books, and my only consideration in such expence upon numbers, so that you may be sure I had what they call a choice collection, sometimes buying by the pound, sometimes by the dozen, at other times by the hundred. For the more pleasant use of a multitude of books, I had, by frequent conferences

'with an ingenious joiner, contrived a machine of 'an orbicular ſtructure, that had its particular re-'ceptions for a dozen authors, and which, with 'the leaſt touch of the finger, would whirl round, 'and preſent the reader at once with a delicious 'view of its full furniture. Thrice a day did I 'change, not only the books but the languages; 'and had uſed my eye to ſuch a quick ſucceſſion 'of objects, that in the moſt precipitate twirl I 'could catch a ſentence out of each author, as it 'paſſed fleeting by me. Thus my hours, days and 'years flew unprofitably away, but yet were agree-'ably lengthened by being diſtinguiſhed with this 'endearing variety; and I cannot but think my-'ſelf very fortunate in my contrivance of this en-'gine, with its ſeveral new editions and amend-'ments, which have contributed ſo much to the 'delight of all ſtudious vagabonds. When I had 'been reſident the uſual time at Oxford that gains 'one admiſſion into the public library, I was the 'happieſt creature on earth, promiſing to myſelf 'moſt delightful travels through this new world of 'literature. Sometimes you might ſee me mount-'ed upon a ladder, in ſearch of ſome Arabian 'manuſcripts, which had ſlept in a certain corner 'undiſturbed for many years. Once I had the miſ-'fortune to fall from this eminence, and catching 'at the chains of the books, was ſeen hanging in 'a very merry poſture, with two or three large 'folios rattling about my neck, 'till the humanity 'of Mr Crab, the librarian, diſintangled us.

'As I always held it neceſſary to read in public 'places, by way of oſtentation, but could not poſ-'ſibly travel with a library in my pockets, I took 'the following method to gratify this errantry of 'mine. I contrived a little pocket-book, each leaf

'of which was a different author, so that my wan-
'dering was indulged and concealed within the
'same circle [illegible]
'this extravagant humour, which should seem
'[illegible] irrecoverable, had the contrary
'effect; and my hand and eye being thus confined
'to a single book, in a little time reconciled me to
'the perusal of a single author. However, I chose
'such as suited my little condition as possible,
'turning to the Proverbs of Solomon, where the
'best instructions are thrown together in the most
'beautiful manner imaginable, and where I found
'all that variety which I had before sought in so
'many different authors, and which was so neces-
'sary to beguile my attention. By these proper
'degrees, I have made so glorious a reformation
'in my studies, that I can keep company with
'Tully in his most extended periods, and work
'through the continued narrations of the most
'prolix historians. I now read nothing without
'making exact collections, and shall shortly give
'the world an instance of this in the publication
'of the following discourses. The first is a learn-
'ed controversy about the existence of Griffins, in
'which I hope to convince the world, that not-
'withstanding such a noted creature has been al-
'lowed by Ælian, Solinus, Mela and Herodotus,
'that they have been perfectly mistaken in that
'matter, and shall support myself by the authority
'of Albertus, Pliny, Aldrovandus, and Matthias
'Michovius, which two last have clearly argued
'that animal out of the creation.

'The second is a treatise of Sternutation or
'Sneezing, with the original custom of saluting or
'blessing upon that motion; as also with a pro-
'blem from Aristotle, shewing why sneezing from

'noon to night was innocent enough, from night 'to noon, extremely unfortunate.

'The third and most curious is my discourse 'upon the nature of the lake Asphaltites, or the 'lake of Sodom, being a very careful enquiry whe'ther brickbats and iron will swim in that lake, 'and feathers sink, as Pliny and Mandevill have 'averred.

'The discussing these difficulties without per'plexity or prejudice, the labour in collecting and 'collating matters of this nature, will, I hope, in 'a great measure attone for the idle hours I have 'trifled away in matters of less importance.

'I am, SIR,

'your humble servant.'

Nº 61. THURSDAY, MAY 21.

———Primoque à cæde ferarum
Incaluisse puto maculatum sanguine ferrum.

Ovid. Metam. l. 15. v. 106.

Th' essay of bloody feasts on brutes began,
And after forg'd the sword to murder man.

Dryden.

I CANNOT think it extravagant to imagine, that mankind are no less in proportion accountable for the ill use of their dominion over creatures of the lower rank of beings, than for the exercise of tyranny over their own species. The more entirely the inferior creation is submitted to our power, the more answerable we should seem for our mismanagement of it; and the rather, as the very

condition of nature renders these creatures incapable of receiving any recompence in another life for their ill treatment in this.

It is observable of those noxious animals, which have qualities most powerful to injure us, that they naturally avoid mankind, and never hurt us unless provoked or necessitated by hunger. Man, on the other hand, seeks out and pursues even the most inoffensive animals on purpose to persecute and destroy them.

Montaigne thinks it some reflection upon human nature itself, that few people take delight in seeing beasts caress or play together, but almost every one is pleased to see them lacerate and worry one another. I am sorry this temper is become almost a distinguishing character of our own nation, from the observation which is made by foreigners of our beloved pastimes, bear-baiting, cock-fighting, and the like. We should find it hard to vindicate the destroying of any thing that has life, merely out of wantonness; yet in this principle our children are bred up, and one of the first pleasures we allow them, is the licence of inflicting pain upon poor animals: almost as soon as we are sensible what life is ourselves, we make it our sport to take it from other creatures. I cannot but believe a very good use might be made of the fancy which children have for birds and insects. Mr Locke takes notice of a mother who permitted them to her children, but rewarded or punished them as they treated them well or ill. This was no other than entering them betimes into a daily exercise of humanity, and improving their very diversion to a virtue.

I fancy too, some advantage might be taken of the common notion, that it is ominous or unlucky to destroy some sort of birds, as Swallows or Mar-

tins; this opinion might possibly arise from the confidence these birds seem to put in us by building under our roofs, so that it is a kind of violation of the laws of hospitality to murder them. As for Robin-red-breasts in particular, 'tis not improbable they owe their security to the old ballad of the Children in the Wood. However it be, I don't know, I say, why this prejudice, well improved and carried as far as it would go, might not be made to conduce to the preservation of many innocent creatures, which are now exposed to all the wantonness of an ignorant barbarity.

There are other animals that have the misfortune, for no manner of reason, to be treated as common enemies wherever found. The conceit that a cat has nine lives, has cost at least nine lives in ten of the whole race of them: scarce a boy in the streets but has in this point outdone Hercules himself, who was famous for killing a monster that had but three lives. Whether the unaccountable animosity against this useful domestick may be any cause of the general persecution of owls, (who are a sort of feather'd cats) or whether it be only an unreasonable pique the moderns have taken to a serious countenance, I shall not determine. Though I am inclined to believe the former; since I observe the sole reason alleged for the destruction of frogs is because they are like toads. Yet amidst all the misfortunes of these unfriended creatures, it is some happiness that we have not yet taken a fancy to eat them: for should our countrymen refine upon the French never so little, it is not to be conceived to what unheard of torments owls, cats and frogs may be yet reserved.

When we grow up to men, we have another succession of sanguinary sports; in particular hunt-

ing. I dare not attack a diversion which has such authority and custom to support it; but must have leave to be of opinion, that the agitation of that exercise with the example and number of the chasers, not a little contribute to resist those checks, which compassion would naturally suggest in behalf of the animal pursued. Nor shall I say, with Monsieur Fleury, that this sport is a remain of the Gothic barbarity; but I must animadvert upon a certain custom yet in use with us, and barbarous enough to be derived from the Goths, or even the Scythians; I mean that savage compliment our huntsmen pass upon ladies of quality, who are present at the death of a stag, when they put the knife in their hands to cut the throat of a helpless, trembling, and weeping creature.

——" Questuque cruentus,
" Atque imploranti similis." ——

——" That lies beneath the knife,
" Looks up, and from her butcher begs her life."

But if our sports are destructive, our gluttony is more so, and in a more inhuman manner. Lobsters roasted alive, pigs whipped to death, fowls sewed up, are testimonies of our outrageous luxury. Those who (as Seneca expresses it) divide their lives betwixt an anxious conscience and a nauseated stomach, have a just reward of their gluttony in the diseases it brings with it; for human savages, like other wild beasts, find snares and poisons in the provisions of life, and are allured by their appetite to their destruction. I know nothing more shocking or horrid than the prospect of one of their kitchens covered with blood, and filled with the cries of creatures expiring in tortures. It gives one an image of a giant's den in a romance, bestrowed

with the scattered heads and mangled limbs of those who were slain by his cruelty.

The excellent Plutarch (who has more strokes of good-nature in his writings than I remember in any author) cites a saying of Cato to this effect, "That it is no easy task to preach to the belly "which has no ears." 'Yet if (says he) we are 'ashamed to be so out of fashion as not to offend, 'let us at least offend with some discretion and 'measure. If we kill an animal for our provision, 'let us do it with the meltings of compassion, and 'without tormenting it. Let us consider, that it 'is in its own nature cruelty to put a living crea'ture to death; we at least destroy a soul that has 'sense and perception.'——In the life of Cato the Censor, he takes occasion from the severe disposition of that man to discourse in this manner. 'It 'ought to be esteemed a happiness to mankind, 'that our humanity has a wider sphere to exert it'self in than bare justice. It is no more than the 'obligation of our very birth to practise equity to 'our own kind; but humanity may be extended 'through the whole order of creatures, even to 'the meanest. Such actions of charity are the 'overflowings of a mild good-nature on all below 'us. It is certainly the part of a well-natured 'man to take care of his horses and dogs, not only 'in expectation of their labour, while they are foals 'and whelps, but even when their old age has 'made them incapable of service.'

History tells us of a wise and polite nation that rejected a person of the first quality, who stood for a judiciary office, only because he had been observed in his youth to take pleasure in tearing and murdering of birds. And of another that expelled a man out of the senate, for dashing a bird against

the ground which had taken ſhelter in his boſom. Every one knows how remarkable the Turks are for their humanity in this kind: I remember an Arabian author, who has written a treatiſe to ſhow, how far a man ſuppoſed to have ſubſiſted in a deſert iſland, without any inſtruction, or ſo much as the ſight of any other man, may, by the pure light of nature, attain the knowledge of philoſophy and virtue. One of the firſt things he makes him obſerve is, that univerſal benevolence of nature in the protection and preſervation of its creatures. In imitation of which, the firſt act of virtue he thinks his ſelf-taught philoſopher would of courſe fall into is, to relieve and aſſiſt all the animals about him in their wants and diſtreſſes.

Ovid has ſome very tender and pathetic lines applicable to this occaſion.

" Quid meruiſtis, oves, placidum pecus, inque tegendos
" Natum homines, pleno quæ fertis in ubere nectar?
" Mollia quæ nobis veſtras velamina lanas
" Præbetis; vitâque magis quàm morte juvatis.
" Quid meruere boves, animal ſine fraude doliſque,
" Innocuum, ſimplex, natum tolerare labores?
" Immemor eſt demum, nec frugum munere dignus,
" Qui potuit, curvi dempto modo pondere aratri,
" Ruricolam mactare ſuum"—— *Met. l.* 15. *v.* 116.
" Quàm male conſuevit, quàm ſe parat ille cruori
" Impius humano, vituli qui guttura cultro
" Rumpit, & immotas præbit mugitibus aures!
" Aut qui vagitus ſimiles puerilibus hœdum
" Edentem jugulari poteſt"—— *Ib. v.* 463.

" The ſheep was ſacrific'd on no pretence,
" But meek and unreſiſting innocence.
" A patient, uſeful creature, born to bear
" The warm and woolly fleece, that cloath'd her murderer;
" And daily to give down the milk ſhe bred,
" A tribute for the graſs on which ſhe fed.

"Living, both food and raiment she supplies,
"And is of least advantage when she dies.
"How did the toiling ox his death deserve?
"A downright simple drudge, and born to serve.
"O tyrant! with what justice canst thou hope
"The promise of the year, a plenteous crop;
"When thou destroy'st thy lab'ring steer, who till'd
"And plough'd with pains, thy else ungrateful field!
"From his yet reeking neck to draw the yoke,
"That neck, with which the surly clods he broke;
"And to the hatchet yield thy husbandman,
"Who finish'd Autumn, and the Spring began?

——————————

"What more advance can mortals make in sin
"So near perfection, who with blood begin?
"Deaf to the calf that lies beneath the knife,
"Looks up, and from her butcher begs her life:
"Deaf to the harmless kid, that, ere he dies,
"All methods to procure thy mercy tries,
"And imitates in vain the children's cries."

Dryden.

Perhaps that voice or cry so nearly resembling the human with which Providence has endowed so many different animals, might purposely be given them to move our pity, and prevent those cruelties we are too apt to inflict on our fellow-creatures.

There is a passage in the book of Jonas, when God declares his unwillingness to destroy Nineveh, where methinks that compassion of the Creator, which extends to the meanest rank of his creatures, is expressed with wonderful tenderness —— "Should "I not spare Nineveh that great city, wherein are "more than sixscore thousand persons——and also "much cattle?" And we have in Deuteronomy a precept of great good-nature of this sort, with a blessing in form annexed to it, in those words; "If thou shalt find a bird's nest in the way, thou "shalt not take the dam with the young: but thou "shalt in any wise let the dam go; that it may be

"well with thee, and that thou may'st prolong thy "days."

To conclude, there is certainly a degree of gratitude owing to those animals that serve us. As for such as are mortal or noxious, we have a right to destroy them; and for those that are neither of advantage or prejudice to us, the common enjoyment of life is what I cannot think we ought to deprive them of.

This whole matter, with regard to each of these considerations, is set in a very agreeable light in one of the Persian fables of Pilpay, with which I shall end this paper.

A traveller passing through a thicket, and seeing a few sparks of fire, which some passengers had kindled as they went that way before, made up to it. On a sudden the sparks caught hold of a bush in the midst of which lay an adder, and set it in flames. The adder intreated the traveller's assistance, who tying a bag to the end of his staff reached it, and drew him out: he then bid him go where he pleased, but never more be hurtful to men, since he owed his life to a man's compassion. The adder, however, prepared to sting him, and when he expostulated how unjust it was to retaliate good with evil, I shall do no more (said the adder) than what you men practise every day, whose custom it is to requite benefits with ingratitude. If you cannot deny this truth, let us refer it to the first we meet. The man consented, and seeing a tree, put the question to it, in what manner a good turn was to be recompensed? If you mean according to the usage of men, (replied the tree) by its contrary. I have been standing here these hundred years to protect them from the scorching sun, and in requital they have cut down my branches, and are going to saw

my body into planks. Upon this, the adder insulting the man, he appealed to a second evidence, which was granted, and immediately they met a cow. The same demand was made, and much the same answer given, that among men it was certainly so. I know it (said the cow) by woful experience; for I have served a man this long time with milk, butter and cheese, and brought him besides a calf every year; but now I am old, he turns me into this pasture with design to sell me to a butcher, who will shortly make an end of me. The traveller upon this stood confounded, but desired, of courtesy, one trial more, to be finally judged by the next beast they should meet. This happened to be the fox, who upon hearing the story in all its circumstances, could not be persuaded it was possible for the adder to enter in so narrow a bag. The adder to convince him went in again; when the fox told the man he had now his enemy in his power, and with that he fastened the bag, and crushed him to pieces.

Nº 62. FRIDAY, MAY 22.

"O fortunatos nimium, sua si bona norint!"

Virg. Georg. 2. v. 458.

Too happy, if they knew their happy state!

UPON the late election of King's scholars, my curiosity drew me to Westminster School. The sight of a place where I had not been for many years, revived in my thoughts the tender

images of my childhood, which by a great length of time had contracted a softness that rendered them inexpressibly agreeable. As it is usual with me to draw a secret unenvied pleasure from a thousand incidents overlooked by other men, I threw myself into a short transport, forgetting my age, and fancying myself a school-boy.

This imagination was strongly favoured by the presence of so many young boys, in whose looks were legible the sprightly passions of that age, which raised in me a sort of sympathy. Warm blood thrilled through every vein; the faded memory of those enjoyments that once gave me pleasure, put on more lively colours, and a thousand gay amusements filled my mind.

It was not without regret, that I was forsaken by this waking dream. The cheapness of puerile delights, the guiltless joy they leave upon the mind, the blooming hopes that lift up the soul in the ascent of life, the pleasure that attends the gradual opening of the imagination, and the dawn of reason, made me think most men found that stage the most agreeable part of their journey.

When men come to riper years, the innocent diversions which exalted the spirits, and produced health of body, indolence of mind, and refreshing slumbers, are too often exchanged for criminal delights, which fill the soul with anguish, and the body with disease. The grateful employment of admiring and raising themselves to an imitation of the polite style, beautiful images, and noble sentiments of ancient authors, is abandoned for Law-Latin, the lucubrations of our paltry news-mongers, and that swarm of vile pamphlets which corrupt our taste, and infest the public. The ideas of virtue which the characters of heroes had imprinted

on their minds, insensibly wear out, and they come to be influenced by the nearer examples of a degenerate age.

In the morning of life, when the soul first makes her entrance into the world, all things look fresh and gay; their novelty surprises, and every little glitter or gaudy colour transports the stranger. But by degrees the sense grows callous, and we lose that exquisite relish of trifles, by the time our minds should be supposed ripe for rational entertainments. I cannot make this reflection without being touched with a commiseration of that species called Beaus, the happiness of those men necessarily terminating with their childhood; who, from a want of knowing other pursuits, continue a fondness for the delights of that age after the relish of them is decayed.

Providence hath with a bountiful hand prepared variety of pleasures for the various stages of life. It behoves us not to be wanting to ourselves, in forwarding the intention of nature, by the culture of our minds, and a due preparation of each faculty for the enjoyment of those objects it is capable of being affected with.

As our parts open and display by gentle degrees, we rise from the gratifications of sense, to relish those of the mind. In the scale of pleasure, the lowest are sensual delights, which are succeeded by the more enlarged views and gay portraitures of a lively imagination; and these give way to the sublimer pleasures of reason, which discovers the causes and designs, the frame, connexion and symmetry of things, and fills the mind with the contemplation of intellectual beauty, order and truth.

Hence I regard our public schools and universi-

ties, not only as nurseries of men for the service of the church and state, but also as places designed to teach mankind the most refined luxury, to raise the mind to its due perfection, and give it a taste for those entertainments which afford the highest transport, without the grossness or remorse that attend vulgar enjoyments.

In those blessed retreats men enjoy the sweets of solitude, and yet converse with the greatest Genii that have appeared in every age, wander through the delightful mazes of every art and science, and as they gradually enlarge their sphere of knowledge, at once rejoice in their present possessions, and are animated by the boundless prospect of future discoveries. *There* a generous emulation, a noble thirst of fame, a love of truth and honourable regards, reign in minds as yet untainted from the world. *There*, the stock of learning transmitted down from the ancients, is preserved, and receives a daily increase; and it is *thence* propagated by men, who having finished their studies, go into the world, and spread that general knowledge and good taste throughout the land, which is so distant from the barbarism of its ancient inhabitants, or the fierce genius of its invaders. And as it is evident that our literature is owing to the schools and universities, so it cannot be denied that these are owing to our religion.

It was chiefly, if not altogether, upon religious considerations that princes, as well as private persons, have erected colleges, and assigned liberal endowments to students and professors. Upon the same account they meet with encouragement and protection from all Christian states, as being esteemed a necessary means to have the sacred oracles and primitive traditions of christianity preserved and

understood. And it is well known that after a long night of ignorance and superstition, the reformation of the church and that of learning began together, and made proportionable advances, the latter having been the effect of the former, which of course engaged men in the study of the learned languages and of antiquity.

Or, if a Free-thinker is ignorant of these facts, he may be convinced from the manifest reason of the thing. Is it not plain that our skill in literature is owing to the knowledge of Greek and Latin, which that they are still preserved among us, can be ascribed only to a religious regard? What else should be the cause why the youth of Christendom, above the rest of mankind, are educated in the painful study of those dead languages; and that religious societies should peculiarly be employed in acquiring that sort of knowledge, and teaching it to others?

And it is more than probable, that, in case our Free-thinkers could once atchieve their glorious design of sinking the credit of the Christian religion, and causing those revenues to be withdrawn, which their wiser forefathers had appointed to the support and encouragement of its teachers, in a little time the Shaster would be as intelligible as the Greek Testament; and we, who want that spirit and curiosity which distinguished the ancient Grecians, would by degrees relapse into the same state of barbarism, which over-spread the northern nations before they were enlightened by Christianity.

Some, perhaps, from the ill tendency and vile taste which appear in their writings, may suspect that the Free-thinkers are carrying on a malicious design against the Belles Lettres: for my part, I rather conceive them as unthinking wretches of

ſhort views and narrow capacities, who are not able to penetrate into the cauſes or conſequences of things.

N° 63. SATURDAY, MAY 23.

> Ζεῦ πάτερ, ἀλλὰ σὺ ῥῦσαι ὑπ' ἠέρος υἷας Ἀχαιῶν,
> Ποίησον δ' αἴθρην, δὸς δ' ὀφθαλμοῖσιν ἰδέσθαι.
> Ἐν δὲ φάει καὶ ὄλεσσον. Hom. Iliad 17. v. 645.

> O King! O father! hear my humble prayer:
> Diſpel this cloud, the light of heaven reſtore;
> Give me to ſee, and Ajax aſks no more:
> If Greece muſt periſh, we thy will obey,
> But let us periſh in the face of day! *Pope.*

I AM obliged, for many reaſons, to inſert this firſt letter, though it takes me out of my way, eſpecially on a Saturday; but the ribaldry of ſome part of that will be abundantly made up by the quotation in the ſecond.

To NESTOR IRONSIDE, Eſq;

SIR, Friday, May 22, 1713.

'THE Examiner of this day conſiſts of reflec-
'tions upon the letter I writ to you, publiſhed
'in yours of the twelfth inſtant. The ſentence upon
'which he ſpends moſt of his invectives, is this;
'I will give myſelf no manner of liberty to make
'gueſſes at him, if I may ſay him: for though
'ſometimes I have been told by familiar friends,
'that they ſaw me ſuch a time talking to the Ex-
'aminer; others, who have rallied me upon the
'ſins of my youth, tell me it is credibly reported

" that I have formerly lain with the Examiner." Now, Mr. Ironside, ' What was there in all " this but saying, I cannot tell what to do in this " case? There has been named for this paper one " for whom I have a value, and another whom I " cannot but neglect: I have named no man: but if there be any gentleman, who wrongfully ' lies under the imputation of being, or assisting the ' Examiner, he would do well to do himself justice, ' under his own hand in the eye of the world. As ' to the exasperated mistress, the Examiner demands ' in her behalf a " reparation for offended inno-" cence.' This is pleasant language, when spoken ' of this person; he wants to have me unsay what ' he makes me to have said before. I declare then ' it was a false report, which was spread concern-' ing me and a lady, sometimes reputed the author ' of the Examiner; and I can now make her no ' reparation, but in begging her pardon, that I ' never lay with her.

' I speak all this only in regard to the Exami-' ner's offended innocence, and will make no re-' ply as to what relates merely to myself. ' I " have said before, he is welcome from hencefor-" ward, to treat me as he pleases.' But the bit of ' Greek, which I intreat you to put at the front of ' to morrow's paper, speaks all my sense on this ' occasion. It is a speech put in the mouth of Ajax, ' who is engaged in the dark: he cries out to ' Jupiter, ' Give me but day-light, let me but " see my foe, and let him destroy me if he can.'

' But when he repeats his story of the general ' for life, I cannot hear him with so much patience. ' He may insinuate what he pleases to the ministry ' of me; but I am sure I could not, if I would, by ' detraction, do them more injury, than he does by

'his ill-placed, ignorant, nauseous flattery. One
'of them, whose talent is address and skill in the
'world, he calls Cato; another, whose praise is
'conversation, wit and a taste of pleasures, is also
'Cato. Can any thing in nature be more out of
'character; or more expose those, whom he would
'recommend, to the raillery of his adversaries, than
'comparing these to Cato? But gentlemen of their
'eminence are to be treated with respect, and not
'to suffer because a sycophant has applauded them
'in a wrong place.

'As much as he says I am in defiance with those
'in present power, I will lay before them one point
'that would do them more honour than any one
'circumstance in their whole administration; which
'is, to shew their resentment of the Examiner's
'nauseous applause of themselves, and licentious
'calumny of their predecessors. Till they do them-
'selves that justice, men of sense will believe they
'are pleased with the adulation of a prostitute,
'who heaps upon them injudicious applauses, for
'which he makes way by random abuse upon those
'who are in present possession of all that is lau-
'dable.

'I am, Sir,

'Your most humble servant,

'Richard Steele.'

To Mr Ironside.

Sir,

A MIND so well qualified as yours, must re-
'ceive every day large improvements, when
'exercised upon such truths which are the glory
'of our natures; such as those which lead us to

an endless happiness in our life succeeding this. I herewith send you Dr Lucas's Practical Christianity for your serious perusal. If you have already read it, I desire you would give it to one of your friends who have not. I think you cannot recommend it better than in inserting, by way of specimen, these passages which I point to you, as follows:

'That I have in this state I am now in, a *soul* as well as a *body*, whose interest concerns me, is a truth my sense sufficiently discovers: For I feel *joys* and *sorrows*, which do not make their abode in the organs of the *body*, but the inmost recesses of the mind; *pains* and *pleasures*, which sense is too gross and heavy to partake of, as the *peace* or *trouble* of conscience in the reflection upon good or evil actions, the *delight* or *vexation* of the mind, in the contemplation of, or a fruitless enquiry after excellent and important truths.

'And since I have such a soul capable of happiness or misery, it naturally follows, that it were sottish and unreasonable to *lose* this soul for the *gain* of the whole world. For my soul is *I myself*, and if *that* be miserable, I must needs be so. Outward circumstances of fortune may give the world occasion to *think* me happy, but they can never *make* me so. Shall I call myself happy, if discontent and sorrow eat out the life and spirit of my soul? if lusts and passions riot and mutiny in my bosom? if my sins scatter an uneasy shame all over me, and my guilt appals and frights me? What avails it me, that my rooms are stately, my tables full, my attendants numerous, and my attire gaudy, if all this while my very *being* pines and languishes away? *These* indeed are rich and pleasant things, but I nevertheless am a poor and

'miserable man. Therefore I conclude, that what-'ever this thing be I call a soul, though it were a 'perishing, dying thing, and would not out-live the 'body, yet it were my wisdom and interest to pre-'fer its content and satisfaction before all the world, 'unless I could chuse to be *miserable*, and *delight* 'to be *unhappy*.

'This very consideration, supposing the uncer-'tainty of another world, would yet strongly en-'gage me to the service of religion, for all it aims 'at is to banish sin out of the world, which is the 'scource and original of all the troubles that dis-'quiet the mind; 1. Sin, in its very essence, is no-'thing else but disordered, distempered passions, 'affections foolish and preposterous in their choice, 'or wild and extravagant in their proportion, which 'our own experience sufficiently convinces us to be 'painful and uneasy. 2. It engages us in despe-'rate hazards, wearies us with daily toils, and 'often buries us in the ruins we bring upon our-'selves: and *lastly*, it fills our hearts with distrust, 'and fear, and shame; for we shall never be able 'to persuade ourselves *fully*, that there is no dif-'ference between good and evil, that there is no 'God, or none that concerns himself at the actions 'of this life; and if we cannot, we can never rid 'ourselves of the pangs and stings of a troubled 'conscience, we shall never be able to establish a 'peace and calm in our bosoms, and so enjoy our 'pleasure with a clear and uninterrupted freedom. 'But if we could persuade ourselves into the ut-'most height of Atheism, yet still we shall be un-'der these two strange inconveniences; 1. That a 'life of sin will be still irregular and disorderly, 'and therefore troublesome; 2. That we shall 'have dismantled our souls of their greatest

'strengths, disarmed them of that faith which on-
'ly can support them under the afflictions of this
'present life.'

Nº 64. Monday, May 25.

——" Levium spectacula rerum." *Virg. Georg. 4. v. 3.*

Trifles set out to shew.

I AM told by several persons whom I have taken into my ward, that it is to their great damage I have digressed so much of late from the natural course of my PRECAUTIONS. They have addressed and petitioned me with appellations and titles, which admonish me to be that sort of patron which they want me to be, as follows.

To NESTOR IRONSIDE, Esq;
Patron of the industrious.

The humble petition of John Longbottom, Charles Lilly, Bat Pidgeon, and J. Norwood, capital artificers, most humbly sheweth,

'THAT your Petitioners behold with great 'sorrow, your honour employing your important moments in remedying matters which nothing but time can cure, and which do not so immediately, or at least so professedly, appertain to your office, as do the concerns of us your petitioners, and other handicraft persons, who excel in their different and respective dexterities.

'That as all mechanics are employed in accom-

'modating the dwellings, clothing the persons, or 'preparing the diet of mankind, your petitioners 'ought to be placed first in your Guardianship, as 'being useful in a degree superior to all other 'workmen, and as being wholly conversant in 'clearing and adorning the head of man.

'That the said Longbottom, above all the rest 'of mankind, is skilful in taking off that horrid 'excrescence on the chins of all males, and casting 'by the touch of his hand, a chearfulness where 'that excrescence grew; an art known only to 'this your artificer.

'That Charles Lilly prepares snuff and perfumes 'which refresh the brain in those that have too 'much for their quiet, and gladdens it in those 'who have too little to know their want of it.

'That Bat Pigeon cuts the luxuriant locks grow-'ing from the upper part of the head in so artful 'a manner, with regard to the visage, that he 'makes the ringlets, falling by the temples, con-'spire with the brows and lashes of the eye, to 'heighten the expressions of modesty and intima-'tions of good-will, which are most infallibly com-'municated by ocular glances.

'That J. Norwood forms periwigs with respect 'to particular persons and visages, on the same 'plan that Bat Pidgeon corrects natural hair; that 'he has a strict regard to the climate under which 'his customer was born, before he pretends to 'cover his head; that no part of his wig is com-'posed of hair which grew above twenty miles from 'the buyer's place of nativity; that the very neck-'lock grew in the same county, and all the hair to 'the face in the very parish where he was born.'

'That these your cephalic operators humbly in-'treat your more frequent attention to the me-

'chanic arts, and that you would place your peti-
'tioners at the head of the family of the cosmetics,
'and your petitioner shall ever pray," &c.

To Nestor Ironside, Esq; Guardian of good fame.

The memorial of Esau Ringwood, sheweth,

'THAT though nymphs and shepherds, sonnets and complaints, are no more to be seen or heard in the forests, and chases of Great Britain, yet are not the huntsmen who now frequent the woods so barbarous as represented in the Guardian of the twenty first instant; that the knife is not presented to the lady of quality by the huntsman to cut the throat of the deer; but after he is killed, that instrument is given her, as the animal is now become food, in token that all our labour, joy, and exultation in the pursuit, were excited from the sole hope of making the stag an offering to her table; That your honour has detracted from the humanity of sportsmen in this representation; that they demand you would retract your error, and distinguish Britons from Scythians.

P. S. 'Repent, and eat venison."

To Nestor Ironside, Esq; avenger of detraction.

The humble petition of Susan How-d'ye-call, most humbly sheweth,

'THAT your petitioner is mentioned at all visits, with an account of facts done by her, of speeches she has made, and of journeys she has taken, to all which circumstances your petitioner is wholly a stranger; that in every family of

'Great Britain, glasses and cups are broken, and
'utensils displaced, and all these faults laid upon
'Mrs How-d'ye-call; that your petitioner has applied to counsel, upon these grievances; that your petitioner is advised, that her case is the same with that of John-a-Styles, and that she is abused only by way of form; your petitioner therefore most humbly prays, that in behalf of herself, and all others defamed under the term of Mr or Mrs How-d'ye-call, you will grant her and them the following concessions; that no reproach shall take place where the person has not an opportunity of defending himself; that the phrase of a certain person means no certain person; that the *How-d'ye-calls, some people, a certain set of men, there are folks now-a-days,* and *things are come to that pass,* are words that shall concern no body after the present Monday in Whitsun-week, 1713.

'That it is baseness to offend any person except the offender exposes himself to that person's examination; that no woman is defamed by any man, without he names her name; that exasperated mistress, false fair, and the like, shall from the said Whitsun-Monday, signify no more than Cloe, Corinna, or Mrs How-d'ye-call; that your petitioner being an old maid, may be joined in marriage to John-a-Nokes, or, in case of his being resolved upon celibacy, to Tom Long the carrier, and your petitioner shall ever pray." &c.

To Nestor Ironside, Esq;

The humble petition of Hugh Pounce, of Grub-street, sheweth,

'THAT in your first paper you have touched upon the affinity between all arts which concern the good of society, and professed that

'you should promote a good understanding be-
'tween them.

'That your petitioner is skilful in the art and
'mystery of writing verses or distichs.

'That your petitioner does not write for vain-
'glory, but for the use of society.

'That like the art of painting upon glass, the
'more durable work of writing upon iron is almost
'lost.

'That your petitioner is retained as poet to the
'Ironmongers company.

'Your petitioner therefore humbly desires you
'would protect him in the sole making of posies
'for knives, and all manner of learning to be
'wrought on iron, and your petitioner shall ever
'pray."

To the GUARDIAN.

'SIR,

'THOUGH every body has been talking or
'writing on the subject of Cato, ever since
'the world was obliged with that tragedy, there
'has not, methinks, been an examination of it,
'which sufficiently shows the skill of the author
'merely as a poet. There are peculiar graces
'which ordinary readers ought to be instructed
'how to admire; among others, I am charmed
'with his artificial expressions in well-adapted si-
'miles: there is no part of writing in which it is
'more difficult to succeed; for on sublime occasions
'it requires at once the utmost strength of the ima-
'gination, and the severest correction of the judg-
'ment. Thus Syphax, when he is forming to
'himself the sudden and unexpected destruction
'which is to befal the man he hates, expresses him-

'self in an image which none but a Numidian 'could have a lively sense of; but yet if the author 'had ranged over all the objects upon the face of 'the earth, he could not have found a representa-'tion of a disaster so great, so sudden, and so dread-'ful as this;

"So where our wide Numidian wastes extend,
"Sudden th' impetuous hurricanes descend,
"Wheel through the air, in circling eddies play,
"Tear up the sands, and sweep whole plains away.
"The helpless traveller, with wild surprise,
"Sees the dry desert all around him rise,
"And smother'd in the dusty whirlwind, dies."

'When Sempronius promises himself the possession 'of Marcia by a rape, he triumphs in the prospect, 'and exults in his villainy, by representing it to 'himself in a manner wonderfully suited to the 'vanity and impiety of his character.

"So Pluto, seiz'd of Proserpine, convey'd
"To Hell's tremendous gloom th' affrighted maid;
"There grimly smil'd, pleas'd with the beauteous prize,
"Nor envy'd Jove his sun-shine and his skies."

'Pray, old Nestor, trouble thyself no more with 'the squabbles of old lovers; tell them from me, 'now they are past the sins of the flesh, they are 'got into those of the spirit; desire hurts the soul 'less than malice; it is not now, as when they 'were Sappho and Phaon.

'I am, Sir,

'Your affectionate humble servant,

'A. B.'

N° 65. TUESDAY, MAY 26.

——"Inter scabiem tantam et contagia"——

Hor. Ep. 12. l. 1. v. 13.

Amidst the poison of such infectious times.

THERE is not any where, I believe, so much talk about religion, as among us in England; nor do I think it possible for the wit of man to devise forms of address to the Almighty, in more ardent and forcible terms than are every where to be found in our Book of Common-prayer. And yet I have heard it read with such a negligence, affectation and impatience, that the efficacy of it has been apparently lost to all the congregation: For my part, I make no scruple to own it, that I go sometimes to a particular place in the city, far distant from mine own home, to hear a gentleman, whose manner I admire, read the liturgy. I am persuaded devotion is the greatest pleasure of his soul, and there is none hears him read without the utmost reverence. I have seen the young people who have been interchanging glances of passion to each other's person, checked into an attention to the service at the interruption which the authority of his voice has given them. But the other morning I happened to rise earlier than ordinary, and thought I could not pass my time better, than to go upon the admonition of the morning bell to the church prayers at six of the clock. I was there the first of any in the congregation, and had the opportunity, however I made use of it, to look back

on all my life, and contemplate the blessing and advantage of such stated early hours for offering ourselves to our Creator, and the hopes we have from him, and prepossessing ourselves with the love of him, against the snares of business and pleasure in the ensuing day. But whether it be that people think fit to indulge their own ease in some secret, pleasing fault, or whatever it was, there was none at the confession but a set of poor scrubs of us, who could sin only in our wills, whose persons could be no temptation to one another, and might have, without interruption from any body else, humble, lowly hearts, in frightful looks and dirty dresses, at our leisure. When we, poor souls, had presented ourselves with a contrition suitable to our worthlessness, some pretty young ladies, in mobbs, popped in here and there about the church, clattering the pew-door after them, and squatting into a whisper behind their fans. Among others one of Lady Lizard's daughters, and her hopeful maid, made their entrance; the young lady did not omit the ardent form behind the fan, while the maid immediately gaped round her to look for some other devout person, whom I saw at a distance very well dressed; his air and habit a little military, but in the pertness not the true possession of the martial character. This jackanapes was fixed at the end of a pew, with the utmost impudence, declaring, by a fixed eye on that seat (where our beauty was placed) the object of his devotion. This obscene sight gave me all the indignation imaginable, and I could attend to nothing but the reflection that the greatest affronts imaginable are such as no one can take notice of. Before I was out of such vexatious inadvertencies to the business of the place, there was a great deal of good company now come in. There was a good

number of very janty ſlatterns, who gave us to underſtand, that it is neither dreſs nor art to which they were beholden for the town's admiration. Beſides theſe, there were alſo by this time arrived two or three ſets of whiſperers, who carry on moſt of their calumnies by what they entertain one another with in that place, and we were now altogether very good company. There were indeed a few, in whoſe looks there appeared an heavenly joy and gladneſs upon the entrance of a new day, as if they had gone to ſleep with expectation of it. For the ſake of theſe it is worth while that the church keeps up ſuch early mattins throughout the cities of London and Weſtminſter; but the generality of thoſe who obſerve that hour, perform it with ſo taſteleſs a behaviour, that it appears a taſk rather than a voluntary act. But of all the world, thoſe familiar ducks who are, as it were, at home at the church, and by frequently meeting there, throw the time of prayer very negligently into their common life, and make their coming together in that place as ordinary as any other action, and do not turn their converſation upon any improvements ſuitable to the true deſign of that houſe, but on trifles below even their worldly concerns and characters. Theſe are little groups of acquaintance diſperſed in all parts of the town, who are, forſooth, the only people of unſpotted characters, and throw all the ſpots that ſtick on thoſe of other people. Malice is the ordinary vice of thoſe who live in the mode of religion, without the ſpirit of it. The pleaſurable world are hurried by their paſſions above the conſideration of what others think of them, into a purſuit of irregular enjoyments: while theſe, who forbear the gratifications of fleſh and blood, without having won over the ſpirit to

the interests of virtue, are implacable in defamations on the errors of such who offend without respect to fame. But the consideration of persons whom one cannot but take notice of, when one sees them in that place, has drawn me out of my intended talk, which was to bewail that people do not know the pleasure of early hours, and of dedicating their first moments of the day, with joy and singleness of heart to their Creator. Experience would convince us, that the earlier we left our beds, the seldomer should we be confined to them.

One great good which would also accrue from this, were it become a fashion, would be, that it is possible our chief divines would condescend to pray themselves, or at least those whom they substitute would be better supplied, than to be forced to appear at those orations in a garb and attire which makes them appear mortified with worldly want, and not abstracted from the world by the contempt of it. How is it possible for a gentleman under the income of fifty pounds a-year to be attentive to sublime things? He must rise and dress like a labourer for sordid hire, instead of approaching his place of service with the utmost pleasure and satisfaction, that now he is going to be the mouth of a crowd of people who have laid aside all the distinctions of this contemptible being, to beseech a protection under its manifold pains and disadvantages, or a release from it, by his favour who sent them into it. He would, with decent superiority, look upon himself as orator before the throne of grace, for a crowd, who hang upon his words, while he asks for them all that is necessary in a transitory life; from the assurance that a good behaviour, for a few moments in it, will purchase endless joy and happy immortality.

But who can place himself in this view, who, though not pinched with want, is distracted with care from the fear of it? No: a man, in the least degree below the spirit of a saint or a martyr, will loll, huddle over his duty, look confused, or assume a resolution in his behaviour which will be quite as ungraceful, except he is supported above the necessities of life.

"Power and commandment to his minister to "declare and pronounce to his people," is mentioned with a very unguarded air, when the speaker is known in his own private condition to be almost an object of their pity and charity. — This last circumstance, with many others here loosely suggested, are the occasion that one knows not how to recommend to such as have not already a fixed sense of devotion, the pleasure of passing the earliest hours of the day in a public congregation. But were this morning solemnity as much in vogue, even as it is now at more advanced hours of the day, it would necessarily have so good an effect upon us, as to make us more disengaged and chearful in conversation, and less artful and insincere in business. The world would be quite another place, than it is now, the rest of the day; and every face would have an alacrity in it, which can be borrowed from no other reflections, but those which give us the assured protection of Omnipotence.

No 66. Wednesday, May 27.

"Saepe tribus lectis videas coenare quaternos;
"E quibus unus avet quavis aspergere cunctos,
"Praeter eum qui praebet aquam; post hunc quoque."——
Hor. Sat. 4. l. 1. v. 86.

Sit twelve at ſupper; one above the reſt
Takes all the talk, and breaks a ſcurvy jeſt
On all, except the maſter of the feaſt:
At laſt on him——

THE following letter is full of imagination, and, in a fabulous manner, ſets forth a connection between things, and an alliance between perſons that are very diſtant and remote to common eyes. I think I know the hand to be that of a very ingenious man †, and ſhall therefore give it the reader without farther preface.

To the GUARDIAN.

SIR,

'THERE is a ſet of mankind, who are wholly 'employed in the ill-natured office of gather-'ing up a collection of ſtories that leſſen the repu-'tation of others, and ſpreading them abroad with 'a certain air of ſatisfaction. Perhaps, indeed, an 'innocent unmeaning curioſity, a deſire of being 'informed concerning thoſe we live with, or a 'willingneſs to profit by reflection upon the actions 'of others, may ſometimes afford an excuſe, or

† Dr Parnel.

sometimes a defence, for inquisitiveness; but certainly it is, beyond all excuse, a transgression against humanity, to carry the matter farther, to tear off the dressings, as I may say, from the wounds of a friend, and expose them to the air in cruel fits of diversion; and yet we have something more to bemoan, an outrage of a higher nature, which mankind is guilty of when they are not content to spread the stories of folly, frailty and vice, but even enlarge them, or invent new ones, and blacken characters, that we may appear ridiculous or hateful to one another. From such practices as these it happens, that some feel a sorrow, and others are agitated with a spirit of revenge; that scandals or lies are told, because another has told such before; that resentments and quarrels arise, and affronts and injuries are given, received and multiplied, in a scene of vengeance.

‘All this I have often observed with abundance of concern, and having a perfect desire to further the happiness of mankind, I lately set myself to consider the causes from whence such evils arise, and the remedies which may be applied. Whereupon I shut my eyes to prevent a distraction from outward objects, and a while after shot away, upon an impulse of thought, into the world of ideas, where abstracted qualities became visible in such appearances as were agreeable to each of their natures.

‘That part of the country where I happened to light, was the most noisy that I had ever known. The winds whistled, the leaves rustled, the brooks rumbled, the birds chattered, the tongues of men were heard, and the echo mingled something of every sound in its repetition; so that there was a

‘ſtrange confuſion and uproar of ſounds about me. ‘At length, as the noiſe ſtill increaſed, I could ‘diſcern a man habited like a herald (and, as I ‘afterwards underſtood) called Novelty, that came ‘forward proclaiming a ſolemn day to be kept at ‘the houſe of Common Fame. Immediately be‘hind him advanced three nymphs, who had mon‘ſtrous appearances. The firſt of theſe was Cu‘rioſity, habited like a virgin, and having an hun‘dred ears about her head to ſerve in her enqui‘ries. The ſecond of theſe was Talkativeneſs, a ‘little better grown; ſhe ſeemed to be like a young ‘wife, and had an hundred tongues to ſpread her ‘ſtories. The third was Cenſoriouſneſs, habited ‘like a widow, and ſurrounded with an hundred ‘ſquinting eyes of a malignant influence, which ſo ‘obliquely darted on all around, that it was im‘poſſible to ſay which of them had brought in the ‘information ſhe boaſted of. Theſe, as I was in‘formed, had been very inſtrumental in preſerving ‘and rearing Common Fame, when upon her ‘birth-day ſhe was ſhuffled into a crowd, to eſcape ‘the ſearch which Truth might have made after ‘her and her parents. Curioſity found her there, ‘Talkativeneſs conveyed her away, and Cenſori‘ouſneſs ſo nurſed her up, that in a ſhort time ſhe ‘grew to a prodigious ſize, and obtained an em‘pire over the univerſe; wherefore the Power, in ‘gratitude, for theſe ſervices, has ſince advanced ‘them to her higheſt employments. The next ‘who came forward in the proceſſion was a light ‘damſel, called Credulity, who carried behind ‘them the lamp, the ſilver veſſel with a ſpout, and ‘other inſtruments proper for this ſolemn occaſion. ‘She had formerly ſeen theſe three together, and ‘conjecturing, from the number of their ears,

tongues and eyes, that they might be the proper genii of Attention, Familiar Converse, and Ocular Demonstration, she from that time gave herself up to attend them. The last who followed were some who had closely muffled themselves in upper garments, so that I could not discern who they were; but just as the foremost of them was come up, I am glad, says she, calling me by my name, to meet you at this time; stay close by me, and take a strict observation of all that passes: her voice was sweet and commanding, I thought I had somewhere heard it; and from her, as I went along, I learned the meaning of every thing which offered.

We now marched forward through the Rookery of Rumours, which flew thick, and with a terrible din, all around us. At length we arrived at the house of Common Fame, where a hecatomb of reputations was that day to fall for her pleasure. The house stood upon an eminence, having a thousand passages to it, and a thousand whispering holes for the conveyance of sound. The hall we entered was formed with the art of a music-chamber for the improvement of noises. Rest and Silence are banished the place. Stories of different natures wander in light flocks all about, sometimes truths and lies, or sometimes lies themselves clashing against one another. In the middle stood a table painted after the manner of the remotest Asiatic countries, upon which the lamp, the silver vessel, and cups of a white earth, were planted in order. Then dried herbs were brought, collected for the solemnity in moon-shine, and water being put to them, there was a greenish liquor made, to which they added the flower of milk, and an extraction from the canes

of America, for performing a libation to the infernal Powers of Mischief. After this, Curiosity, retiring to a withdrawing-room, brought forth the victims, being to appearance a set of small waxen images, which she laid upon the table one after another. Immediately then Talkativeness gave each of them the name of some one, whom for that time they were to represent; and Censoriousness stuck them all about with black pins, still pronouncing at every one she stuck, something to the prejudice of the persons represented. No sooner were these rites performed, and incantations uttered, but the sound of a speaking trumpet was heard in the air, by which they knew the Deity of the place was propitiated and assisting. Upon this the sky grew darker, a storm arose, and murmurs, sighs, groans, cries, and the words of grief or resentment were heard within it. Thus the three sorceresses discovered, that they, whose names they had given to the images, were already affected with what was done to them in effigy. The knowledge of this was received with the loudest laughter, and in many congratulatory words they applauded one another's wit and powers.

'As matters were at this high point of disorder, the muffled lady, whom I attended on, being no longer able to endure such barbarous proceedings, threw off her upper garment of Reserve, and appeared to be Truth. As soon as she had confessed herself present, the speaking trumpet ceased to sound, the sky cleared up, the storm abated, the noises which were heard in it ended, the laughter of the company was over, and a serene light, until then unknown to the place,

'diffused around it. At this the detected force-
'resses endeavoured to escape in a cloud which I
'saw began to thicken round them; but it was
'soon dispersed, their charms being controlled,
'and prevailed over, by the superior divinity.
'For my part I was exceedingly glad to see it so,
'and began to consider what punishment she would
'inflict upon them. I fancied it would be proper
'to cut off Curiosity's ears, and fix them to the
'eaves of the houses; to nail the tongues of Talk-
'ativeness to Indian tables, and to put out the
'eyes of Censoriousness with a flash of her light.
'In respect of Credulity I had indeed some little
'pity, and, had I been judge, she might, perhaps,
'have escaped with a hearty reproof.

'But I soon found that the discerning judge
'had other designs. She knew them for such as
'will not be destroyed entirely while mankind is
'in being, and yet ought to have a brand and
'punishment affixed to them that they may be
'avoided. Wherefore she took a seat for judg-
'ment, and had the criminals brought forward
'by Shame ever blushing, and Trouble with a
'whip of many lashes; two phantoms who had
'dogged the procession in disguise, and waited
'until they had an authority from Truth to lay
'hands upon them. Immediately then she order-
'ed Curiosity and Talkativeness to be fettered to-
'gether, that the one should never suffer the other
'to rest, nor the other ever let her remain undis-
'covered. Light Credulity she linked to Shame
'at the tormentor's own request, who was pleased
'to be thus secure that her prisoner could not
'escape; and this was done partly for her punish-
'ment, and partly for her amendment. Censori-
'ousness was also, in like manner, begged by

'Trouble, and had her assigned for an eternal 'companion. After they were thus chained with 'one another, by the judge's order, she drove 'them from the presence to wander for ever thro' 'the world, with Novelty stalking before them.

'The cause being now over, she retreated from 'sight within the splendour of her own glory; 'which leaving the house it had brightened, the 'sounds that were proper to the place began to 'be as loud and confused as when we entered; 'and there being no longer a clear distinguished 'appearance of any objects represented to me, I 'returned from the excursion I had made in Fancy.'

Nº 67. Thursday, May 28.

——— Ne forte pudori
" Sit tibi Musa lyrae solers, & cantor Apollo."

Hor. Ars Poet. v. 406.

Blush not to patronize the muse's skill.

IT has been remarked, by curious observers, that poets are generally long-lived, and run beyond the usual age of man, if not cut off by some accident or excess, as Anacreon, in the midst of a very merry old age, was choked with a grape-stone. The same redundancy of spirits, that produces the poetical flame, keeps up the vital warmth, and administers uncommon fuel to life. I question not but several instances will occur to my reader's memory, from Homer down to Mr Dryden. I shall only take notice of two who have excelled in lyrics, the one an ancient, and the other a modern.

The first gained an immortal reputation by celebrating several jockeys in the Olympic games, the last has signalized himself on the same occasion by the ode that begins with — "To horse, brave boys, "to Newmarket, to horse." My reader will, by this time, know that the two poets I have mentioned, are Pindar and Mr D'Urfey. The former of these is long since laid in his urn, after having, many years together, endeared himself to all Greece by his tuneful compositions. Our countryman is still living, and in a blooming old age, that still promises many musical productions; for if I am not mistaken, our British swan will sing to the last. The best judges who have perused his last song on the Moderate Man, do not discover any decay in his parts, but think it deserves a place among the finest of those works with which he obliged the world in his more early years.

I am led into this subject by a visit which I lately received from my good old friend and contemporary. As we both flourished together in King Charles the Second's reign, we diverted ourselves with the remembrance of several particulars that passed in the world before the greatest part of my readers were born, and could not but smile to think how insensibly we were grown into a couple of venerable old gentlemen. Tom observed to me, that after having written more odes than Horace, and about four times as many comedies as Terence, he was reduced to great difficulties by the importunities of a set of men, who, of late years, had furnished him with the accommodations of life, and would not, as we say, be paid with a song. In order to extricate my old friend, I immediately sent for the three directors of the play-house, and desired them that they would in there turn do a good office for a man,

who, in Shakespear's phrase, had often filled their mouths, I mean with pleasantry and popular conceits. They very generously listened to my proposal, and agreed to act the Plotting Sisters (a very taking play of my old friend's composing) on the 15th of the next month, for the benefit of the author.

My kindness to the agreeable Mr D'Urfey will be imperfect, if, after having engaged the players in his favour, I do not get the town to come into it. I must therefore heartily recommend to all the young ladies, my disciples, the case of my old friend, who has often made their grandmothers merry, and whose sonnets have perhaps lulled asleep many a present toast, when she lay in her cradle.

I have already prevailed on my Lady Lizard to be at the house in one of the front-boxes, and design, if I am in town, to lead her in myself at the head of her daughters. The gentleman I am speaking of has laid obligations on so many of his countrymen, that I hope they will think this but a just return to the good service of a veteran poet.

I myself remember King Charles the Second leaning on Tom D'Urfey's shoulder more than once, and humming over a song with him. It is certain that monarch was not a little supported by "Joy to great Cæsar," which gave the Whigs such a blow as they were not able to recover that whole reign. My friend afterwards attacked Popery with the same success, having exposed Bellarmine and Porto-Careno more than once in short satirical compositions, which have been in every body's mouth. He has made use of Italian tunes and sonatas for promoting the Protestant interest, and turned a considerable part of the Pope's music against himself. In short, he has obliged the court with political son-

nets, the country with dialogues and pastorals, the city with descriptions of a lord mayor's feast, not to mention his little ode upon Stool-ball, with many other of the like nature.

Should the very individuals he has celebrated make their appearance together, they would be sufficient to fill the play-house. Pretty Peg of Windsor, Gillian of Croydon, with Dolly and Molly, and Tommy and Johny, with many others to be met with in the musical miscellanies, entitled, Pills to purge Melancholy, would make a good benefit night.

As my friend, after the manner of the old lyrics accompanies his works with his own voice, he has been the delight of the most polite companies and conversations from the beginning of King Charles the Second's reign to our present times. Many an honest gentleman has got a reputation in his country, by pretending to have been in company with Tom D'Urfey.

I might here mention several other merits in my friend; as his enriching our language with a multitude of rhymes, and bringing words together, that, without his good offices, would never have been acquainted with one another, so long as it had been a tongue. But I must not omit, that my old friend angles for a trout the best of any man in England. May-flies came in late this season, or I myself should before now have had a trout of his hooking.

After what I have said, and much more that I might say, on this subject, I question not but the world will think that my old friend ought not to pass the remainder of his life in a cage like a singing bird, but enjoy all that Pindaric liberty which is suitable to a man of his genius. He has made

the world merry, and I hope they will make him easy so long as he stays among them. This I will take upon me to say, they cannot do a kindness to a more diverting companion, or a more cheerful, honest and good-natured man. G

N° 68. FRIDAY, MAY 29.

"Inspicere, tanquam in speculum, in vitas omnium
"Jubeo, atque ex aliis sumere exemplum sibi."

Ter. Adelph. Act. 3. Sc. 4.

My advice to him is, to consult the lives of other men as he would a looking-glass, and from thence fetch examples for his own imitation.

THE paper of to-day shall consist of a letter from my friend Sir Harry Lizard, which, with my answer, may be worth the perusal of young men of estates, and young women without fortunes. It is absolutely necessary, that in our first vigorous years we lay down some law to ourselves for the conduct of future life, which may at least prevent essential misfortunes. The cutting cares which attend such an affection as that against which I forewarn my friend Sir Harry, are very well known to all who are called the men of pleasure; but when they have opposed their satisfactions to their anxieties in an impartial examination, they will find their life not only a dream, but a troubled and vexatious one.

"DEAR OLD MAN,

'I BELIEVE you are very much surprised, that 'in the several letters I have written to you, 'since the receipt of that wherein you recommend

'a young lady for a wife to your humble servant, 'I have not made the least mention of that matter. 'It happens at this time that I am not much in-'clined to marry; there are very many matches 'in our country, wherein the parties live so insi-'pidly, or so vexatiously, that I am afraid to ven-'ture from their example. Besides, to tell you the 'truth, NESTOR, I am informed your fine young 'woman is soon to be disposed of elsewhere. As 'to the young ladies of my acquaintance in your 'great town, I do not know one whom I could 'think of as a wife, who is not either prepossessed 'with some inclination for some other man, or af-'fects pleasures and entertainments, which she pre-'fers to the conversation of any man living. 'Women of this kind are the most frequently met 'with of any sort whatsoever, I mean, they are the 'most frequent among people of condition, that is to 'say, such are easily to be had as would sit at the head 'of your estate and table, lie-in by you for the sake 'of receiving visits in pomp at the end of the 'month, and enjoy the like gratifications from the 'support of your fortune; but you yourself would 'signify no more to one of them than a name in 'trust in a settlement which conveys land and goods, 'but has no right for its own use. A woman of 'this turn can no more make a wife, than an am-'bitious man can be a friend; they both sacrifice 'all the true tastes of being, and motives of life, 'for the ostentation, the noise, and the appearance 'of it. Their hearts are turned to unnatural ob-'jects, and as the men of design can carry them 'on with an exclusion of their daily companions, 'so women of this kind of gaiety can live at bed 'and board with a man, without any affection to 'his person. As to any woman that you examine

'hereafter for my sake, if you can possibly, find 'a means to converse with her at some country-seat. 'If she has no relish for rural views, but is un'delighted with streams, fields and groves, I desire 'to hear no more of her; she has departed from 'nature, and is irrecoverably engaged in vanity. 'I have ever been curious to observe the arro'gance of a town-lady when she first comes down 'to her husband's seat, and beholding her country 'neighbours, wants somebody to laugh with her at 'the frightful things to whom she herself is equally 'ridiculous. The pretty pitty-pat step, the playing 'head, and the fallback in the curtesy, she does 'not imagine, make her as unconversable, and in'accessible to our plain people, as the loud voice, 'and ungainly stride, render one of our huntresses 'to her. In a word, dear NESTOR, I beg you to 'suspend all inquiries towards my matrimony un'til you hear further from,

'SIR,

'your most obliged and

'most humble servant

'HARRY LIZARD.'

A certain loose turn in this letter, mixed indeed with some real exceptions to the too frequent silly choice made by country gentlemen, has given me no small anxiety: and I have sent Sir Harry an account of my suspicions, as follows.

To Sir Harry Lizard.

'Sir,

'YOUR letter I have read over two or three times, and must be so free with you, as to tell you it has in it something which betrays you have lost that simplicity of heart with relation to love, which I promised myself would crown your days with happiness and honour. The alteration of your mind towards marriage is not represented as flowing from discretion and wariness in the choice, but a disinclination to that state in general; you seem secretly to propose to yourself (for I will think no otherwise of a man of your age and temper) all its satisfactions out of it, and to avoid the care and inconveniences that attend those who enter into it. I will not urge at this time the greatest consideration of all, to wit, regard of innocence; but having, I think, in my eye, what you aim at, I must, as I am your friend, acquaint you, that you are going into a wilderness of cares and distractions, from which you will never be able to extricate yourself, while the compunctions of honour and pity are yet alive in you.

'Without naming names, I have long suspected your designs upon a young gentlewoman in your neighbourhood; but give me leave to tell you with all the earnestness of a faithful friend, that to enter into a criminal commerce with a woman of merit, whom you find innocent, is, of all the follies in this life, the most fruitful of sorrow. You must make your approaches to her with the benevolence and language of a good angel, in order to bring upon her pollution and shame,

'which is the work of a demon: The fashion of 'the world, the warmth of youth, and the affluence of fortune, may, perhaps, make you look 'upon me in this talk, like a poor well-meaning 'old man, who is past those ardencies in which 'you at present triumph; but believe me, Sir, if 'you succeed in what I fear you design, you will 'find the sacrifice of beauty and innocence so 'strong an obligation upon you, that your whole 'life will pass away in the worst condition imaginable, that of doubt and irresolution; you will 'ever be designing to leave her, and never do it; 'or else leave her for another, with a constant 'longing after her. He is a very unhappy man 'who does not reserve the most pure and kind affections of his heart for his marriage-bed; he will 'otherwise be reduced to this melancholy circumstance, that he gave his mistress that kind of affection which was proper for his wife, and has 'not for his wife either that, or the usual inclination which men bestow upon their mistresses. After such an affair as this, you are a very lucky 'man if you find a prudential marriage is only insipid, and not actually miserable; a woman, of 'as ancient a family as your own, may come into 'the house of the Lizards, murmur in your bed, 'growl at your table, rate your servants, and insult yourself, while you bear all this with this 'unhappy reflection at the bottom of your heart, 'This is all for the injured— The heart is ungovernable enough, without being biassed by prepossessions; how emphatically unhappy therefore 'is he, who, besides the natural vagrancy of affection, has a passion to one particular object in 'which he sees nothing but what is lovely, except 'what proceeds from his own guilt against it! I

'speak to you, my dear friend, as one who tender-
'ly regards your welfare, and beg of you to avoid
'this great error, which has rendered so many
'agreeable men unhappy before you. When a
'man is engaged among the dissolute, gay, and
'artful of the fair sex, a knowledge of their manners
'and designs, their favours unendeared by truth,
'their feigned sorrows and gross flatteries, must
'in time rescue a reasonable man from the in-
'chantment; but in a case wherein you have none
'but yourself to accuse, you will find the best part
'of a generous mind torn away with her when-
'ever you take your leave of an injured, deser-
'ving woman. Come to town, fly from Olinda
'to your

'obedient humble servant,

'NESTOR IRONSIDE.'

Nº 69. SATURDAY, MAY 30.

"Jupiter est quodcunque vides"—— *Lucan.*

Where-e'er you turn your eyes, 'tis God you see.

I HAD this morning a very valuable and kind present sent me, of a translated work of a most excellent foreign writer, who makes a very consider-able figure in the learned and Christian world. It is entitled, "A Demonstration of the Existence, Wis-"dom and Omnipotence of God," drawn from the knowledge of nature, particularly of man, and fitted to the meanest capacity, by the Archbishop

of Cambray, author of Telemachus, and translated from the French by the same hand that englished that excellent piece. This great author, in the writings which he has before produced, has manifested an heart full of virtuous sentiments, great benevolence to mankind, as well as a sincere and fervent piety towards his Creator. His talents and parts are a very great good to the world, and it is a pleasing thing to behold the polite arts subservient to religion, and recommending it from its natural beauty. Looking over the letters of my correspondents, I find one which celebrates this treatise, and recommends it to my readers.

To the GUARDIAN.

'SIR,

'I THINK I have somewhere read, in the writings of one whom I take to be a friend of yours, a saying which struck me very much, and as I remember it was to this purpose: "The existence of a God is so far from being a thing that wants to be proved, that I think it is the only thing of which we are certain." This is a sprightly and just expression; however, I dare say, you will not be displeased that I put you in mind of saying something on the demonstration of the Bishop of Cambray. A man of his talents views all things in a light different from that in which ordinary men see them, and the devout disposition of his soul turns all those talents to the improvement of the pleasures of a good life. His style clothes philosophy in a dress almost poetic, and his readers enjoy in full perfection the advantage, while they are reading him, of being what he is. The pleasing representation of the animal powers

'in the beginning of his work, and his considera-
'tion of the nature of man with the addition of
'reason in the subsequent discourse, impresses upon
'the mind a strong satisfaction in itself, and gra-
'titude towards Him who bestowed that superiority
'over the brute world. These thoughts had such
'an effect upon the author himself, that he has
'ended his discourse with a prayer. This adora-
'tion has a sublimity in it befitting his character,
'and the emotions of his heart flow from wisdom
'and knowledge. I thought it would be proper
'for Saturday's paper, and have translated it to
'make you a present of it. I have not, as the
'translator was obliged to do, confined myself to
'an exact version from the original, but have en-
'deavoured to express the spirit of it, by taking
'the liberty to render his thoughts in such a way
'as I should have uttered them if they had been
'my own. It has been observed, that the private
'letters of great men are the best pictures of their
'souls, but certainly their private devotions would
'be still more instructive, and I know not why they
'should not be as curious and entertaining.

'If you insert this prayer, I know not but I
'may send you, for another occasion, one used by
'a very great wit of the last age, which has allu-
'sions to the errors of a very wild life, and I be-
'lieve you will think it written with an uncommon
'spirit. The person whom I mean was an excel-
'lent writer, and the publication of this prayer of
'his may be, perhaps, some kind of antidote against
'the infection in his other writings. But this sup-
'plication of the Bishop has in it a more happy and
'untroubled spirit; it is (if that is not saying some-
'thing too fond) the worship of an angel concerned
'for those who had fallen, but himself still in the

'state of glory and innocence. The book ends
'with an act of devotion, to this effect:

'O my God, if the greater number of mankind
'do not discover Thee in that glorious show of
'nature which thou hast placed before our eyes,
'it is not because Thou art far from every one of
'us; Thou art present to us more than any ob-
'ject which we touch with our hands; but our
'senses, and the passions which they produce in us,
'turn our attention from Thee. Thy light shines
'in the midst of darkness, but the darkness, com-
'prehends it not. Thou, O Lord, dost every way
'display thyself. Thou shinest in all thy works,
'but art not regarded by heedless and unthinking
'man. The whole creation talks aloud of Thee,
'and echoes with the repetitions of thy holy name:
'But such is our insensibility, that we are deaf to
'the great and universal voice of nature. Thou
'art every where about us, and within us; but we
'wander from ourselves, become strangers to our
'own souls, and do not apprehend thy presence.
'O Thou who art the eternal fountain of light
'and beauty, who art the ancient of days, with-
'out beginning and without end; O Thou, who
'art the life of all that truly live, those can never
'fail to find Thee, who seek for Thee within
'themselves. But alas! the very gifts which Thou
'bestowest upon us, do so employ our thoughts,
'that they hinder us from perceiving the hand
'which conveys them to us. We live by Thee;
'and yet we live without thinking on Thee; but
'O Lord, what is life in the ignorance of Thee?
'A dead unactive piece of matter, a flower that
'withers, a river that glides away, a palace that
'hastens to its ruin, a picture made up of fading
'colours, a mass of shining ore, strike our imagi-

'nations, and make us sensible of their existence.
'We regard them as objects capable of giving us
'pleasure, not considering that Thou conveyest
'through them all the pleasure which we imagine
'they give us. Such vain empty objects, that are
'only the shadows of being, are proportioned to
'our low and groveling thoughts. That beauty
'which Thou hast poured out on thy creation, is
'as a veil which hides thee from our eyes. As
'Thou art a being too pure and exalted to pass
'through our senses, Thou art not regarded by
'men, who have debased their nature, and have
'made themselves like the beasts that perish. So
'infatuated are they, that, notwithstanding they
'know what is wisdom and virtue, which have
'neither sound, nor colour, nor smell, nor taste,
'nor figure, nor any other sensible quality, they
'can doubt of thy existence, because thou art not
'apprehended by the grosser organs of sense.
'Wretches that we are! we consider shadows as
'realities, and truth as a phantom. That which
'is nothing is all to us, and that which is all ap-
'pears to us nothing. What do we see in all na-
'ture but Thee, O my God! Thou, and only
'Thou, appearest in every thing. When I consi-
'der Thee, O Lord, I am swallowed up and lost
'in contemplation of Thee. Every thing besides
'Thee, even my own existence, vanishes and disap-
'pears in the contemplation of Thee. I am lost
'to myself, and fall into nothing, when I think on
'Thee. The man who does not see Thee has be-
'held nothing; he who does not taste Thee has
'a relish of nothing. His being is vain, and his
'life but a dream. Set up thyself, O Lord, set up
'Thyself, that we may behold Thee. As wax con-
'sumes before the fire, and as the smoke is driven

'away, so let thine enemies vanish out of thy pre-
'sence. How unhappy is that soul who without
'the sense of Thee, has no God, no hope, no com-
'fort to support him? But how happy the man
'who searches, sighs, and thirsts after thee! But
'he only is fully happy on whom Thou liftest up the
'light of thy countenance, whose tears thou hast
'wiped away, and who enjoys in thy loving-kind-
'ness the completion of all his desires. How long,
'how long, O Lord, shall I wait for that day, when
'I shall possess, in thy presence, fulness of joy and
'pleasures for evermore? O my God, in this plea-
'sing hope, my bones rejoice and cry out, Who is
'like unto Thee! my heart melts away, and my
'soul faints within me, when I look up to Thee,
'who art the God of my life, and my portion to
'all eternity.'

Nº 70. MONDAY, JUNE 1.

——" menti que capacius altae." *Ovid. Met. l. 1. v. 76.*

Of thoughts enlarg'd, and more exalted mind.

AS I was the other day taking a solitary walk in St Paul's, I indulged my thoughts in the pursuit of a certain analogy between that fabric and the Christian church in the largest sense. The divine order and œconomy of the one seemed to be emblematically set forth by the just, plain, and majestic architecture of the other. And as the one consists of a great variety of parts united in the same regular design, according to the truest art,

and most exact proportion; so the other contains a decent subordination of members, various sacred institutions, sublime doctrines, and solid precepts of morality digested into the same design, and with an admirable concurrence tending to one view, the happiness and exaltation of human nature.

In the midst of my contemplation, I beheld a fly upon one of the pillars; and it straightway came into my head, that this same fly was a free-thinker. For it required some comprehension in the eye of the spectator, to take in at one view the various parts of the building, in order to observe their symmetry and design. But to the fly, whose prospect was confined to a little part of one of the stones of a single pillar, the joint beauty of the whole, or the distinct use of its parts, were inconspicuous, and nothing could appear but small inequalities in the surface of the hewn stone, which in the view of that insect seemed so many deformed rocks and precipices.

The thoughts of a Free-thinker are employed on certain minute particularities of religion, the difficulty of a single text, or the unaccountableness of some step of Providence or point of doctrine to his narrow faculties, without comprehending the scope and design of Christianity, the perfection to which it raiseth human nature, the light it hath shed abroad in the world, and the close connection it hath as well with the good of public societies as with that of particular persons.

This raised in me some reflections on that frame or disposition which is called largeness of mind, its necessity towards forming a true judgment of things, and where the soul is not incurably stinted by nature, what are the likeliest methods to give it enlargement.

It is evident that philosophy doth open and enlarge the mind, by the general views to which men are habituated in that study, and by the contemplation of more numerous and distant objects, than fall within the sphere of mankind in the ordinary pursuits of life. Hence it comes to pass that philosophers judge of most things very differently from the vulgar. Some instances of this may be seen in the Theætetus of Plato, where Socrates makes the following remarks, among others of the like nature.

'When a philosopher hears ten thousand acres 'mentioned as a great estate, he looks upon it as an 'inconsiderable spot, having been used to contemplate the whole globe of earth: Or when he beholds a man elated with the nobility of his race, 'because he can reckon a series of seven rich ancestors; the philosopher thinks him a stupid ignorant fellow, whose mind cannot reach to a general view of human nature, which should shew him 'that we have all innumerable ancestors, among 'whom are crowds of rich and poor, kings and 'slaves, Greeks and Barbarians.' Thus far Socrates, who was accounted wiser than the rest of the Heathens, for notions which approach the nearest to Christianity.

As all parts and branches of philosophy, or speculative knowledge, are useful in that respect, astronomy is peculiarly adapted to remedy a little and narrow spirit. In that science there are good reasons assigned to prove the sun an hundred thousand times bigger than our earth, and the distance of the stars so prodigious, that a cannon-bullet, continuing in its ordinary rapid motion, would not arrive from hence at the nearest of them in the space of an hundred and fifty thousand years. These

ideas wonderfully dilate and expand the mind. There is something in the immensity of this distance, that shocks and overwhelms the imagination; it is too big for the grasp of a human intellect: estates, provinces, and kingdoms vanish at its presence. It were to be wished a certain prince, who hath encouraged the study of it in his subjects, had been himself a proficient in astronomy. This might have shewed him how mean an ambition that was, which terminated in a small part of what is itself but a point, in respect to that part of the universe which lies within our view.

But the Christian religion ennobleth and enlargeth the mind beyond any other profession or science whatsoever. Upon that scheme, while the earth, and the transient enjoyments of this life, shrink into the narrowest dimensions, and are accounted as "the dust of a balance, the drop of a bucket, yea, "less than nothing," the intellectual world opens wider to our view: the perfections of the Deity, the nature and excellence of virtue, the dignity of the human soul, are displayed in the largest characters. The mind of man seems to adapt itself to the different nature of its objects; it is contracted and debased by being conversant in little and low things, and feels a proportionable enlargement arising from the contemplation of these great and sublime ideas.

The greatness of things is comparative; and this does not only hold, in respect of extension, but likewise in respect of dignity, duration, and all kinds of perfection. Astronomy opens the mind, and alters our judgment, with regard to the magnitude of extended beings; but Christianity produceth an universal greatness of soul. Philosophy increaseth our views in every respect, but Christiani-

ty extends them to a degree beyond the light of nature.

How mean must the most exalted potentate upon earth appear to that eye which takes in innumerable orders of blessed spirits, differing in glory and perfection? How little must the amusements of sense, and the ordinary occupations of mortal men seem to one who is engaged in so noble a pursuit, as the assimulation of himself to the Deity, which is the proper employment of every Christian!

And the improvement which grows from habituating the mind to the comprehensive views of religion must not be thought wholly to regard the understanding. Nothing is of greater force to subdue the inordinate motions of the heart, and to regulate the will. Whether a man be actuated by his passions or his reason, these are first wrought upon by some object, which stirs the soul in proportion to its apparent dimensions. Hence irreligious men, whose short prospects are filled with earth, and sense, and mortal life, are invited, by these mean ideas, to actions proportionably little and low. But a mind, whose views are enlightened and extended by religion, is animated to nobler pursuits by more sublime and remote objects.

There is not any instance of weakness in the Freethinkers that raises my indignation more, than their pretending to ridicule Christians as men of narrow understandings, and to pass themselves upon the world for persons of superior sense, and more enlarged views. But I leave it to any impartial man to judge which hath the nobler sentiments, which the greater views; he whose notions are stinted to a few miserable inlets of sense, or he whose sentiments are raised above the common taste by

the anticipation of those delights which will satiate the soul, when the whole capacity of her nature is branched out into new faculties? He who looks for nothing beyond this short span of duration, or he whose aims are co-extended with the endless length of eternity? He who derives his spirit from the elements, or he who thinks it was inspired by the Almighty?

Nº 71. Tuesday, June 2.

> "Quale portentum neque militaris
> "Daunias in latis alit æsculetis;
> "Nec Jubae tellus generat, leonum
> "Arida nutrix."
>
> Hor. Od. 22. l. 1. v. 13.

> No beast of more portentous size,
> In the Hercinian forest lies;
> Nor fiercer, in Numidia bred,
> With Carthage were in triumph led.
>
> Roscommon.

I QUESTION not but my country customers will be surprised to hear me complain that this town is, of late years, very much infested with lions; and will, perhaps, look upon it as a strange piece of news, when I assure them, that there are many of these beasts of prey, who walk our streets in broad day-light, beating about from coffeehouse to coffeehouse, and seeking whom they may devour.

To unriddle this paradox, I must acquaint my rural reader, that we polite men of the town give the name of a lion to any one that is a great man's spy. And whereas I cannot discharge my office

of Guardian, without setting a mark on such a noxious animal, and cautioning my wards against him, I design this whole paper as an essay upon the Political Lion.

It has cost me a great deal of time to discover the reason of this appellation, but after many disquisitions and conjectures on so obscure a subject, I find there are two accounts of it more satisfactory than the rest. In the republic of Venice, which has been always the mother of politics, there are near the Doge's palace several large figures of lions curiously wrought in marble, with mouths gaping in a most enormous manner. Those who have a mind to give the state any private intelligence of what passes in the city, put their hands into the mouth of one of those lions, and convey into it a paper of such private informations as any way regard the interest or safety of the commonwealth. By this means all the secrets of state come out of the lion's mouth. The informer is concealed; it is the lion that tells every thing. In short, there is not a mismanagement in office, or a murmur in conversation, which the lion does not acquaint the government with. For this reason, say the learned, a spy is very properly distinguished by the name of lion.

I must confess this etymology is plausible enough, and I did for some time acquiesce in it, until about a year or two ago I met with a little manuscript which sets this whole matter in a clear light. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, says my author, the renowned Walsingham had many spies in his service, from whom the government received great advantage. The most eminent among them was the statesman's barber, whose sirname was Lion. This fellow had an admirable knack of fishing out

the secrets of his enemies, as they were under his hands. He would suck and lick a man's head, until he had got out every thing that was in it. He had a certain snap in his fingers, and a volubility in his tongue, that would engage a man to talk with him whether he would or no. By this means he became an inexhaustible fund of private intelligence, and so signalized himself in the capacity of a spy, that from his time a master-spy goes under the name of a lion.

Walsingham had a most excellent penetration, and never attempted to turn any man into a lion whom he did not see highly qualified for it, when he was in his human condition. Indeed the speculative men of those times say of him, that he would now and then play them off, and expose them a little unmercifully; but that, in my opinion, seems only good policy; for otherwise they might set up for men again, when they thought fit, and desert his service. But however, though in that very corrupt age he made use of these animals, he had a great esteem for true men, and always exerted the highest generosity in offering them more, without asking terms of them, and doing more for them out of mere respect for their talents, though against him, than they could expect from any other minister whom they had served never so conspicuously. This made Raleigh (who professed himself his opponent) say one day to a friend, "Pox take this Walsingham, he baffles every body, he won't so much as let a man hate him in private." True it is, that by the wanderings, roarings, and lurkings of his lions, he knew the way to every man breathing, who had not a contempt for the world itself: he had lions rampant, whom he used for the service of the church, and couchant,

who were to lye down for the Queen. They were so much at command, that the couchant would act as the rampant, and the rampant as couchant, without being the least out of countenance, and all this within four and twenty hours. Walsingham had the pleasantest life in the world; for, by the force of his power and intelligence, he saw men as they really were, and not as the world thought of them: all this was principally brought about by feeding his lions well, or keeping them hungry, according to their different constitutions.

Having given this short, but necessary account of this statesman and his barber, who, like the tailor in Shakespeare's Pyramus and Thisbe, was a man made as other men are, notwithstanding he was a nominal lion, I shall proceed to the description of this strange species of creatures. Ever since the wise Walsingham was secretary in this nation, our statesmen are said to have encouraged the breed among us, as very well knowing that a lion in our British arms is one of the supporters of the crown, and that it is impossible for a government, in which there are such a variety of factions and intrigues, to subsist without this necessary animal.

A lion, or master-spy, hath several jack-calls under him, who are his retailers in intelligence, and bring him in materials for his report; his chief haunt is a coffee-house, and as his voice is exceeding strong, it aggravates the sound of every thing it repeats.

As the lion generally thirsts after blood, and is of a fierce and cruel nature, there are no secrets which he hunts after with more delight, than those that cut off heads, hang, draw, and quarter, or end in the ruin of the person who becomes his prey. If he gets the wind of any word or action that may

do a man good, it is not for his purpose, he quits the chase and falls into a more agreeable scent.

He discovers a wonderful sagacity in seeking after his prey. He couches and frisks about in a thousand sportful motions to draw it within his reach, and has a particular way of imitating the sound of the creature whom he would ensnare; an artifice to be met with in no beast of prey, except the Hyæna and the political lion.

You seldom see a cluster of news-mongers without a lion in the midst of them. He never misses taking his stand within ear-shot of one of those little ambitious men who set up for orators in places of public resort. If there is a whispering-hole, or any public-spirited corner in a coffeehouse, you never fail of seeing a lion couched upon his elbow in some part of the neighbourhood.

A lion is particularly addicted to the perusal of every loose paper that lies in his way. He appears more than ordinary attentive to what he reads, while he listens to those who are about him. He takes up the post-man, and snuffs the candle that he may hear the better by it. I have seen a lion pore upon a single paragraph in an old gazette for two hours together, if his neighbours have been talking all that while.

Having given a full description of this monster, for the benefit of such innocent persons as may fall into his walks, I shall apply a word or two to the lion himself, whom I would desire to consider that he is a creature hated both by God and man, and regarded with the utmost contempt even by such as make use of him. Hangmen and executioners are necessary in a state, and so may the animal I have been here mentioning; but how despicable is the wretch that takes on him so vile an employ-

mind? there is scarce a being that would not suffer by a comparison with him, except that being only who acts the same kind of part, and is both the tempter and accuser of mankind.

" N. B. Mr Ironside has, within five weeks last " past, muzzled three lions, gorged five, and killed " one. On Monday next the skin of the dead " one will be hung up *in terrorem* at Button's " coffeehouse, over against Tom's in Covent-Garden."

No 72. Wednesday, June 3.

— in vitium libertas excidit, et vim
Dignam lege regi — *Hor. Ars. Poet. v. 282.*

— Its liberty was turned to rage;
Such rage as civil pow'r was forc'd to tame. *Creech.*

OXFORD is a place which I am more inquisitive about than even that of my nativity; and when I have an account of any sprightly saying, or rising genius from thence, it brings my own youthful days into my mind, and throws me forty years back into life. It is for this reason, that I have thought myself a little neglected of late by Jack Lizard, from whom I used to hear at least once a week. The last post brought me his excuse which is, that he hath been wholly taken up in preparing some exercises for the Theatre. He tells me likewise, that the talk there is about a public act, and that the gay part of the university have great expectation of a Terræ-filius, who is to lash

and sting all the world in a satirical speech. Against the great licence which hath heretofore been taken in these libels, he expresses himself with such humanity, as is very unusual in a young person, and ought to be cherished and admired. For my own part, I so far agree with him, that if the University permits a thing, which I think much better let alone; I hope those whose duty it is to appoint a proper person for that office, will take care that he utter nothing unbecoming a gentleman, a scholar, and a Christian. Moreover, I would have them consider that their learned body hath already enemies enough, who are prepared to aggravate all irreverent insinuations, and to interpret all oblique indecencies, who will triumph in such a victory, and bid the university thank herself for the consequences.

In my time I remember the Terræ-filius contented himself with being bitter upon the Pope, or chastising the Turk; and raised a serious and manly mirth, and adapted to the dignity of his auditory, by exposing the false reasoning of the heretick, or ridiculing the clumsy pretenders to genius and politeness. In the jovial reign of King Charles the Second, wherein never did more wit or more ribaldry abound, the fashion of being arch upon all that was grave, and waggish upon the ladies, crept into our seats of learning upon these occasions. This was managed grossly and aukwardly enough, in a place where the general plainness and simplicity of manners could ill bear the mention of such crimes, as in courts and great cities are called by the specious names of air and gallantry. It is to me amazing, that ever any man bred up in the knowledge of virtue and humanity, should so far cast off all shame and tenderness, as to stand up in

the face of thousands, and utter such contumelies as I have read and heard of. Let such an one know that he is making fools merry, and wise men sick; and that in the eye of considering persons, he hath less compunction than the common hangman, and less shame than a prostitute.

Infamy is so cutting an evil, that most persons who have an elevation of soul, think it worse than death. Those who have it not in their power to revenge it, often pine away in anguish, and loathe their being; and those who have, enjoy no rest until they have vengeance. I shall therefore make it the business of this paper to shew how base and ungenerous it is to traduce the women, and how dangerous to expose men of learning and character, who have generally been the subjects of these invectives.

It hath been often said, that women seem formed to soften the boisterous passions, and sooth the cares and anxieties to which men are exposed in the many perplexities of life. That having weaker bodies, and less strength of mind than man, nature hath poured out her charms upon them, and given them such tenderness of heart, that the most delicate delight we receive from them, is in thinking them intirely ours, and under our protection. Accordingly we find, that all nations have paid a decent homage to this weaker and lovelier part of the rational creation, in proportion to their removal from savageness and barbarism. Chastity and truth are the only due returns that they can make for this generous disposition in the nobler sex. For beauty is so far from satisfying us of itself, that whenever we think that it is communicated to others, we behold it with regret and disdain. Whoever therefore robs a woman of her reputation, despoils

a poor defenceless creature of all that makes her valuable, turns her beauty into loathsomness, and leaves her friendless, abandoned and undone. There are many tempers so soft, that the least calumny gives them pains they are not able to bear. They give themselves up to strange fears, gloomy reflections, and deep melancholy. How savage must he be, who can sacrifices the quiet of such a mind to a transient burst of mirth! Let him who wantonly sports away the peace of a poor lady, consider what discord he sows in families; how often he wrings the heart of an hoary parent; how often he rouses the fury of a jealous husband; how he extorts from the abused woman curses, perhaps not unheard, and poured out in the bitterness of her soul! What weapons hath she wherewith to repel such an outrage! How shall she oppose her softness and imbecility to the hardened forehead of a coward, who hath trampled upon weakness that could not resist him? to a buffoon, who hath slandered innocence to raise the laughter of fools? who hath "scattered firebrands, arrows and death, and said, "am I not in sport?"

Irreverent reflections upon men of learning and note, if their character be sacred, do great disservice to religion, and betray a vile mind in the author. I have therefore always thought, with indignation, upon that "accuser of the brethren," the famous Antiquary, whose employment it was for several years, to rake up all, tho' ill-natured, stories that had ever been fastened upon celebrated men, and transmit them to posterity with cruel industry, and malicious joy. Though the good men, ill-used, may out of a meek and Christian diposition, so far subdue their natural resentment, as to neglect and forgive; yet the inventors of such calumnies

will find generous persons, whose bravery of mind makes them think themselves proper instruments to chastise such insolence. And I have, in my time, more than once known the discipline of the blanket administred to the offenders, and all their fooleries answered by that kind of syllogism which the ancient Romans called the *Argumentum Bacillinum.* I do likewise feel compassion for men of sprightly parts and genius, whose characters are played upon, because they have it in their power to revenge themselves tenfold. But I think of all the classes of mankind, they are the most pardonable if they go a little farther in their own cause. For their names being already blazed abroad in the world, the least slur thrown upon them is displayed far and wide; and they have this sad privilege above the men in obscurity, that the dishonour travels as far as their fame. To be even therefore with their enemy, they are but too apt to diffuse his infamy as far as their own reputation; and perhaps triumph in secret that they have it in their power to make his name the scoff and derision of after-ages. This I say, they are too apt to do. For sometimes they esteem the exposing of their little affectations or slips in writings as much as wounds upon their honour. The first are trifles they should laugh away; but the latter deserve their utmost severity.

I must confess a warmth against the buffooneries mentioned in the beginning of this paper, as they have so many circumstances to aggravate their guilt. A licence for a man to stand up in the schools of the prophets, in a grave decent habit, and audaciously vent his obloquies against the doctors of our church, and directors of our young nobility, gentry and clergy, in their hearing, and before their eyes; to throw calumnies upon poor defenceless women,

and offend their ears with nauſcious ribualdry, and name their names at length in a public theatre, when a queen * is upon the throne: ſuch a licence as this never yet gained ground in our play-houſes; and I hope will not need a law to forbid it. Were I to adviſe in this matter, I ſhould repreſent to the orator how noble a field there lay before him for panygeric; what a happy opportunity he had of doing juſtice to the great men who once were of that famous body, or now ſhine forth in it; nor ſhould I neglect to inſinuate the advantages he might propoſe by gaining their friendſhip, whoſe worth, by a contrary treatment, he will be imagined either not to know, or to envy. This might reſcue the name from ſcandal; and if, as it ought, this performance turned ſolely upon matters of wit and learning, it might have the honour of being one of the firſt productions of the magnificent printing-houſe juſt erected at Oxford †.

This paper is written with a deſign to make my journey to Oxford agreeable to me, where I deſign to be at the public act. If my advice is neglected, I ſhall not ſcruple to inſert in the GUARDIAN whatever the men of letters and genius tranſmit to me in their own vindication; and I hereby promiſe that I myſelf will draw my pen in defence of all injured women.

* Queen Anne. † The Clarendon Printing-houſe.

N° 73. Thursday, June 4.

"In amore haec insunt omnia." —Ter. Eun. Act. 1. Sc. 1.

All these things are inseparable from love.

IT is a matter of great concern that there come so many letters to me, wherein I see parents make love for their children, and, without any manner of regard to the season of life, and the respective interests of their progeny, judge of their future happiness by the rules of ordinary commerce. When a man falls in love in some families, they use him as if his land was morgaged to them, and he cannot discharge himself, but by really making it the same thing in an unreasonable settlement, or foregoing what is dearer to him than his estate itself. These extortioners are, of all others, the most cruel; and the sharks, who prey upon the inadvertency of young heirs, are more pardonable than those who trespass upon the good opinion of those who treat with them upon the foot of choice and respect. The following letters may place in the reader's view uneasinesses of this sort, which may perhaps be useful to some under the circumstances mentioned by my correspondents.

To Nestor Ironside, Esq;

'Venerable Sir, From a certain town in Cumberland, May 21.

'IT is impossible to express the universal satisfaction your Precautions give in a country so far north as ours; and indeed it were imper-

'tinent to expatiate in a case that is by no means 'particular to ourselves, all mankind, who wish 'well to one another, being equally concerned in 'their success. However, as all nations have not 'the genius, and each particular man has his dif- 'ferent views and taste, we northerns cannot but 'acknowledge our obligations, in a more especial 'manner, for your MATRIMONIAL PRECAUTIONS, 'which we more immediately are interested in. 'Our climate has ever been recorded as friendly 'to the continuation of our kind; and the ancient 'histories are not more full of their Goths and 'Vandals, that in swarms overspread all Europe, 'than modern story of its Yorkshire hostlers and 'attorneys, who are remarkably eminent and be- 'neficial in every market-town, and most inns of 'this kingdom. I shall not here presume to enter, 'with the ancient sages, into a particular reason- 'ing upon the case, as whether it proceeds from 'the cold temper of the air, or the particular con- 'stitutions of the persons, or both; from the fa- 'shionable want of artifice in the women, and their 'entire satisfaction in one conquest only, or the 'happy ignorance in the men of those southern 'vices which effeminate mankind.

'From this encomium, I do not question but by 'this time you infer me happy already in the legal 'possession of some fair one, or in a probable way 'of being so. But alas! neither is my case, and 'from the cold damp which this minute seizes 'upon my heart, I presage never will. What shall 'I do? To complain here is to talk to winds, or 'mortals as regardless as they: the tempestuous 'storms in the neighbouring mountains, are not 'more relentless, or the crags more deaf, than the 'old gentleman is to my sighs and prayers. The

'lovely Pastorella indeed hears, and gently sighs; 'but it is only to increase my tortures; she is too 'dutiful to disobey a father, and I neither able 'nor forward to receive her by an act of disobe-'dience.

'As to myself, my humour, until this accident 'to ruffle it, has ever been gay and thoughtless, 'perpetually toying amongst the women, dancing 'briskly, and singing softly. For I take it, more 'men miscarry amongst them for having too much 'than too little understanding. Pastorella seems 'willing to relieve me from my frights; and by 'her constant carriage, by admitting my visits at 'all hours, has convinced all hereabouts of my 'happiness with her, and occasioned a total defec-'tion amongst her former lovers, to my infinite 'contentment. Ah! Mr Ironside, could you but 'see in a calm evening the profusion of ease and 'tenderness betwixt us! The murmuring river that 'glides gently by, the cooing turtles in the neigh-'bouring groves, are harsh, compared to her more 'tuneful voice. The happy pair, first joined in Pa-'radise, not more enamoured walked! more sweetly 'loved! But alas! what is all this! an imaginary 'joy, in which we trifle away our precious time, 'without coming together for ever. That must 'depend upon the old gentleman, who sees I can-'not live without his daughter, and knows I can-'not, upon his terms, be ever happy with her. I 'beg of you to send for us all up to town together, 'that we may be heard before you (for we all 'agree in a deference to your judgment) upon 'these heads, Whether the authority of a father 'should not accommodate itself to the liberty of a 'free born English woman?

'Whether, if you think fit to take the old gentle-

'man into your care, the daughter may not chuse
'her lover for her guardian?

'Whether all parents are not obliged to provide
'for the just passions of their children when grown
'up, as well as food and raiment in their tender
'years?

'These, and such points, being unsettled in the
'world, are cause of great distraction, and it would
'be worthy your great age and experience to con-
'sider them distinctly for the benefit of domestic
'life. All which, most venerable Nestor, is hum-
'bly submitted by all your northern friends, as
'well as

'your most obedient, and

'devoted humble servant,

'PASTOR FIDO.'

'Mr IRONSIDE,

'WE who subscribe this are man and wife, and
'have been so these fifteen years; but you
'must know we have quarrelled twice a-day ever
'since we came together, and at the same time
'have a very tender regard for one another. We
'observe this habitual disputation has an ill effect
'upon our children, and they lose their respect
'towards us from this JANGLING of ours. We
'lately entered into an agreement, that from that
'time forward, when either should fall into passion,
'the party angry should go into another room,
'and write a note to the other by one of the chil-
'dren, and the person writ to, right or wrong,
'beg pardon; because the writing, to avoid pas-
'sion, is in itself an act of kindness. This little
'method, with the smiles of the messengers, and

'other nameleſs incidents in the management of 'this correſpondence with the next room, has pro'duced inexpreſſible delights, made our children 'and ſervants cheerful under our care and protec'tion, and made us ourſelves ſenſible of a thouſand 'good qualities we now ſee in each other which 'could not before ſhine out, becauſe of our mu'tual impatience.

'Your humble ſervants,

'Philip and Mary.'

'P. S. Since the above, my wife is gone out of 'the room, and writes word by Billy, that ſhe would 'have in the above letter, the words 'jangling of "ours,' changed into the words 'theſe our fre"quent debates.' I allow of the amendment, and 'deſire you would underſtand accordingly, that 'we never Jangled, but went into Frequent 'Debates, which were always held in a Com'mittee of the Whole Houſe.'

To Nestor Ironside, Esq;

'Sagacious Sir,

'We married men reckon ourſelves under your 'ward, as well as thoſe who live in a leſs 'regular condition. You muſt know I have a 'wife, who is one of thoſe good women who are 'never very angry or very much pleaſed. My 'Dear is rather inclined to the former, and will 'walk about in ſoliloquy, dropping ſentences to 'herſelf of management, ſaying 'ſhe will ſay no"thing, but ſhe knows when her head is laid "what'— and the reſt of that kind of half expreſ'ſions. I am never inquiſitive to know what is

her grievance, because I know it is only constitution. I call her by the kind appellation of My Gentle Murmur, and I am so used to hear her, that I believe I could not sleep without it. It would not be amiss if you communicated this to the public, that many who think their wives angry, may know they are only not pleased, and that very many come into this world, and go out of it at a very good old age, without having ever been much transported with joy or grief in their whole lives.

'Your humble servant,

'ARTHUR SMOOTH.'

'Most venerable NESTOR,

'I AM now three-and-twenty, and in the utmost perplexity how to behave myself towards a gentleman, whom my father has admitted to visit me as a lover. I plainly perceive my father designs to take advantage of his passion towards me, and require terms of him which will make him fly off. I have orders to be cold to him in all my behaviour; but if you insert this letter in the Guardian, he will know that distance is constrained. I love him better than life, am satisfied with the offer he has made, and desire him to stick to it, that he may not hereafter think he has purchased me too dear. My mother knows I love him, so that my father must comply.

'Your thankful ward,

'SUSANNA ———'

'P. S. I give my service to him, and desire the settlement may be such as shows I have my

'thoughts fixed upon my happiness in being his
'wife, rather than his widow.'

N° 74. FRIDAY, JUNE 5.

"Magne Parens, sancta quam majestate verendus!" *Buch.*

Great Parent! how majestic! how adorable!

I WILL make no apology for preferring this letter, and the extract following, to any thing else which I could possibly insert.

'SIR, Cambridge, May 31.

'YOU having been pleased to take notice of 'what you conceived excellent in some of our 'English divines, I have here presumed to send a 'specimen, which, if I am not mistaken, may, for 'acuteness of judgment, ornament of speech, and 'true sublime, compare with any of the choicest 'writings of the ancient fathers or doctors of 'the church, who lived nearest to the Apostles 'times. The subject is no less than that of God 'himself; and the design, besides doing some ho'nour to our own nation, is to shew by a fresh ex'ample, to what a height and strength of thought 'a person who appears not to be by nature endued 'with the quickest parts, may arrive, through a 'sincere and steady practice of the Christian reli'gion, I mean, as taught and administered in the 'Church of England: Which will, at the same 'time, prove, that the force of spiritual assistance is

'not at all abated by length of time, or the iniquity of mankind; but that if men were not wanting to themselves, and (as our excellent author speaks) could but be persuaded to conform to our church's rules, they might still live as the primitive Christians did, and come short of none of those eminent saints for virtue and holiness. The author from whom this collection is made is Bishop Beveridge, Vol. 2. Serm. I.

'PHILOTHEUS.'

In treating upon that passage in the book of Exodus, where Moses being ordered to lead the children of Israel out of Egypt, he asked God, what name he should mention Him by to that people, in order to dispose them to obey Him; and God answered, *I Am that I am*; and bade him tell them, *I am hath sent me unto you:* The admirable author thus discourses: "*GOD* having been pleased to reveal himself to us under this name or title, *I am that I am*, He thereby suggests to us, that he would not have us apprehend of Him, as of any particular or limited Being, but as *a Being in general, or the Being of all Beings;* who giveth *being* to, and therefore exerciseth authority over all things in the world. He did not answer Moses, I am the great, the living, the true, the everlasting God; he did not say, I am the Almighty Creator, Preserver and Governor of the whole world, but *I Am that I Am:* intimating, that if Moses desired such a name of God as might fully describe his nature as in itself, that is a thing impossible, there being no words to be found in any language, whereby to express the glory of an infinite Being, especially so as that finite creatures should be able fully to conceive

'it. Yet, however, in these words He is pleased 'to acquaint us what kind of thoughts he would 'have us entertain of him: insomuch, that could 'we but rightly apprehend what is couched under, 'and intended by them, we should doubtless have 'as high and true conceptions of God as it is pos'sible for creatures to have'.... The answer given suggests farther to us these following notions of the most high God:—' First, that he is *one Being* 'existing *in and of Himself*: His *unity* is implied 'in that he saith, *I*; his *existence* in that he saith, '*I Am*; his *existence in and of Himself*, in that 'he saith, *I Am that I am*, that is, *I am in and* '*of myself*, not receiving any thing from, nor de'pending upon any other.——The same expres'sion implies, that as *GOD is only One*, so that 'He *is a most pure and simple Being*; for here, 'we see, He admits nothing into the manifestation 'of himself but *pure essence*, saying, *I Am that I* '*am*, that is, *Being itself*, without any mixture 'or composition. And therefore we must not con'ceive of *GOD*, as made up of several parts, or 'faculties, or ingredients, but only as *One* who *is* '*that He is*, and whatsoever *is in Him is Him*'*self*: And although we read of several properties 'attributed to Him in scripture, *as wisdom, good*'*ness, justice*, &c. we must not apprehend them 'to be several powers, habits or qualities, as they 'are in us; for as they are in *GOD*, they are nei'ther distinguished from one another, nor from 'his *nature* or *essence*, in whom they are said to 'be. In whom, I say, they are said to be: For 'to speak properly, they are not *in Him*, but are 'his very *essence*, or *nature itself*: which acting 'severally upon several objects, seems to us to act 'from several properties or perfections in Him;

'whereas all the difference is only in our different 'apprehensions of the same thing. *GOD* in him-'self is a *most simple and pure act*, and therefore 'cannot have any thing in Him, but what is that '*most simple and pure act itself*; which, seeing it 'bringeth upon every creature what it deserves, 'we conceive of it as of several divine perfections 'in the same Almighty Being. Whereas *GOD*, 'whose understanding is infinite as Himself, doth 'not apprehend himself under the distinct notions 'of *wisdom*, or *goodness*, or *justice*, or the like, but 'only as *Jehovah*. And therefore, in this place, 'he doth not say, *I am wise*, or *just* or *good*, but 'simply, *I am that I am*.'

Having thus offered at something towards the explication of the first of these mysterious sayings in the answer *GOD* made to *Moses*, when he designed to encourage him to lead his people out of *Egypt*, he proceeds to consider the other, whereby *GOD* calls himself absolutely *I AM*: Concerning which he takes notice, 'that though *I AM* 'be commonly a verb of the first person, yet it 'is here used as a noun substantive, or proper name, 'and is the nominative case to another verb of the 'third person in these words, *I Am hath sent me* '*unto you*. A strange expression! But when *GOD* 'speaks of himself, he cannot be confined to gram-'mar-rules, being infinitely above and beyond the 'reach of all languages in the world. And there-'fore, it is no wonder that when he would reveal 'Himself, he goes out of our common way of 'speaking one to another, and expresseth Him-'self in a way peculiar to Himself, and such as is 'suitable and proper to his own nature and glory.

'Hence therefore, as when He speaks of *Himself* 'and his own *eternal essence*, He saith *I Am that I*

I Am: so when he speaks of *Himself*, with reference to his creatures, and especially to his people, he saith, *I am*. He doth not say *I am their light, their life, their guide, their strength*, or *tower*, but only, *I am*: he sets as it were his hand to a blank, that his people may write under it what they please that is good for them. As if He should say, *Are they weak? I am strength. Are they poor? I am riches. Are they in trouble? I am comfort. Are they sick? I am health. Are they dying? I am life. Have they nothing? I am all things*. I am *wisdom and power*. I am *justice and mercy*, I am *grace and goodness*, I am *glory, beauty, holiness, eminency, supereminency, perfection, all-sufficiency, eternity, Jehovah, I Am. Whatsoever is suitable to their nature, or convenient for them in their several conditions, that I am: whatsoever is amiable in itself, or desirable unto them, that I am: whatsoever is pure and holy, whatsoever is great or pleasant, whatsoever is good or needful to make men happy, that I am*. So that, in short, *GOD* here represents himself unto us as an *Universal Good*, and leaves us to make the application of it to ourselves according to our several wants, capacities and desires, by saying only in general, *I am*.

‘ Again, p. 27. he thus discourses; ‘ There is more solid joy and comfort, more real delight and satisfaction of mind, in one single thought of *GOD*, rightly formed, than all the riches, and honours, and pleasures of this world, put them all together, are able to afford——Let us then call in for all our scattered thoughts from all things here below, and raise them up and unite them all to the most High *GOD*; apprehending him under the idea, image, or likeness of any thing else, but as infinitely greater, and higher,

'and better than all things; as one existing *in* and 'of *himself*, and giving essence and existence to all 'things in the world besides Himself; as one so '*pure* and *simple* that there is nothing in *Him* but '*Himself*, but *essence* and *being itself*; as one so '*infinite* and *omnipotent*, that whatsoever any thing 'else is in the whole world, there *He* is, and be-'yond the world, where nothing else is, there all 'things are, because *He* is there; as one so *wise*, 'so *knowing*, so *omniscient*, that He, at this very 'moment, and always, sees what all the angels are 'doing in Heaven; what all the fowls are doing 'in the air; what all the fishes are doing in the 'waters; what all the devils are doing in hell; 'what all the men and beasts, and the very insects 'are doing upon earth; as one so *powerful* and '*omnipotent*, that He can do whatsoever he will, 'only by willing it should be done; as one so *great*, 'so *good*, so *glorious*, so *immutable*, so *transcendent*, 'so *infinite*, so *incomprehensible*, so *eternal*, what 'shall I say? so *Jehovah*, that the more we think 'of Him, the more we admire Him, the more we 'adore Him, the more we love Him, the more we 'may and ought; our highest conceptions of Him 'being as much beneath Him, as our greatest ser-'vices come short of what we owe Him.

'Seeing therefore we cannot think of God so 'highly as He is, let us think of Him as highly as 'we can; and for that end let us get above our-'selves, and above the world, and raise up our 'thoughts higher and higher, and higher still, and 'when we have got them up as high as possibly 'we can, let us apprehend *a Being* infinitely higher 'than the highest of them; and then finding our-'selves at a loss, amazed, confounded at such an 'infinite height of infinite perfections, let us fall

'down in humble and hearty desires to be freed
'from those dark prisons wherein we are now im-
'mured, that we may take our flight into eternity,
'and there (through the merits of our blessed Sa-
'viour) see this infinite Being *face to face*, and en-
'joy Him for ever.'

N° 75. SATURDAY, JUNE 6.

" Hic est, aut nusquam, quod quaerimus."

Hor. Ep. 17. l. 1. v. 39.

—Here, or no where, we may hope to find
What we desire.

Creech.

THIS paper shall consist of extracts from two great Divines, but of very different genius. The one is to be admired for convincing the understanding, the other for inflaming the heart. The former urges us in this plain and forcible manner to an inquiry into religion, and practising its precepts.

'Suppose the world began some time to be; it
'must either be made by counsel and design, that
'is, produced by some Being that knew what it did,
'that did contrive it, and frame it as it is; which
'it is easy to conceive, a Being that is infinitely
'good and wise, and powerful, might do: but
'this is to own a God. Or else the matter of it
'being supposed to have been always, and in con-
'tinual motion and tumult, it at last happened to
'fall into this order, and the parts of matter, after
'various agitations, were at length entangled and

'knit together in this order, in which we see the 'world to be. But can any man think this rea'sonable to imagine, that in the infinite variety 'which is in the world, all things should happen 'by chance, as well and as orderly as the greatest 'wisdom could have contrived them? Whoever 'can believe this, must do it with his will, and 'not with his understanding.

'Supposing the reasons for and against the 'principles of religion were equal, yet the danger 'and hazard is so unequal, as would sway a pru'dent man to the affirmative. Suppose a man be'lieve there is no God, nor life after this, and 'suppose he be in the right, but not certain that 'he is, (for that I am sure in this case is impos'sible;) all the advantage he hath by this opinion, 'relates only to this world and this present time; 'for he cannot be the better for it when he is not. 'Now what advantage will it be to him in this 'life? He shall have the more liberty to do what 'he pleaseth; that is, it furnisheth him with a 'stronger temptation to be intemperate and lust'ful, and unjust; that is, to do those things which 'prejudice his body and his health, which cloud 'his reason, and darken his understanding, which 'will make him enemies in the world, will bring 'him into danger: So that it is no advantage to 'any man to be vicious, and yet this is the great'est use that is made of atheistical principles; to 'comfort men in their vicious courses. But if thou 'hast a mind to be virtuous, and temperate, and 'just, the belief of the principles of religion will 'be no obstacle, but a furtherance to thee in this 'course. All the advantage a man can hope for 'by disbelieving the principles of religion, is to 'escape trouble and persecution in this world,

'which may happen to him upon account of re-
'ligion. But supposing there be a God, and a life
'after this, then what a vast difference is there of
'the consequences of these opinions? As much as
'between finite and infinite, time and eternity.

'To persuade men to believe the scriptures, I
'only offer this to mens consideration. If there
'be a God, whose providence governs the world,
'and all the creatures in it, is it not reasonable to
'think that he hath a particular care of men, the
'noblest part of this visible world? And seeing he
'hath made them capable of eternal duration;
'that he hath provided for their eternal happiness,
'and sufficiently revealed to them the way to it,
'and the terms and conditions of it? Now let any
'man produce any book in the world, that pre-
'tends to be from God, and to do this; that for
'the matter of it is so worthy of God, the doctrines
'whereof are so useful, and the precepts so reason-
'able, and the arguments so powerful, the truth
'of all which was confirmed by so many great and
'unquestionable miracles, the relation of which
'has been transmitted to posterity in public and
'authentic records, written by those who were eye
'and ear witnesses of what they wrote, and free
'from suspicion of any worldly interest and design;
'let any produce a book like to this, in all these
'respects; and which over and besides, hath by
'the power and reasonableness of the doctrines
'contained in it, prevailed so miraculously in the
'world, by weak and inconsiderable means, in op-
'position to all the wit and power of the world,
'and under such discouragements as no other re-
'ligion was ever assaulted with; let any man
'bring forth such a book, and he hath my leave
'to believe it as soon as the Bible. But if there

'be none such, as I am well assured there is not; then every one that thinks God hath revealed himself to men, ought to embrace and entertain the doctrine of the Holy Scriptures as revealed by God.

'And now having presented men with such arguments and considerations as are proper, and I think sufficient to induce belief, I think it not unreasonable to intreat and urge men diligently and impartially to consider these matters; and if there be weight in these considerations to sway reasonable men, that they would not suffer themselves to be biassed by prejudice or passion, or interest, to a contrary persuasion. Thus much I may with reason desire of them; for though men cannot believe what they will, yet men may, if they will, consider things seriously and impartially, and yield or with-hold their assent, as they shall see cause, after a thorough search and examination.

'If any man will offer a serious argument against any of the principles of religion, and will debate the matter soberly, as one that considers the infinite consequences of these things one way or other, and would gladly be satisfied, he deserves to be heard what he can say; but if a man will turn religion into raillery, and confute it by two or three bold jests; he doth not make religion, but himself ridiculous, in the opinion of all considerate men, because he sports with his life.

'So that it concerns every man that would not trifle away his soul, and fool himself into irrecoverable misery, with the greatest seriousness to inquire into these things, whether they be so or no, and patiently to consider the arguments that are brought for them.'

'And when you are examining these matters, do not take into consideration any sinful or worldly interests; but deal fairly and impartially with yourselves. Think with yourselves, that you have not the making of things true and false; that the principles of religion are either true or false, before you think of them. The truth of things is already fixed; either there is a God, or no God; either your souls are immortal, or they are not; either the scriptures are a divine revelation, or an imposture; one of these is certain and necessary, and they are not now to be altered: things will not comply with your conceits, and bend themselves to your interests: therefore do not think what you would have to be, but consider impartially what is.'

The other great writer is particularly useful in his rapturous soliloquies, wherein he thinks of the Deity with the highest admiration, and beholds himself with the most contrite lowliness. 'My present business, says he, is to treat of God, his being and attributes; but "who is sufficient for these things?" At least, who am I, a silly worm, that I should take upon me to speak of him, by whom alone I speak; and being myself but a finite sinful creature, should strive to unveil the nature of the infinite and most holy God! Alas! I cannot so much as begin to think of him, but immediately my thoughts are confounded, my heart is perplexed, my mind amazed, my head turns round, my whole soul seems to be unhinged and overwhelmed within me. His mercy exalts me, his justice depresseth me, his wisdom astonisheth me, his power affrights me, his glory dazzles mine eyes; and "by reason of his highness," as Job speaks, I cannot endure: but

"the least glimpse of him makes me abhor my-
"self, and repent in dust and ashes before him."

No 76. Monday, June 8.

——— "solos aio bene vivere quorum
"Conspicitur nitidis fundata pecunia villis."

Hor. Ep. 15. l. 1. v. 45.

——— Those are blest, and only those,
Whose stately house their hidden treasure shows. *Creech.*

I EVER thought it my duty to preserve peace and love among my WARDS. And since I have set up for an universal GUARDIAN, I have laid nothing more to heart than the differences and quarrels between the landed and the trading interests of my country, which indeed comprehend the whole. I shall always contribute to the utmost of my power, to reconcile these interests to each other, and to make them both sensible that their mutual happiness depends upon their being friends.

They mutually furnish each other with all the necessaries and conveniencies of life; the land supplies the traders with corn, cattle, wool, and generally all the materials, either for their subsistence or their riches; the traders in return provide the gentlemen with houses, clothes, and many other things, without which their life at best would be uncomfortable. Yet these very interests are almost always clashing; the traders consider every high duty upon any part of their trade, as proceeding from jealousy in the gentlemen of their rival-

[illegible] they are often [illegible] this [illegible]. The gentlemen, on the other hand, think they can never lay too great a burden upon trade, though in every thing they eat and drink, and wear, they are sure to bear the greatest part themselves.

I shall endeavour as much as possible to remove this emulation between the parties, and, in the first place, to convince the traders, that in many instances high duties may be laid upon their imports, to enlarge the general trade of the kingdom: For example: If there should be laid a prohibition, or high duties, which shall amount to a prohibition, upon the imports from any other country which takes from us a million sterling every year, and returns us nothing else but manufactures for the consumption of our own people, it is certain this ought to be considered as the increase of our trade in general; for if we want these manufactures, we shall either make them ourselves, or, which is the same thing, import them from other countries in exchange for our own. In either of which cases our foreign or inland trade is enlarged, and so many more of our own people are employed and subsisted for that money which was annually exported; that is, in all probability, a hundred and fifty thousand of our people for the yearly sum of one million. If our traders would consider many of our prohibitions, or high duties in this light, they would think their country and themselves obliged to the landed interests for these restraints.

Again, gentlemen are too apt to envy the traders every sum of money they import and gain from abroad, as if it was so much loss to themselves; but if they could be convinced, that for every million that shall be imported and gained by the traders,

more than twice that sum is gained by the landed interest, they would never be averse to the trading part of the nation. To convince them therefore that this is the fact, shall be the remaining part of this discourse.

Let us suppose then, that a million, or if you please, that twenty millions were to be imported, and gained by trade; to what uses could it be applied? and which would be the greatest gainer, the landed or the trading interest? Suppose it to be twenty millions.

It cannot at all be doubted, that a part of the aforementioned sum would be laid out in luxury, such as the magnificence of buildings, the plate and furniture of houses, jewels and rich apparel, the elegance of diet, the splendour of coaches and equipage, and such other things as are an expence to the owners, and bring in no manner of profit. But because it is seldom seen, that persons who by great industry have gained estates, are extravagant in their luxury; and because the revenue must be still sufficient to support the annual expence, it is hard to conceive that more than two of the twenty millions can be converted into this dead stock, at least eighteen must still be left to raise an annual interest to the owners; and the revenue from the eighteen millions at six *per Centum*, will be little more than one million *per annum*.

Again, a part of the twenty millions is very likely to be converted to increase the stock of our inland trade, in which is comprehended that upon all our farms. This is the trade which provides for the annual consumption of our people, and a stock of the value of two years consumption is generally believed to be sufficient for this purpose. If the eighteen millions above mentioned will not raise a

revenue of more than one million *per annum*, it is certain that no more than this last value can be added to our annual consumption, and that two of the twenty millions will be sufficient to add to the stock of our inland trade.

Our foreign trade is considered upon another foot; for though it provides in part for the annual consumption of our own people, it provides also for the consumption of foreign nations. It exports our superfluous manufactures, and should make returns of bullion, or other durable treasure. Our foreign trade, for forty years last past, in the judgement of the most intelligent persons, has been managed by a stock not less than four, and not exceeding eight millions, with which last sum they think it is driven at this time, and that it cannot be carried much farther, unless our merchants shall endeavour to open a trade to "*Terra Australis Incognita*," or some place that would be equivalent. It will therefore be a very large allowance, that one of the twenty millions can be added to the capital stock of our foreign trade.

There may be another way of raising interest, that is, by laying up, at a cheap time, corn, or other goods, or manufactures that will keep, for the consumption of future years, and when the markets may happen to call for them at an advanced price. But as most goods are perishable, and waste something every year, by which means a part of the principal is still lost, and as it is seldom seen, that these engrossers get more than their principal, and the common interest of their money, this way is so precarious and full of hazard, that it is very unlikely any more than three of the twenty millions will be applied to engrossing. It were to be wished the engrossers were more profitable traders for themselves, they are certainly very beneficial for the

community, they are a market for the rich in times of plenty; and ready at hand with grain for the poor in times of dearth. They prevent the exportation of many necessaries of life when they are very cheap, so that we are not at the charge of bringing them back again, when they are very dear. They save the money that is paid to foreign countries for interest and exchange on it; but there is so much hazard and so little profit in this business, that if twenty millions were to be imported, scarce three of them would be applied to the making magazines for the kingdom.

If any of the money should be lent at interest to persons that shall apply the same to any of the purposes above mentioned, it is still the same thing. If I have given good reasons for what I have said, no more than eight of the twenty millions can be applied either to our dead stock of luxury, our stock in inland or foreign trade, to our stores or magazines. So that still there will remain twelve millions, which are now no otherwise to be disposed of than in buying of lands or houses, or our new parliamentary funds, or in being lent out at interest upon mortgages of those securities, or to persons who have no other ways to repay the value than by part of the things themselves.

The question then is, what effect these twelve millions will have towards reducing the interest of money, or raising the value of estates; for as the former grows less, the latter will ever rise in proportion. For example, while the interest of money is five *per Cent. per annum*, a man lends two thousand pounds to raise a revenue of one hundred pounds *per annum*, by the interest of his money; and for the same reason, he gives two thousand pounds or more to purchase an estate of one hun-

dred pounds *per annum*. Again, if the interest of money shall fall one *per Cent.* he must be forced to lend two thousand four hundred pounds to gain the revenue of one hundred pounds *per annum*, and for the same reason we must give at least two thousand four hundred pounds, to purchase an estate of the same yearly rent. Therefore if these twelve millions newly gained shall reduce one *per Cent.* of the present interest of money, they must of necessity increase every estate at least four years value in the purchase.

It is ever easier to meet with men that will borrow money than sell their estates. An evidence of this is, that we never have so good a revenue by buying as by lending. The first thing therefore that will be attempted with these twelve millions, is to lend money to those that want it. This can hardly fail of reducing one *per Cent.* of the present interest of money, and consequently of raising every estate four years value in the purchase.

For in all probability, all the money or value now in England, not applied to any of the uses above-mentioned, and which therefore lies dead, or affords no revenue to the owners, until it can be disposed of to such uses doth not exceed twelve millions; yet this sum, whatever it is, is sufficient to keep down money to the present interest, and to hold up lands to their present value. One would imagine then if this sum should be doubled, if twelve millions extraordinary should be added to it, they should reduce half the present interest of money and double the present value of estates. But it will easily be allowed they must reduce one *per Cent.* of the present interest of money, and add the value of four years rent to the purchase of every estate.

To confirm the belief of this, an argument might be taken from what really happened in the province of Holland before the year one thousand six hundred and seventy. I think it is in Sir William Temple's Observations upon the United Netherlands. The government there was indebted about thirteen millions, and paid the interest of five *per Cent. per annum.* They had got a sum of money, I think not above a million, with which they prepared to discharge such a part of the principal. The creditors were so unable to find so good an interest elsewhere, that they petitioned the States to keep their money, with an abatement of one *per Cent.* of their interest. The same money was offered to the same number of other creditors with the same success, until one *per Cent.* of their whole interest was abated, yet at last such a part of the principal was discharged. And when this sum came to be lent to private persons it had the same effect; there one *per Cent.* of the common interest was abated throughout the whole province, as well between subject and subject, as between the subjects and their governors. And nothing is so notorious, as that the value of lands in that country has risen in proportion, and that estates are sold there for thirty years value of their whole rents. It is not then to be doubted, that twelve millions extraordinary to be lent at interest, or purchase lands, or government securities, must have the like effect in England; at least, that lands will arise four years rent in every purchase above their present value. And how great an improvement must this be of the landed interest?

The rents of England, according to the proportion of the land-tax, should be little more than eight millions, yet perhaps, they may be twelve. If there is made an addition of four years value in

every purchase; this, upon all the rents of England, amounts to forty-eight millions. So that, by the importation and clear gain of twenty millions by trade, the landed interest gains an improvement of forty-eight millions, at least six times as much as all other interests joined together.

I should think this argument, which I have endeavoured to set in a clear light, must needs be sufficient to shew that the landed and the trading interests cannot in reality but be friends to each other.

No 77. Tuesday, June 9.

——"Certum voto pete finem." *Hor. Ep. 2. l. 1. v. 56.*

——To wishes fix an end. *Creech.*

THE writers of morality assign two sorts of goods, the one is in itself desirable, the other is to be desired, not on account of its own excellency, but for the sake of some other thing which it is instrumental to obtain. These are usually distinguished by the appellations of End and Means. We are prompted by nature to desire the former, but that we have any appetite for the latter is owing to choice and deliberation.

But as wise men engage in the pursuit of means, from a farther view of some natural good with which they are connected; fools, who are acted by imitation and not by reason, blindly pursue the means, without any design or prospect of applying them. The result whereof is, that they entail upon themselves the anxiety and toil, but are de-

barred from the subsequent delights which arise to wiser men; since their views not reaching the end, terminate in those things, which although they have a relative goodness, yet considered absolutely, are indifferent, or, it may be, evil.

The principle of this misconduct is a certain shortsightedness in the mind: And as this defect is branched forth into innumerable errors in life, and hath infected all ranks and conditions of men; so it more eminently appears in three species, the Critics, Misers, and Free-thinkers. I shall endeavour to make good this observation with regard to each of them. And first of the Critic.

Profit and pleasure are the ends that a reasonable creature would propose to obtain by study, or indeed by any other undertaking. Those parts of learning which relate to the imagination, as eloquence and poetry, produce an immediate pleasure of the mind. And sublime and useful truths, when they are conveyed in apt allegories or beautiful images, make more distinct and lasting impressions; by which means the fancy becomes subservient to the understanding, and the mind is at the same time delighted and instructed. The exercise of the understanding in the discovery of truth, is likewise attended with great pleasure, as well as immediate profit. It not only strengthens our faculties, purifies the soul, subdues the passions; but besides these advantages, there is also a secret joy that flows from intellectual operations, proportioned to the nobleness of the faculty, and not the less affecting because inward and unseen.

But the mere exercise of the memory as such, instead of bringing pleasure or immediate benefit, is a thing of vain irksomeness and fatigue, especially, when employed in the acquisition of languages,

which is, of all others, the most dry and painful occupation. There must be therefore something further proposed, or a wise man would never engage in it. And, indeed, the very reason of the thing plainly intimates, that the motive which first drew men to affect a knowledge in dead tongues, was, that they looked on them as means to convey more useful and entertaining knowledge into their minds.

There are nevertheless certain critics, who seeing that Greek and Latin are in request, join in a thoughtless pursuit of those languages, without any further view. They look on the ancient authors, but it is with an eye of phraseology, or certain minute particulars which are valuable for no other reason but because they are despised and forgotten by the rest of mankind. The divine maxims of morality, the exact pictures of human life, the profound discoveries in the arts and sciences, just thoughts, bright images, sublime sentiments, are overlooked, while the mind is learnedly taken up in verbal remarks.

Was a critic ever known to read Plato with a contemplative mind, or Cicero, in order to imbibe the noble sentiments of virtue and a publick spirit which are conspicuous in the writings of that great man; or to peruse the Greek or Roman histories, with an intention to form his own life upon the plan of the illustrious patterns they exhibit to his view? Plato wrote in Greek. Cicero's Latin is fine. And it often lies in a man's way to quote the ancient historians.

There is no entertainment upon earth more noble and befitting a reasonable mind, than the perusal of good authors; or that better qualifies a man to pass his life with satisfaction to himself, or advan-

stage to other passions. But whereas men of short views and mean souls give themselves to that sort of employment which nature never designed them for, they, indeed, keep one another in countenance; but instead of cultivating and adorning their own minds, or acquiring an ability to be useful to the world, they reap no other advantage from their labours than the dry consolation arising from the applauses they bestow upon each other.

And the same weakness, or defect of the mind, from whence pedantry takes its rise, does likewise give birth to avarice. Words and money are both to be regarded as only marks of things. And as the knowledge of the one, so the possession of the other is of no use, unless directed to a farther end. A mutual commerce could not be carried on among men, if some common standard had not been agreed upon, to which the value of all the various products of art and nature were reducible, and which might be of the same use in the conveyance of property, as words are in that of ideas. Gold by its beauty, scarceness, and durable nature, seems designed by Providence to a purpose so excellent and advantageous to mankind. Upon these considerations that metal came first into esteem. But such who cannot see beyond what is nearest in the pursuit, beholding mankind touched with an affection for gold, and being ignorant of the true reason that introduced this odd passion into human nature, imagine some intrinsic worth in the metal to be the cause of it. Hence the same men, who, had they been turned towards learning, would have employed themselves in laying up words in their memory, are by a different application employed to as much purpose in treasuring up gold in their coffers. They differ only in the object; the

principles in which they [illegible] the method [illegible] of mind, is the same in [illegible] and upon a thorough observation, our [illegible] such of [illegible] will be found to [illegible] under the same [illegible] species. Their [illegible] views [illegible] objects, and their [illegible] for beauty and truth are [illegible] mistaking the means for the end. But the setting these points in a clear light must be the subject of another paper.

Nº 78. WEDNESDAY, JUNE 10.

[illegible] poetam.

[illegible]

—— I will teach to write,
Tell what the duty of a poet is,
Wherein his wealth and ornament consist,
And how he may be formed, and how improv'd. Roscommon.

IT is no small pleasure to me, who am zealous in the interests of learning, to think I may have the honour of leading the town into a very new and uncommon road of criticism. As that kind of literature is at present carried on, it consists only in a knowledge of mechanic rules, which contribute to the structure of different sorts of poetry, as the receipts of good housewives do to the making puddings of flower, oranges, plumbs, or any other ingredients. It would, methinks, make these my instructions more easily intelligible to ordinary readers, if I discoursed of these matters in the

style in which ladies learned in œconomics dictate to their pupils for the improvement of the kitchen and larder.

I shall begin with Epic Poetry, because the critics agree it is the greatest work human nature is capable of. I know the French have already laid down many mechanical rules for compositions of this sort, but at the same time they cut off almost all undertakers from the possibility of ever performing them; for the first qualification they unanimously require in a poet, is a genius. I shall here endeavour (for the benefit of my countrymen) to make it manifest, that Epic Poems may be made without a genius, nay, without learning or much reading. This must necessarily be of great use to all those poets who confess they never read, and of whom the world is convinced they never learn. What Moliere observes of making a dinner, that any man can do it with money, and if a professed cook cannot without, he has his art for nothing; the same may be said of making a poem, it is easily brought about by him that has a genius, but the skill lies in doing it without one. In pursuance of this end, I shall present the reader with a plain and certain recipe, by which even sonneteers and ladies may be qualified for this grand performance.

I know it will be objected, that one of the chief qualifications of an Epic Poet, is to be knowing in all arts and sciences. But this ought not to discourage those that have no learning, as long as indexes and dictionaries may be had, which are the compendium of all knowledge. Besides, since it is an established rule, that none of the terms of those arts and sciences are to be made use of, one may venture to affirm, our poet cannot impertinently

offend in this point. The learning which will be more particularly necessary to him, is the ancient geography of towns, mountains and rivers: for this let him take Cluverius, value fourpence.

Another quality required is a complete skill in languages. To this I answer, that it is notorious persons of no genius have been oftentimes great linguists. To instance in the Greek, of which there are two sorts; the original Greek, and that from which our modern authors translate. I should be unwilling to promise impossibilities, but modestly speaking, this may be learned in about an hour's time with ease. I have known one, who became a sudden professor of Greek, immediately upon application of the left-hand page of the Cambridge Homer to his eye. It is, in these days, with authors as with other men, the well-bred are familiarly acquainted with them at first sight; and as it is sufficient for a good general to have surveyed the ground he is to conquer, so it is enough for a good poet to have seen the author he is to be master of. But to proceed to the purpose of this paper.

A Receipt to make an Epic Poem.

For the Fable.

"Take out of any old poem, history-books, ro-
"mance, or legend, (for instance Geoffry of Mon-
"mouth, or Don Belianis of Greece) those parts
"of story which afford most scope for long de-
"scriptions: put these pieces together, and throw
"all the adventures you fancy into one tale. Then
"take a hero whom you may chuse for the sound
"of his name, and put him into the midst of these
"adventures: there let him work, for twelve
"books; at the end of which you may take him

"out ready prepared to conquer or to marry; it "being necessary that the conclusion of an Epic "Poem be fortunate."

To make an episode. "Take any remaining "adventure of your former collection, in which "you could no way involve your hero; or any "unfortunate accident that was too good to be "thrown away; and it will be of use, applied to "any other person, who may be lost and evaporate "in the course of the work, without the least da- "mage to the composition."

For the moral and allegory. "These you may "extract out of the fable afterwards at your lei- "sure. Be sure you strain them sufficiently."

For the Manners.

"For those of the hero, take all the best quali- "ties you can find in all the celebrated heroes of "antiquity; if they will not be reduced to a con- "sistency, lay them all on a heap upon him. But "be sure they are qualities which your patron "would be thought to have; and to prevent any "mistake which the world may be subject to, select "from the alphabet those capital letters that com- "pose his name, and set them at the head of a de- "dication before your poem. However, do not "absolutely observe the exact quantity of these "virtues, it not being determined whether or no "it be necessary for the hero of a poem to be an "honest man—For the under characters, gather "them from Homer and Virgil, and change the "names as occasion serves."

For the Machines.

"Take of Deities, male and female, as many as "you can use. Separate them into two equal

"parts, and keep Jupiter in the middle. Let Juno "put him in a ferment, and Venus mollify him. "Remember on all occasions to make use of vola-"tile Mercury. If you have need of devils, draw "them out of Milton's Paradise, and extract your "spirits from Tasso. The use of these machines is "evident; for since no Epic Poem can possibly "subsist without them, the wisest way is to reserve "them for your greatest necessities. When you "cannot extricate your hero by any human means, "or yourself by your own wits, seek relief from "heaven, and the gods will do your business very "readily. This is according to the direct prescrip-"tion of Horace in his Art of Poetry."

"Nec Deus intersit, nisi dignus vindice Nodus
"Inciderit"——— v. 191.

"Never presume to make a God appear,
"But for a business worthy of a God." *Roscommon.*

That is to say, a poet should never "call upon "the gods for their assistance, but when he is in "great perplexity."

For the Descriptions.

For a tempest. "Take Eurus, Zephyr, Auster, "and Boreas, and cast them together in one verse. "Add to these of rain, lightning, and of thunder, "(the loudest you can) *quantum sufficit*. Mix "your clouds and billows well together until they "foam, and thicken your description here and "there with a quicksand. Brew your tempest "well in your head, before you set it a-blowing." For a Battle. "Pick a large quantity of images "and descriptions from Homer's Iliads, with a "spice or two of Virgil, and if there remain any "overplus you may lay them by for a skirmish.

“ Seaſon it well with ſimiles, and it will make an
“ excellent battle.”

For burning a Town. “ If ſuch a deſcription
“ be neceſſary, becauſe it is certain there is one in
“ Virgil, Old Troy is ready burnt to your hands.
“ But if you fear that would be thought borrowed,
“ a chapter or two of the Theory of the Confla-
“ gration, well circumſtanced, and done into verſe,
“ will be a good ſuccedaneum.”

“ As for Similes and Metaphors, they may be
“ found all over the creation, the moſt ignorant
“ may gather them, but the danger is in apply-
“ ing them. For this adviſe with your book-
“ ſeller.”

For the Language.

(I mean the diction). “ Here it will do well to
“ be an imitator of Milton, for you will find it
“ eaſier to imitate him in this than any thing elſe.
“ Hebraiſms and Greciſms are to be found in him,
“ without the trouble of learning the languages.
“ I knew a painter, who (like our poet) had no
“ genius, make his daubings to be thought origi-
“ nals by ſetting them in the ſmoke; you may in
“ the ſame manner give the venerable air of anti-
“ quity to your piece, by darkening it up and
“ down with old Engliſh. With this you may be
“ eaſily furniſhed upon any occaſion, by the Dic-
“ tionary commonly printed at the end of Chau-
“ cer.”

I muſt not conclude, without cautioning all writers without genius in one material point, which is, never to be afraid of having too much fire in their works. I ſhould adviſe rather to take their warmeſt thoughts, and ſpread them abroad upon paper; for they are obſerved to cool before they are read.

No 79. Thursday, June 11.

—Praeclara et pulchra minantem
Vivere nec recte, nec suaviter—

Hor. Ep. 2. l. 2. v. [illegible]

—[illegible]
I promise mighty things, I only strive;
Yet what an ill, unpleasant life I live! Creech.

IT is an employment worthy a reasonable creature, to examine into the disposition of men's affections towards each other, and as far as one can, to improve all tendencies to good nature and charity. No one could be unmoved with this epistle, which I received the other day from one of my correspondents, and which is full of the most ardent benevolence.

To the GUARDIAN.

SIR,

I SELDOM read your political, your critical, your ludicrous, or if you will call them so, your polite papers, but, when I observe any thing which I think written for the advancement of good-will amongst men, and laying before them objects of charity, I am very zealous for the promotion of so honest a design. Believe me, Sir, want of wit, or wisdom, is not the infirmity of this age, it is the shameful application of both that is the crying evil. As for my own part, I am always endeavouring at least to be better, ra-

‘thy than richer or wiser. But I never lamented that I was not a wealthy man so heartily as the other day. You must understand that I now and then take a walk of mortification, and pass a whole day in making myself profitably sad. I for this end visit the hospitals about this city, and when I have rambled about the galleries at Bedlam, and seen for an hour the utmost of all lamentable objects, human reason distracted; when I have from grate to grate offered up my prayers for a wretch who has been reviling me, for a figure that has seemed petrified with anguish, for a man that has held up his face in a posture of adoration toward Heaven to utter execrations and blasphemies; I say, when I have beheld all these things, and thoroughly reflected on them, until I have startled myself out of my present ill course, I have thought fit to pass to the observation of less evils, and relieve myself by going to those charitable receptacles about this town, appointed only for bodily distresses. The gay and frolic part of mankind are wholly unacquainted with the numbers of their fellow-creatures, who languish under pain and agony, for want of a trifle out of that expence by which those fortunate persons purchase the gratification of a superfluous passion or appetite. I ended the last of these pilgrimages which I made at St Thomas's Hospital in Southwark. I had seen all the variety of woe, which can arise from the distempers which attend human frailty; but the circumstance which occasioned this letter, and gave me the quickest compassion, was beholding a little boy of ten years of age, who was just then to be expelled the house as incurable. My heart melted within me to think what would become of the poor child, who, as I

'was informed, had not a farthing in the world, 'nor father, nor mother, nor friend to help it. 'The infant saw my sorrow for it, and came to'wards me, and bid me speak that it might die in 'the house.

'Alas!

'There are crowds cured in this place, and the 'strictest care taken, in the distribution of the cha'rity, for wholsome food, good physic, and tender 'care in behalf of the patients; but the provision 'is not large enough for those whom they do not 'despair of recovering, which makes it necessary to 'turn out the incurable, for the sake of those whom 'they can relieve. I was informed this was the 'fate of many in a year, as well as of this poor 'child, who, I suppose, corrupted away, yet alive 'in the streets. He was to be sure removed when 'he was only capable of giving offence, though 'avoided when still an object of compassion. There 'are not words to give mankind compunction 'enough on such an occasion; but I assure you, I 'think the miserable have a property in the super'fluous possessions of the fortunate; though I de'spair of seeing right done them until the day 'wherein those distinctions shall cease for ever, and 'they must both give an account for their beha'viour under their respective sufferings and enjoy'ments. However, you would do your part as a 'GUARDIAN, if you would mention, in the most 'pathetic terms, these miserable objects, and put 'the good part of the world in mind of exerting 'the most noble benevolence that can be imagined, 'in alleviating the few remaining moments of the 'incurable.

'A gentleman who belonged to the hospital, was 'saying, he believed it would be done as soon as

mentioned, if it were proposed that a ward might be erected for the accommodation of such as have no more to do in this world, but resign themselves to death. I know no readier way of communicating this thought to the world, than by your paper. If you omit to publish this, I shall never esteem you to be the man you pretend; and so recommending the incurable to your Guardianship, I remain, SIR,

Your most humble servant,

PHILANTHROPOS.

It must be confessed, that if one turns ones eyes round these cities of London and Westminster, one cannot overlook the exemplary instances of heroic charity, in providing restraints for the wicked, instructions for the young, food and raiment for the aged, with regard also to all other circumstances and relations of human life; but it is to be lamented that these provisions are made only by the middle kind of people, while those of fashion and power are raised above the species itself, and are unacquainted or unmoved with the calamities of others. But alas! how monstrous is this hardness of heart? how is it possible that the returns of hunger and thirst should not importune men, though in the highest affluence, to consider the miseries of their fellow creatures who languish under necessity? But as I hinted just now, the distinctions of mankind are almost wholly to be resolved into those of the rich and poor; for as certainly as wealth gives acceptance and grace to all that its possessor says or does, so poverty creates disesteem, scorn and prejudice to all the undertakings of the indigent. The necessitous man has neither hands, lips, or un-

derstanding, for his own or friends use; but is in the same condition with the sick, with this difference only, that his is an infection no man will relieve, or assist, or if he does, it is seldom with so much pity as contempt, and rather for the ostentation of the physician, than compassion on the patient; it is a circumstance, wherein a man finds all the good he deserves inaccessible, all the ill unavoidable; and the poor hero is as certainly ragged, as the poor villain hanged. Under these pressures the poor man speaks with hesitation, undertakes with irresolution, and acts with disappointment; he is slighted in mens conversations, overlooked in their assemblies, and beaten at their doors. But from whence, alas, has he this treatment? from a creature that has only the supply of, but not an exemption from, the wants, for which he despises him: yet such is the unaccountable insolence of man, that he will not see, that he who is supported, is in the same class of natural necessity with him that wants a support; and to be helped, implies to be indigent. In a word; after all you can say of a man, conclude that he is rich, and you have made him friends; nor have you utterly overthrown a man in the world's opinion, until you have said he is poor. This is the emphatical expression of praise and blame, for men so stupidly forget their natural impotence and want, that riches and poverty have taken in our imaginations the place of innocence and guilt.

Reflections of this kind do but waste one's being, without capacity of helping the distressed: yet, though I know no way to do any service to my brethren under such calamities, I cannot help having so much respect for them, as to suffer with them in a friendly fellow-feeling.

Nº 80. Friday, June 12.

——— *Cœlestibus iræ?* Virg. Æn. 1. v. 15.

Anger in heav'nly minds.

I HAVE found by experience, that it is impossible to talk distinctly without defining the words of which we make use. There is not a term in our language which wants explanation so much as the word *church*. One would think when people utter it, they should have in their minds ideas of virtue and religion; but that important monosyllable drags all the other words in the language after it, and it is made use of to express both praise and blame according to the character of him who speaks it. By this means it happens, that no one knows what his neighbour means, when he says such a one is for, or against the church. It has happened that the person, who is seen every day at church, has not been in the eye of the world a church-man; and he who is very zealous to oblige every man to frequent it, but himself, has been held a very good son of the church. This prepossession is the best handle imaginable for politicians to make use of for managing the loves and hatreds of mankind to the purposes to which they would lead them. But this is not a thing for fools to meddle with, for they only bring disesteem upon those whom they attempt to serve, when they unskilfully pronounce terms of art. I have observed great evils arise from this practice, and not

only the cause of piety, but also the secular interest of clergymen, has extremely suffered by the general unexplained signification of the word *Church*.

The Examiner, upon the strength of being a received church-man, has offended in this particular more grosly than any other man ever did before, and almost as grosly as ever he himself did, supposing the allegations in the following letter are just. To slander any man is a very heinous offence; but the crime is still greater, when it falls upon such as ought to give example to others. I cannot imagine how the Examiner can divest any part of the clergy of the respect due to their characters, so as to treat them as he does, without an indulgence unknown to our religion, though taken up in the name of it, in order to disparage such of its communicants as will not sacrifice their consciences to their fortunes. This confusion and subdivision of interest and sentiments among people of the same communion, is what would be a very good subject of mirth; but when I consider against whom this insult is committed, I think it too great, and of too ill a consequence, to be in good humour on the occasion.

SIR, *June* 9, 1713.

'YOUR character of Universal Guardian, joined 'to the concern you ought to have for the 'cause of virtue and religion, assure me you will 'not think that *Clergymen*, when injured, have the 'least right to your protection; and it is from 'that assurance I trouble you with this, to com'plain of the Examiner, who calumniates as freely 'as he commends, and whose *invectives* are as 'groundless as his *panegyrics*.

'In his paper of the eight instant, after a most 'furious invective against many noble *lords*, a con'siderable number of the *commons*, and a very 'great part of her Majesty's good subjects, as dis'affected and full of discontent, (which, by the 'way, is but an awkward compliment to the Prince, 'whose greatest glory it is to reign in the hearts of 'her people) that the *clergy* may not go without 'their share of his resentment, he concludes with a 'most malicious reflection upon *some* of them. He 'names indeed nobody, but points to Windsor and 'St Paul's, where he tells us, *some* are disrespect'ful to the Queen, and enemies to her peace; 'most odious characters, especially in clergymen, 'whose profession is *peace*, and to whose duty and 'affection her Majesty has a more immediate right, 'by her singular piety and great goodness to them. "They have sucked in," he says, "this warlike prin"ciple from their arbitrary patrons." It is not 'enough, it seems, to calumniate *them*, unless their 'patrons also be insulted, no less patrons than the 'late King and the Duke of Marlborough. These are 'his *arbitrary* men; though nothing be more cer'tain than that without the *King*, the shadow of 'a *legal* government had not been left to us; nor 'did there ever live a man, who, in the nature 'and temper of him, less deserved the character 'of *arbitrary* than the *Duke*. How now is this 'terrible charge against those clergymen support'ed? Why, as to St Paul's, the fact, according to 'him, is this; "Some of the church, to affront "the Queen, on the day the peace was proclaimed, "gave orders for parochial prayers only, with"out singing, as is used upon Fast-days; though "in this particular their inferiors were so very "honest to disobey them." This the Examiner

roundly affirms after his usual manner, but without the least regard to truth; for it is fallen in my way, without inquiring, to be exactly informed of this matter, and therefore I take upon me in their vindication to assure you, that every part of what is said is absolutely false, and the truth is just the reverse. The *inferiors* desired there might be only *parochial* prayers; but the person applied to was aware to what construction it might be liable, and therefore would not consent to the request, though very innocent and reasonable. The case was this; the *procession* of the ceremony had reached Ludgate just at the time of prayers, and there was such a prodigious concourse of people, that one of the *Vergers* came to the *Residentiary* in waiting, to represent, that it would be impossible to have prayers that afternoon; that the crouds all round the church was so great, there would be no getting in: But it was insisted, that there must be prayers, only the *tolling* of the bell should be deferred a little until the head of the procession was got beyond the church. When the bell had done, and none of the quire appeared, but one to read, it was upon this again represented, that there could be only *parochial* prayers, a thing that sometimes happens, twice or thrice, perhaps, in a year, when upon some allowable occasion the absence of the *quire-men* is so great, as not to leave the necessary voices for cathedral service; which very lately was the case upon a performance of the thanksgiving musick at Whitehall. So that had the prayers, on this occasion, been *parochial* only, it had been neither new nor criminal, but necessary and unavoidable, unless the Examiner can tell how the service may be sung decently with-

'out singing man. However, to leave *informers* no room for calumny, it was expresly urged, that *parochial* prayers, on such a day, would look ill; that therefore, if possible, it should be avoided, and the service should be begun as usual, in hopes one or two of the quire might come in before the *psalms*; and the verger was ordered to look out, if he could see any of the quire, to hasten them to their places; and so it proved, two of the best *voices* came in time enough, and the service was performed cathedral-wise, though in a manner, to bare walls, with an anthem suitable to the day. This is the fact on which the Examiner grounds a charge of *factious and seditious* principles against some at St Paul's, and I am persuaded there is as little truth in what he charges some of Windsor with, tho' I know not certainly whom he means. Were I disposed to expostulate with the Examiner, I would ask him, if he seriously thinks this be *answering her Majesty's intentions?* Whether disquieting the minds of her people is the way *to calm them?* or to traduce men of learning and virtue be *to cultivate the arts of peace?* But I am too well acquainted with his writings not to see he is past correction; nor does any thing in his paper surprise me, merely because it is false; for to use his own words, not a day passes with him, but it brings forth a mouse or a monster, some ridiculous lye, some vile calumny or forgery. He is almost equally false in every thing he says; but it is not always equally easy to make his falsehood plain and palpable. And it is chiefly for that reason I desire you to give this letter a place in your papers, that those that are willing to be undeceived, may learn from so clear an instance, what a faithful,

'modest writer this is, who pretends to teach them
'how to think and speak of things and persons
'they know nothing of themselves. As this is no
'way disagreeable to your character of Guardian,
'your publication of it is a favour which I flatter
'myself you will not deny to,

'SIR,
'your humble servant,
'R. A.'

No 81. Saturday, June 13.

> *Quieta & pure atque eleganter actae aetatis placida ac lenis recordatio.*
>
> Cicero.
>
> The calm and soothing remembrance of a life passed with quiet, innocence, and elegance.

THE paper which was published on the thirtieth of last month, ended with a piece of devotion written by the Archbishop of Cambray. It would (as it was hinted in that PRECAUTION) be of singular use for the improvement of our minds, to have the secret thoughts of men of good talents on such occasions. I shall, for the entertainment of this day, give my reader two pieces, which, if he is curious, will be pleasing for that reason, if they prove to have no other effect upon him. One of them was found in the closet of an Athenian libertine, who lived many ages ago, and is a soliloquy wherein he contemplates his own life and actions according to the lights men have from nature, and the compunctions of natural reason. The other is a prayer of a gentleman who died within few years

last past; and lived to a very great age, but had passed his youth in all the vices in fashion. The Athenian is supposed to have been Alcibiades, a man of great spirit, extremely addicted to pleasures, but at the same time very capable, and upon occasion very attentive to business. He was by nature endued with all the accomplishments she could bestow, he had beauty, wit, courage and a great understanding; but in the first bloom of his life was arrogantly affected with the advantages he had over others. That temper is pretty visible in an expression of his, when it was proposed to him to learn to play upon a musical instrument; he answered, "It is not for me to give, but to receive delight." However, the conversation of Socrates tempered a strong inclination to licentiousness into reflections of philosophy, and if it had not the force to make a man of his genius and fortune wholly regular, it gave him some cool moments, and this following soliloquy is supposed by the learned to have been thrown together before some expected engagement, and seems to be very much the picture of the man.

'I am now wholly alone, my ears are not entertained with music, my eyes with beauty, nor any of my senses so forcibly affected, as to divert the course of my inward thoughts: Methinks there is something sacred in myself, now I am alone. What is this being of mine? I came into it without my choice, and yet Socrates says it is to be imputed to me. In this repose of my senses wherein they communicate nothing strongly to myself, I taste, methinks, a being distinct from their operation. Why may not then my soul exist, when she is wholly gone out of these organs? I can perceive my faculties grow stronger, the less I admit the pleasures of sense; and

'the nearer I place myself to a bare existence, the 'more worthy, the more noble, the more celestial 'does that existence appear to me. If my soul 'is weakened rather than improved by all that the 'body administers to her, she may reasonably be 'supposed to be designed for a mansion more suit-'able than this, wherein what delights her dimi-'nishes her excellence, and that which afflicts her 'adds to her perfection. There is an hereafter, 'and I will not fear to be immortal for the sake 'of Athens.'

This soliloquy is but the first dawnings of thought in the mind of a mere man given up to sensuality. The paper which I mention of our contemporary was found in his scrutoir after his death, but communicated to a friend or two of his in his life-time. You see in it a man wearied with the vanities of this life; and the reflections which the success of his wit and gallantry bring upon his old age, are not unworthy the observation of those who possess the like advantages.

'Oh Almighty being! how shall I look up to-'wards Thee, when I reflect that I am of no con-'sideration but as I have offended! My existence, 'O my God, without thy mercy, is not to be pro-'longed in this or another world but for my pu-'nishment. I apprehend, oh my Maker, let it 'not be too late; I apprehend and tremble at thy 'presence; and shall I not consider Thee, who 'art all goodness, but with terror! Oh, my Re-'deemer, do Thou behold my anguish. Turn to 'me, thou Saviour of the world; who has of-'fended like me? Oh, my God, I cannot fly out 'of Thy presence, let me fall down in it; I hum-'ble myself in contrition of heart; but alas! I 'have not only swerved from thee, but have la-

'sinned against Thee. If Thou dost pardon what I have committed, how wilt thou pardon what I have made others commit? I have rejoiced in ill, as in a prosperity. Forgive, oh my God, all who have offended by my persuasion, all who have transgressed by my example. Canst Thou, O God, accept of the confession of old age, to expiate all the labour and industry of youth spent in transgressions against Thee? While I am still alive, let me implore Thee to recal to Thy grace all whom I have made to sin. Let, oh Lord, Thy goodness admit of his prayer for their pardon, by whose instigation they have transgressed. Accept, O God, of this interval of age, between my sinful days and the hour of my dissolution, to wear away the corrupt habits in my soul, and prepare myself for the mansions of purity and joy. Impute not to me, oh my God, the offences I may give, after my death, to those I leave behind me; let me not transgress when I am no more seen; but prevent the ill effects of my ill-applied studies, and receive me into thy mercy.'

It is the most melancholy circumstance that can be imagined, to be on a death-bed, and wish all that a man has most laboured to bring to pass were obliterated for ever. How emphatically worse is this, than having passed all one's days in idleness? Yet this is the frequent case of many men of refined talents. It is, methinks, monstrous that the love of fame, and value of the fashion of the world, can transport a man so far as even in solitude to act with so little reflection upon his real interest. This is premeditated madness, for it is an error done with the assistance of all the faculties of the mind.

When every circumstance about us is a constant admonition, how transient is every labour of man;

it should, methinks, be no hard matter to bring one's self to consider the emptiness of all our endeavours; but I was not a little charmed the other day, when sitting with an old friend, and communing together on such subjects, he expressed himself after this manner:

"It is unworthy a Christian philosopher to let any thing here below stand in the least competition with his duty. In vain is reason fortified by faith, if it produces in our practice no greater effects than what reason wrought in mere man. I will contemn, (in dependence on the support of Heaven I speak it) I contemn all which the generality of mankind call great and glorious. I will no longer think or act like a mortal, but consider myself as a being that commenced at my birth, and is to endure to all eternity. The accident of death will not end but improve my being; I will think of myself, and provide for myself as an immortal; and I will do nothing now which I do not believe I shall approve a thousand years hence."

No 82. Monday, June 15.

"Cedat uti conviva satur." —— Hor. Sat. 1. l. 1. v. 119.

Let him depart like a contented guest.

THOUGH men see every day people go to their long home, who are younger than themselves, they are not so apt to be alarmed at that, as at the decease of those who have lived

longer in their sight! They call their acquaintance, and are surprised at the loss of an inanimate object. This gave me so much concern for the death of Mr William Peer of the Theatre-royal, who was an actor at the Restoration, and took his theatrical degree with Betterton, Kynaston, and Harris. Though his station was humble, he performed it well; and the common comparison with the stage and human life, which has been so often made, may well be brought out upon this occasion. It is no matter, say the moralists, whether you act a prince or a beggar, the business is to do your part well. Mr William Peer distinguished himself particularly in two characters, which no man ever could touch but himself; one of them was the speaker of the prologue to the play, which is contrived in the tragedy of Hamlet, to awake the conscience of the guilty princes. Mr William Peer spoke that preface to the play with such an air, as represented that he was an actor, and with such an inferior manner as only acting an actor, as made the others on the stage appear real great persons, and not representatives. This was a nicety in acting, that none but the most subtle player could so much as conceive. I remember his speaking these words, in which there is no great matter but in the right adjustment of the air of the speaker, with universal applause.

"For us and for our tragedy,
"Here stooping to your clemency,
We beg your hearing patiently.

Hamlet says very archly upon the pronouncing of it, "Is this a prologue, or a posy of a ring?" However, the speaking of it got Mr Peer more reputation, than those who speak the length of a pu-

ritan's sermon every night will ever attain to. Besides this, Mr Peer got a great fame on another little occasion. He played the apothecary in Caius Marius, as it is called by Otway; but Romeo and Juliet, as originally in Shakespeare; it will be necessary to recite more out of the play than he spoke, to have a right conception of what Peer did in it. Marius, weary of life, recollects means to be rid of it after this manner.

"I do remember an apothecary
"That dwelt about this rendezvous of death;
"Meagre and very rueful were his looks;
"Sharp misery had worn him to the bones."

When this spectre of Poverty appeared, Marius addresses him thus;

"I see thou art very poor,
"Thou mayest do any thing: here's fifty drachmas;
"Get me a draught of what will soonest free
"A wretch from all his cares."

When the apothecary objects that it is unlawful, Marius urges,

"Art thou so base and full of wretchedness,
"Yet fear'st to die? Famine is in thy cheeks,
"Need and Oppression stareth in thy eyes,
"Contempt and Beggary hang on thy back;
"The world is not thy friend, nor the world's laws;
"The world affords no law to make thee rich;
"Then be not poor, but break it, and take this."

Without all this quotation the reader could not have a just idea of the visage and manner which Peer assumed, when in the most lamentable tone imaginable he consents; and delivering the poison, like a man reduced to the drinking it himself, if he did not vend it, says to Marius,

"My poverty, but not my will, consents.
"Take this and drink it off, the work is done.

It was an odd excellence, and a very particular circumstance this of Peer's, that his whole action of life depended upon speaking five lines better than any man else in the world. But this eminence lying in so narrow a compass, the governors of the theatre observing his talents to lie in a certain knowledge of propriety, and his person admitting him to shine only in the two above parts, his sphere of action was enlarged by the addition of the post of property-man. This officer has always ready in a place appointed for him behind the prompter, all such tools and implements as are necessary in the play, and it is his business never to want billet-doux, poison, false money, thunderbolts, daggers, scrolls of parchment, wine, pomatum, truncheons, and wooden-legs, ready at the call of the said prompter, according as his respective utensils were necessary for promoting what was to pass on the stage. The addition of this office, so important to the conduct of the whole affair of the stage, and the good œconomy observed by their present managers in punctual payments, made Mr Peer's subsistence very comfortable. But it frequently happens, that men lose their virtue in prosperity who were shining characters in the contrary condition. Good fortune indeed had no effect on the mind, but very much on the body of Mr Peer. For in the seventieth year of his age he grew fat, which rendered his figure unfit for the utterance of the five lines above mentioned: he had now unfortunately lost the wan distress necessary for the countenance of the apothecary, and was too jolly to speak the prologue with the proper humility. It is thought this calamity went too near him. It did not a little contribute to the shortening his days; and as there is no state of real happiness in this life,

Mr Peer was undone by his success, and lost all by arriving at what is the end of all other men's pursuits, his ease.

I could not forbear inquiring into the effects Mr Peer left behind him, but find there is no demand due to him from the house, but the following bill.

	l.	s.	d.
For hire of six case of pistols — —	0	4	0
A drum for Mrs Bignall in the Pilgrim —	0	4	4
A truss of straw for the madmen — —	0	0	8
Pomatum and vermillion to grease the face of the fluttering cook — —	0	0	8
For boarding a setting-dog two days to follow Mr Johnson in Epsom-Wells	0	0	6
For blood in Macbeth — — — —	0	0	3
Raisins and almonds for a witches banquet	0	0	8

This contemporary of mine, whom I have often rallied for the narrow compass of his singular perfections, is now at peace, and wants no further assistance from any man; but men of extensive genius, now living, still depend upon the good offices of the town.

I am therefore to remind my reader, that on this day, being the fifteenth of June, the Plotting Sisters is to be acted for the benefit of the author, my old friend Mr D'Urfey. This comedy was honoured with the presence of King Charles the Second three of its first five nights.

My friend has in this work shown himself a master, and made not only the characters of the play, but also the furniture of the house contribute to the main design. He has made excellent use of a table with a carpet, and the key of a closet. With these two implements, which would, perhaps, have been overlooked by an ordinary writer, he contrives the

most natural perplexities (allowing only the use of these household goods in poetry) that ever were represented on a stage. He has also made good advantage of the knowledge of the stage itself; for in the nick of being surprised, the lovers are let down, and escape at a trap-door. In a word, any who have the curiosity to observe what pleased in the last generation, and does not go to a comedy with a resolution to be grave, will find this evening ample food for mirth. Johnson, who understands what he does as well as any man, exposes the impertinence of an old fellow, who has lost his senses, still pursuing pleasures with great mastery. The ingenious Mr Pinkethman is a bashful rake, and is sheepish without having modesty, with great success. Mr Bullock succeeds Nokes in the part of Bubble, and in my opinion is not much below him; for he does excellently that sort of folly we call absurdity, which is the very contrary of wit; but next to that, is of all things the properest to excite mirth. What is foolish is the object of pity, but absurdity often proceeds from an opinion of sufficiency, and consequently is an honest occasion for laughter. These characters in this play cannot chuse but make it very pleasant entertainment, and the decorations of singing and dancing will more than repay the good-nature of those who make an honest man a visit of two merry hours to make his following year unpainful.

N° 83. Tuesday, June [illegible]

> [illegible]
> [illegible]
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> [illegible]
> [illegible]

THERE is a restless endeavour in the mind of man after happiness. This appetite is wrought into the original frame of our nature, and exerts itself in all parts of the creation that are endued with any degree of thought or sense. But as the human mind is dignified by a more comprehensive faculty than can be found in the inferior animals, it is natural for men not only to have an eye, each to his own happiness, but also to endeavour to promote that of others in the same rank of being; and in proportion to the generosity that is ingredient in the temper of the soul, the object of its benevolence is of a larger and narrower extent. There is hardly a spirit upon earth so mean and contracted, as to center all regards on its own interest, exclusive of the rest of mankind. Even the selfish man has some share of love, which he bestows on his family and his friends. A nobler mind hath at heart the common interest of the society or country of which he makes a part. And there is still a more diffusive spirit, whose being or intentions reach the whole mass of mankind, and are continued beyond the present age, to a succession of future generations.

The advantage arising to him who hath a tincture of this generosity in his soul, is, that he is affected with a sublimer joy than can be comprehended by one who is destitute of that noble relish. The happiness of the rest of mankind hath a natural connection with that of a reasonable mind. And in proportion as the actions of each individual contribute to this end, he must be thought to deserve well or ill both of the world and of himself. I have in a late paper observed, that men who have no reach of thought do oft misplace their affections on the means, without respect to the end, and by a preposterous desire of things in themselves indifferent, forego the enjoyment of that happiness which those things are instrumental to obtain. This observation has been considered with regard to critics and misers; I shall now apply it to *Free-thinkers*.

Liberty and truth are the main points which these gentlemen pretend to have in view. To proceed therefore methodically, I will endeavour to shew in the first place that liberty and truth are not in themselves desirable, but only as they relate to a farther end. And secondly, that the sort of liberty and truth, (allowing them those names) which our Free-thinkers use all their industry to promote, is destructive to that end, *viz.* human happiness; and consequently that species, as such, instead of being encouraged or esteemed, merit the detestation and abhorrence of all honest men. And in the last place, I design to shew, that under the pretence of advancing liberty and truth, they do in reality promote the two contrary evils.

As to the first point, it has been observed that it is the duty of each particular person to aim at the happiness of his fellow-creatures; and that as this view is of a wider or narrower extent, it argues a

mind more or leſs virtuous. Hence it follows, that a liberty of doing good actions which conduce to the felicity of mankind, and a knowledge of ſuch truths as might either give us pleaſure in the contemplation of them, or direct our conduct to the great ends of life, are valuable perfections. But ſhall a good man, therefore, prefer a liberty to commit murder or adultery, before the wholeſome reſtraint of divine or human laws? Or ſhall a wiſe man prefer the knowledge of a troubleſome and afflicting truth, before a pleaſant error that would chear his ſoul with joy and comfort, and be attended with no ill conſequences? Surely no man of common ſenſe would thank him, who had put it in his power to execute the ſudden ſuggeſtions of a fit of paſſion or madneſs, or imagine himſelf obliged to a perſon, who by forwardly informing him of ill news, had cauſed his ſoul to anticipate that ſorrow which ſhe would never have felt, ſo long as the ungrateful truth lay concealed.

Let us then reſpect the happineſs of our ſpecies, and in this light examine the proceedings of the free-thinkers. From what giants and monſters would theſe knights errant undertake to free the world? From the ties that religion impoſeth on our minds, from the expectation of a future judgement, and from the terrors of a troubled conſcience, not by reforming mens lives, but by giving encouragement to their vices. What are thoſe important truths of which they would convince mankind? That there is no ſuch thing as a wiſe and juſt providence; that the mind of man is corporeal; that religion is a ſtate-trick, contrived to make men honeſt and virtuous, and to procure a ſubſiſtence to others for teaching and exhorting them to be ſo; that the good tidings of life and immor-

[illegible] perish. [illegible] inferior [illegible] always [illegible] struggle [illegible] heaven [illegible] religion) [illegible] vanquished, and man become a [illegible] which as it is the most grievous and shameful slavery, so it is the genuine result of that liberty which is proposed by overturning religion. Nor is the other part of their design better executed. Look into their pretended truths; are they not so many wretched absurdities, maintained in opposition to the light of nature and divine revelation by sly innuendos, and cold jests, by such pitiful sophisms and

such confused and indigested notions, that one would vehemently suspect those men usurped the name of Free-thinkers, with the same view that hypocrites do that of godliness, that it may serve for a cloke to cover the contrary defect?

I shall close this discourse with a parallel reflection on these three species, who seem to be allied by a certain agreement in mediocrity of understanding. A critic is entirely given up to the pursuit of learning; when he has got it, is his judgment clearer, his imagination livelier, or his manners more polite than those of other men? Is it observed that a miser, when he has acquired his superfluous estate, eats, drinks, or sleeps with more satisfaction; that he has a cheerfuller mind, or relishes any of the enjoyments of life better than his neighbours? The Free-thinkers plead hard for a licence to think freely; they have it; but what use do they make of it? Are they eminent for any sublime discoveries in any of the arts and sciences? have they been authors of any inventions that conduce to the well-being of mankind? Do their writings shew a greater depth of design, a clearer method, or more just and correct reasoning than those of other men?

There is a greater resemblance in their genius; but the critic and miser are only ridiculous and contemptible creatures, while the Free-thinker is also a pernicious one.

Non missura cutem nisi plena cruoris hirudo.

Hor. Ars Poet. v. ult.

Sticking like leeches, till they burst with blood. Roscommon.

To the Honourable NESTOR IRONSIDE, Esq;

SIR,

PRESUMING you may sometimes conde-scend to take cognizance of small enormi-ties, I here lay one before you, which I proceed to without further apology, as well knowing the best compliment to a man of business is to come to the point.

There is a silly habit among many of our mi-nor orators, who display their eloquence in the several coffeehouses of this fair city, to the no small annoyance of considerable numbers of her Majesty's spruce and loving subjects, and that is a humour they have got of twisting off your buttons. These ingenious gentlemen are not able to advance three words until they have got fast hold of one of your buttons; but as soon as they have procured such an excellent handle for dis-course, they will indeed proceed with great elo-cution. I know not how well some may have escaped, but for my part I have often met with them to my cost; having I believe within these three years last past been argued out of several dozens; insomuch that I have for some time or-dered my taylor to bring me home with every

'suit a dozen at least of spare ones, to supply the 'place of such as from time to time are detached 'as an help to discourse, by the vehement gentle-'men before mentioned. This way of holding a 'man in discourse is much practised in the coffee-'houses within the city, and does not indeed so 'much prevail at the politer end of the town. It 'is likewise more frequently made use of among 'the small politicians, than any other body of 'men; I am therefore something cautious of en-'tering into a controversy with this species of states-'men, especially the younger fry; for if you offer 'in the least to dissent from any thing that one of 'these advances, he immediately steps up to you, 'takes hold of one of your buttons, and indeed 'will soon convince you of the strength of his ar-'gumentation. I remember upon the news of 'Dunkirk's being delivered into our hands, a brisk 'little fellow, a politician and an able engineer, 'had got into the middle of Batson's coffeehouse, 'and was fortifying Gravelines for the service of 'the most Christian King, with all imaginable ex-'pedition. The work was carried on with such 'success, that in less than a quarter of an hour's 'time, he had made it almost impregnable, and, 'in the opinion of several worthy citizens who had 'gathered round him, full as strong both by sea and 'land as Dunkirk ever could pretend to be. I hap-'pened however unadvisedly to attack some of his 'outworks; upon which, to shew his great skill 'likewise in the offensive part, he immediately 'made an assault upon one of my buttons, and 'carried it in less than two minutes, notwithstand-'ing I made as handsome a defence as was possible. 'He had likewise invested a second, and would 'certainly have been master of that too in a very

little time, had he not been diverted from his enterprise by the arrival of a country wife brought advice that his presence was absolutely necessary in the disposal of a beaver; upon which he raised the siege, and indeed retired with some precipitation. In the coffeehouses here about the Temple, you may harangue even among our dabblers in politics for about two buttons a-day, and many times for less. I had yesterday the good fortune to receive very considerable additions to my knowledge in state affairs, and I find this morning, that it has not stood me in above a button. In most of the eminent coffeehouses at the other end of the town, for example, to go no farther than Will's in Covent-Garden, the company is so refined, that you may hear and be heard, and not be a button the worse for it. Besides the gentlemen before mentioned, there are others who are no less active in their harangues, but with gentle services rather than robberies. These, while they are improving your understanding, are at the same time setting off your person; they will new-plait and adjust your neckcloth.

'But though I can bear with this kind of orator, who is so humble as to aim at the good-will of his hearer by being his valet de chambre, I must rebel against another sort of them. There are some, Sir, that do not stick to take a man by the collar when they have a mind to persuade him. It is your business, I humbly presume, Mr Ironside, to interpose, that a man is not brought over to his opponent by force of arms. It were requisite therefore that you should name a certain interval, which ought to be preserved between the speaker and him to whom he speaks. For sure no man has a right, because I am not of his opinion, to take any of my clothes from me, or

dress me according to his own liking. I think it the most teazing thing in the world, to be in company with one who plants one hand before and the other upon the collateral shoulder. But there is a friend of mine who never talks to me but he throws that which I wear forward upon my shoulder, so that in reducing it to its place I lose two or three hairs out of the lock upon my button; though I never much liked him in my whole life, and have been acquainted with him this ten years. I have seen my eager friend in danger sometimes of a quarrel by this ill custom, for there are more young gentlemen who can feel than can understand. It would be therefore a good office to my friend if you advised him not to collar any man but one who knows what he means, and give it him as a standing RESOLUTION in conversation, that none but a very good friend will give him the liberty of being seen, felt, heard, and understood all at once.

I am, SIR,

your most humble servant,

JONATHAN MITOCHIROSOPHUS.

P.S. I have a sister who saves herself from being handled by one of these manual rhetoricians by giving him her fan to play with; but I appeal to you in the behalf of us poor helpless men.

June 17, 1713.

I AM of opinion, that no orator or speaker in public or private has any right to meddle with any body's clothes but his own. I indulge men in the liberty of playing with their own hats,

fumbling in their pockets, scratching their own periwigs, tossing or twisting their heads, and all other gesticulations which may contribute to their elocution; but pronounce it an infringement of the English liberty, for a man to keep his neighbour's person in custody in order to force an hearing; and further declare, that all assent given by an auditor under such constraint, is of itself void and of no effect.

Your most humble servant, N. L.

N° 85. THURSDAY, JUNE 18.

—— Sed te decor iste, quod optas
Esse vetat, votoque tuo tua forma repugnat. Ovid.

But so much youth, with so much beauty join'd,
Opposes the state, which thy desires design'd. Dryden.

TO suffer scandal (says somebody) is the tax which every person of merit pays to the public; and my Lord Verulam finely observes, that a man who hath no virtue in himself, ever envieth virtue in others. I know not how it comes to pass, but detraction, through all ages, has been found a vice which the fair sex too easily give into. Not the Roman satyrist could use them with more severity than they themselves do one another. Some audacious criticks, in my opinion, have launched out a little too far when they take upon them to prove, in opposition to history, that Lais was a woman of as much virtue as beauty, which violently displeasing the Phrynes of those times, they secretly prevailed with the historians to deliver her down to posterity under the infamous character of an extorting

prostitute. But though I have the greatest regard imaginable to that softer species, yet am I sorry to find they have very little for themselves. So far are they from being tender of one another's reputation, that they take a malicious pleasure in destroying it. My Lady the other day, when Jack was asking who could be so base to spread such a report about Mrs.—— answered, None, you may be sure, but a woman. A little after, Dick told my Lady, that he had heard Florella hint as if Cleora wore artificial teeth. The reason is, said she, because Cleora first gave out, that Florella owed her complexion to a wash. Thus the industrious pretty creatures take pains by invention, to throw blemishes on each other, when they do not consider that there is a profligate set of fellows too ready to taint the character of the virtuous, or blast the charms of the blooming virgin. The young lady, from whom I had the honour of receiving the following letter, deserves, or rather claims protection from our sex, since so barbarously treated by her own. Certainly they ought to defend innocence from injury, who gave ignorantly the occasion of its being assaulted. Had the men been less liberal of their applauses, the women had been more sparing of these calumnious censures.

To the GUARDIAN.

SIR,

I DO not know at what nice point you fix the bloom of a young lady; but I am one who can just look back upon fifteen. My father dying three years ago, left me under the care and direction of my mother, with a fortune not profusely great, yet such as might demand a very

handſome ſettlements, if ever propoſals of marriage ſhould be offered. My mother, after the uſual time of retired mourning was over, was ſo affectionately indulgent to me, as to take me along with her in all her viſits; but ſtill not thinking ſhe gratified my youth enough, permitted me further to go with my relations to all the public, chearful, but innocent entertainments, where ſhe was too reſerved to appear herſelf. The two firſt years of my teens were eaſy, gay, and delightful. Every one careſſed me; the old ladies told me how finely I grew, and the young ones were proud of my company. But when the third year had a little advanced, my relations uſed to tell my mother that pretty Miſs Clary was ſhot up into a woman. The gentlemen began now not to let their eyes glance over me, and in moſt places I found myſelf diſtinguiſhed; but obſerved, the more I grew into the eſteem of their ſex, the more I loſt the favour of my own. Some of thoſe whom I had been familiar with, grew cold and indifferent: others miſtook, by deſign, my meaning, made me ſpeak what I never thought, and ſo, by degrees, took occaſion to break off all acquaintance. There were ſeveral little inſignificant reflections caſt upon me, as being a lady of a great many quaintneſſes, and ſuch like, which I ſeemed not to take notice of. But my mother coming home about a week ago, told me there was a ſcandal ſpread about town by my enemies, that would at once ruin me for ever for a beauty. I earneſtly entreated her to know it; ſhe refuſed me, but yeſterday it diſcovered itſelf. Being in an aſſembly of gentlemen and ladies, one of the gentlemen who had been very facetious to ſeveral of the ladies, at laſt turning to me, And as for

'you, Madam, Prior has already given us your 'character,

"That air and harmony of shape express,
"Fine by degrees, and beautifully less."

'I perceived immediately a malignant smile dis-'play itself in the countenance of some of the la-'dies, which they seconded with a scornful flutter 'of the fan; until one of them, unable any longer 'to contain, asked the gentleman if he did not re-'member what Congreve said about Aurelia, for 'she thought it mighty pretty. He made no an-'swer, but instantly repeated the verses.

"The Mulcibers who in the Minories sweat,
"And massive bars on stubborn anvils beat,
"Deform'd themselves, yet forg'd those stays of steel,
"Which arm Aurelia with a shape to kill."

'This was no sooner over, but it was easily discer-'nible what an ill-natured satisfaction most of the 'company took; and the more pleasure they shewed 'by dwelling upon the two last lines, the more they 'increased my trouble and confusion. And now, 'Sir, after this tedious account, what would you 'advise me to? Is there no way to be cleared of 'these malicious calumnies? What is beauty worth, 'that makes the possessor thus unhappy? Why was 'nature so lavish of her gifts to me, as to make 'her kindness prove a cruelty? They tell me my 'shape is delicate, my eyes sparkling, my lips I 'know not what, my cheeks, forsooth, adorned 'with a just mixture of the rose and lily; but I 'wish this face was barely not disagreeable, this 'voice harsh and unharmonious, these limbs only 'not deformed, and then perhaps I might live easy 'and unmolested, and neither raise love and ad-

meridian with men, our scandal and hatred to the women.

Your very humble servant,

CLARINA.

The best answer I can make my fair correspondent, is, That she ought to comfort herself with this consideration, that those who talk thus of her know it is false, but wish they could make others believe it true. It is not they think you deformed, but are vexed that they themselves were not as nicely framed. If you will take an old man's advice, laugh, and be not concerned at them; they have attained what they endeavoured if they make you uneasy; for it is envy, that has made them so. I would not have you wish your shape one sixtieth part of an inch disproportioned, nor desire your face might be impoverished with the ruin of half a feature, though numbers of remaining beauties might make the loss insensible; but take courage, go into the brightest assemblies, and the world will quickly confess it to be scandal. Thus Plato, hearing it was asserted by some persons that he was a very bad man; "I shall take care," said he, "to "live so, that nobody will believe them."

I shall conclude this paper with a relation of matter of fact. A gay young gentleman in the country, not many years ago, fell desperately in love with a blooming fine creature, whom give me leave to call Melissa. After a pretty long delay, and frequent solicitations, she refused several others of larger estates, and consented to make him happy. But they had not been married much above a twelvemonth, but he experienced too true what Juba says;

"Beauty soon grows familiar to the lover,
"Fades in the eye, and palls upon the sense."

Polydore (for that was his name) finding himself grow every day more uneasy, and unwilling she should discover the cause, for diversion came up to town, and, to avoid all suspicions, brought Melissa along with him. After some stay here, Polydore was one day informed, that a set of ladies over their tea-table, in the circle of scandal, had touched upon Melissa.—And was that the silly thing so much talked of? How did she ever grow into a toast? For their parts they had eyes as well as the men, but could not discover where her beauties lay. Polydore upon hearing this, flew immediately home, and told Melissa, with the utmost transport, that he was now fully convinced how numberless were her charms, since her own sex would not allow her any.

Mr. IRONSIDE, Button's Coffeehouse.

'I HAVE observed that this day you make mention of Will's Coffeehouse as a place where people are too polite to hold a man in discourse by the button. Every body knows your honour frequents this house; therefore they will take an advantage against me, and say, if my company was as civil as that at Will's, you would say so. Therefore pray your honour do not be afraid of doing me justice, because people would think it may be a conceit below you on this occasion to name the name of

Your humble servant,

DANIEL BUTTON.

'The young poets are in the back room, and take their places as you directed.'

No 86. [illegible]

—Cui mens divinior, [illegible]

—— who writes

[illegible]

TO NESTOR IRONSIDE, Esq;

Sir,

THE classical writers, according to your advice, are by no means neglected by me, while I pursue my studies in divinity. I am persuaded that they are fountains of good sense and eloquence; and that it is absolutely necessary for a young mind to form itself upon such models. For by a careful study of their style and manner, we shall at least avoid those faults, into which a youthful imagination is apt to hurry us; such as luxuriance of fancy, licentiousness of style, redundancy of thought, and false ornaments. As I have been flattered by my friends, that I have some genius for poetry, I sometimes turn my thoughts that way; and with pleasure reflect that I have got over that childish part of life, which delights in points and turns of wit; and that I can take a manly and rational satisfaction in that which is called painting in poetry. Whether it be, that in these copyings of Nature, the object is placed in such lights and circumstances, as strike the fancy agreeably; or whether we are

‘ surprised to find objects, that are absent, placed
‘ before our eyes; or whether it be our admiration
‘ of the author's art and dexterity; or whether we
‘ amuse ourselves with comparing the picture and
‘ the original; or rather (which is most probable)
‘ because all these reasons concur to affect us, we
‘ are wonderfully charmed with these drawings
‘ after the life, this magic that raises apparitions in
‘ the fancy.

‘ Landskips, or still life, work much less upon us,
‘ than representations of the postures or passions of
‘ living creatures. Again, these passions or pos-
‘ tures strike us more or less in proportion to the
‘ ease or violence of their motions. An horse
‘ grazing moves us less than one stretching in a
‘ race, and a racer less than one in the fury of a
‘ battle. It is very difficult, I believe, to express
‘ violent motions, which are fleeting and transitory,
‘ either in colours or words. In poetry it requires
‘ great spirit in thought, and energy in style;
‘ which we find more of in the Eastern poetry,
‘ than in either the Greek or Roman. The great
‘ Creator, who accommodated himself to those he
‘ vouchsafed to speak to, hath put into the mouths
‘ of his prophets such sublime sentiments and ex-
‘ alted language, as must abash the pride and wit
‘ of man. In the book of Job, the most ancient
‘ poem in the world, we have such paintings and
‘ descriptions, as I have spoken of, in great variety.
‘ I shall at present make some remarks on the cele-
‘ brated description of the horse in that holy book,
‘ and compare it with those drawn by Homer and
‘ Virgil.

‘ Homer hath the following similitude of an
‘ horse twice over in the Iliad, which Virgil hath
‘ copied from him; at least he hath deviated less
‘ from Homer, than Mr Dryden hath from him.

"Freed from his keeper, thus with broken reins,
"The wanton courser prances o'er the plains,
"Or in the pride of youth o'erleaps the mounds,
"And snuffs the females in forbidden grounds.
"Or seeks his wat'ring in the well-known flood,
"To quench his thirst, and cool his fiery blood;
"He swims luxuriant in the liquid plain,
"And o'er his shoulders flows his waving mane:
"He neighs, he snorts, he bears his head on high;
"Before his ample chest the frothy waters fly."

Virgil's description is much fuller than the foregoing, which, as I said, is only a simile; whereas Virgil professes to treat of the nature of the horse. It is thus admirably translated.

"The fiery courser, when he hears from far
"The sprightly trumpets, and the shouts of war,
"Pricks up his ears, and trembling with delight,
"Shifts pace, and paws; and hopes the promis'd fight.
"On his right shoulder his thick mane reclin'd,
"Ruffles at speed, and dances in the wind.
"His horny hoofs are jetty black, and round;
"His chine is double; starting with a bound
"He turns the turf, and shakes the solid ground.
"Fire from his eyes, clouds from his nostrils flow;
"He bears his rider headlong on the foe."

Now follows that in the book of Job; which under all the disadvantages of having been written in a language little understood; of being expressed in phrases peculiar to a part of the world, whose manner of thinking and speaking seems to us very uncouth; and above all, of appearing in a prose translation; is nevertheless so transcendently above the heathen descriptions, that hereby we may perceive how faint and languid the images are, which are formed by mortal authors, when compared with that, which is figured, as it were, just as it appears in the eye of the Creator. God speaking to Job, asks him,

"Haſt thou given the horſe ſtrength? haſt thou
" clothed his neck with thunder? Canſt thou make
" him afraid as a graſhopper? the glory of his
" noſtrils is terrible. He paweth in the valley, and
" rejoiceth in his ſtrength: He goeth on to meet
" the armed men. He mocketh at fear, and is
" not affrighted; neither turneth he back from the
" ſword. The quiver rattleth againſt him, the
" glittering ſpear and the ſhield. He ſwalloweth
" the ground with fierceneſs and rage; neither be-
" lieveth he that it is the ſound of the trumpet.
" He ſaith amongſt the trumpets, Ha, ha; and
" he ſmelleth the battle afar off; the thunder of
" the captains, and the ſhouting."

'Here are all the great and ſprightly images,
' that thought can form, of this generous beaſt,
' expreſſed in ſuch force and vigour of ſtyle, as
' would have given the great wits of antiquity new
' laws for the ſublime, had they been acquainted
' with theſe writings. I cannot but particularly
' obſerve, that whereas the claſſical poets chiefly
' endeavour to paint the outward figure, lineaments,
' and motions; the ſacred poet makes all the beau-
' ties to flow from an inward principle in the crea-
' ture he deſcribes, and thereby gives great ſpirit
' and vivacity to his deſcription. The following
' phraſes and circumſtances ſeem ſingularly re-
' markable.

" Haſt thou cloathed his neck with thunder?"
' Homer and Virgil mention nothing about the
' neck of the horſe, but his mane. The ſacred
' author, by the bold figure of thunder, not only
' expreſſes the ſhaking of that remarkable beauty
' in the horſe, and the flakes of hair which natu-
' rally ſuggeſt the idea of lightning; but likewiſe
' the violent agitation and force of the neck, which

'in the oriental tongues hath been finely expressed 'by a metaphor less than this:

"Canst thou make him afraid as a grasshopper?" 'There is a twofold beauty in this expression, which 'not only marks the courage of this beast, by ask'ing if he can be scared, but likewise raises a noble 'image of his swiftness, by insinuating, that if he 'could be frighted, he would bound away with 'the nimbleness of a grasshopper.

"The glory of his nostrils is terrible." This is 'more strong and concise than that of Virgil, which 'yet is the noblest line that was ever written with'out inspiration.

> "Collectumque premens volvit sub naribus ignem."
>
> Georg. 3. v. 85.
>
> And in his nostrils rolls collected fire.

"He rejoiceth in his strength — He mocketh at "fear — neither believeth he that it is the sound "of the trumpet — He saith among the trumpets, "Ha, ha; are signs of courage, as I said before, 'flowing from an inward principle. There is a 'peculiar beauty in his 'not believing it is the 'sound of the trumpet;' that is, he cannot believe 'it for joy; but when he was sure of it, and is 'amongst the trumpets, he saith, Ha, ha;' he 'neighs, he rejoices. His docility is elegantly 'painted in his being unmoved at the 'rattling 'quiver, the glittering spear and the shield;' and 'is well imitated by Oppian (who undoubtedly 'read Job as well as Virgil) in his poem upon 'hunting.

> "How firm the manag'd war-horse keeps his ground,
> "Nor breaks his order tho' the trumpets sound!
> "With fearless eye the glitt'ring host surveys,
> "And glares directly at the helmet's blaze.

"The master's word, the laugh of war he knows,
"And when to stop, and when to charge the foes.

'He swalloweth the ground, is an expression, for prodigious swiftness, in use among the Arabians, Job's countrymen, at this day. The Latins have something like it.

"Latumque fugâ consumere campum." *Nemesian.*
In flight the extended champain to consume.

"Carpere prata fugâ." *Virg. Georg.* 3.
In flight to crop the meads.

"—campumque volatu
"Cùm rapuere, pedum vestigia quæras." *Sil. Ital.*
When in their flight the champain they have snatch'd,
No track is left behind.

'It is indeed the boldest and noblest of images for swiftness; nor have I met with any thing that comes so near it, as Mr. Pope's in Windsor Forest.

"Th' impatient courser pants in ev'ry vein,
"And pawing, seems to beat the distant plain;
"Hills, vales and floods appear already crost;
"And ere he starts, a thousand steps are lost."

'He smelleth the battle afar off, and what follows about the shouting, is a circumstance expressed with great spirit by Lucan.

"So when the ring with joyful shouts rebounds,
"With rage and pride th' imprison'd courser bounds;
"He frets, he foams, he rends his idle rein,
"Springs o'er the fence, and headlong seeks the plain."

'I am, Sir,
'your ever obliged servant,

No 87. Saturday, June 20.

Constiterant hinc Thisbe, Pyramus illinc,
Inque vicem fuerat captatus anhelitus oris.

Ovid. Met. l. 4. v. 71.

Here Pyramus, there gentle Thisbe strove
To catch each other's breath, the balmy breeze of love.

MY Precautions are made up of all that I can hear and see, translate, borrow, paraphrase, or contract, from the persons with whom I mingle and converse, and the authors whom I read. But the grave discourses which I sometimes give the town do not win so much attention as lighter matters. For this reason it is, that I am obliged to consider vice as it is ridiculous, and accompanied with gallantry, else I find in a very short time I shall lie like waste paper on the tables of coffeehouses. Where I have taken most pains I often find myself least read. There is a spirit of intrigue got into all, even the meanest of the people, and the very servants are bent upon delights, and commence oglers and languishers. I happened the other day to pass by a gentleman's house, and saw the most flippant scene of low love that I have ever observed. The maid was rubbing the windows within side of the house, and her humble servant the footman was so happy a man as to be employed in cleaning the same glass on the side toward the street. The wench began with the greatest severity of aspect imaginable, and breathing on the glass, followed it with a dry cloth;

her opposite observed her, and fetching a deep sigh, as if it were his last, with a very disconsolate air did the same on his side of the window. He still worked on and languished, until at last his fair one smiled, but covered herself, and spreading the napkin in her hand, concealed herself from her admirer, while he took pains, as it were, to work through all that intercepted their meeting. This pretty contest held for four or five large panes of glass, until at last the waggery was turned into an humorous way of breathing in each other's faces, and catching the impression. The gay creatures were thus loving and pleasing their imaginations with their nearness and distance, until the windows were so transparent that the beauty of the female made the man-servant impatient of beholding it, and the whole house besides being abroad, he ran in, and they romped out of my sight. It may be imagined these Oglers of no quality made a more sudden application of the intention of kind sighs and glances, than those whose education lays them under greater restraints, and who are consequently more slow in their advances. I have often observed all the low part of the town in love, and taking a hackney-coach, have considered all that passed by me in that light, as these cities are composed of crowds wherein there is not one who is not lawfully or unlawfully engaged in that passion. When one is in this speculation, it is not unpleasant to observe alliances between those males and females whose lot it is to act in public. Thus the woods in the middle of summer, are not more entertaining with the different notes of birds, than the town is with the different voices of the several sorts of people who act in public; they are divided into classes, and crouds made for crouding. The bagh-

ney-coachmen, chairmen, and porters, are the lovers of the hawker-women, fruiterers, and milk-maids. They are a wild world of themselves, and have voices significant of their private inclinations, which strangers can take no notice of. Thus a wench with fruit looks like a mad woman when she cries wares you see she does not carry; but those in the secret know that cry is only an assignation to an hackney-coachman who is driving by, and understands her. The whole people is in an intrigue, and the undiscerning passengers are unacquainted with the meaning of what they hear all round them: they know not how to separate the cries of mercenary traders, from the sighs and lamentations of languishing lovers. The common face of modesty is lost among the ordinary part of the world, and the general corruption of manners is visible from the loss of all deference in the low people towards those of condition. One order of mankind trips fast after the next above it, and by this rule you may trace iniquity from the conversations of the most wealthy to those of the humblest degree. It is an act of great resolution to pass by a croud of polite footmen, who can rally, make love, ridicule, and observe upon all the passengers who are obliged to go by the places where they wait. This licence makes different characters among them, and there are beaux, partymen, and Free-thinkers in livery. I take it for a rule, that there is no bad man but makes a bad woman, and the contagion of vice is what should make people cautious of their behaviour. Juvenal says, "there "is the greatest reverence to be had to the presence of children;" it may be as well said of the presence of servants, and it would be some kind of virtue if we kept our vices to ourselves. It

is a feeble authority which has not the support of personal respect, and the dependence founded only upon their receiving their maintenance of us, is not of force enough to support us against an habitual behaviour, for which they contemn and deride us. No man can be well served, but by those who have an opinion of his merit; and that opinion cannot be kept up, but by an exemption from those faults which we would rally in our dependents.

Though our fopperies imitated are subjects of laughter, our vices transferred to our servants give matter of lamentation. But there is nothing in which our females are so docile, as in the imitation of our delights. It is therefore but common prudence to take care, that our inferiors know of none but our innocent ones. It is, methinks, a very arrogant thing to expect that the single consideration of not offending us should curb our servants from vice, when much higher motives cannot moderate our own inclinations. But I began this paper with an observation that the lower world is got into fashionable vices, and above all to the understanding the language of the eye. There is nothing but writing songs which the footmen do not practise as well as their masters. Spurious races of mankind, which pine in want and perish in their first months of being, come into the world from this degeneracy. The possession of wealth and affluence seems to carry some faint extenuation of his guilt who is sunk by it into luxury; but poverty and servitude accompanied with the vices of wealth and licentiousness, is, I believe, a circumstance of ill peculiar to our age. This may, perhaps, be matter of jest, or is overlooked by those who do not turn their thoughts upon the actions

of others. But from that one particular, of the immorality of our ſervants ariſing from the negligence of maſters of families in their care of them, flows that irreſiſtible torrent of diſaſters which ſpreads itſelf through all human life. Old age oppreſſed with beggary, youth drawn into the commiſſion of murders and robberies, both owe their diſaſter to this evil. If we conſider the happineſs which grows out of a fatherly conduct towards ſervants, it would encourage a man to that ſort of care, as much as the effects of a libertine behaviour to them would affright us.

Lycurgus is a man of that noble diſpoſition, that his domeſtics, in a nation of the greateſt liberty, enjoy a freedom known only to themſelves, who live under his roof. He is the banker, the council, the parent of all his numerous dependents. Kindneſs is the law of his houſe, and the way to his favour is being gentle and well-natured to their fellow-ſervants. Every one recommends himſelf, by appearing officious to let their patron know the merit of others under his care. Many little fortunes have ſtreamed out of his favour; and his prudence is ſuch, that the fountain is not exhauſted by the channels from it, but its way cleared to run new meanders. He beſtows with ſo much judgement, that his bounty is the increaſe of his wealth; all who ſhare his favour, are enabled to enjoy it by his example, and he has not only made, but qualified many a man to be rich.

No 88. MONDAY, JUNE 22.

Mens agitat molem.

[illegible]

TO one who regards things with a philosophical eye, and hath a soul capable of being delighted with the sense that truth and knowledge prevail among men, it must be a grateful reflection to think that the sublimest truths, which among the heathens, only here and there, one of brighter parts and more leisure than ordinary could attain to, are now grown familiar to the meanest inhabitants of these nations.

Whence came this surprising change, that regions formerly inhabited by ignorant and savage people, should now outshine antient Greece, and the other eastern countries, so renowned of old, in the most elevated notions of theology and morality? Is it the effect of our own parts and industry? Have our common mechanics more refined understandings than the ancient philosophers? It is owing to the God of truth, who came down from heaven, and condescended to be himself our teacher. It is as we are Christians, that we profess more excellent and divine truths than the rest of mankind.

If there be any of the Free-thinkers who are not direct atheists, charity would incline one to believe them ignorant of what is here advanced. And it is for their information that I write this paper, the design of which is to compare the ideas that Chri-

stians entertain of the being and attributes of a God, with the gross notions of the heathen world. Is it possible for the mind of man to conceive a more august idea of the Deity than is set forth in the holy scriptures? I shall throw together some passages relating to this subject, which I propose only as philosophical sentiments, to be considered by a Free-thinker.

'Though there be that are called gods, yet to 'us there be but one God. He made the heaven, 'and heaven of heavens, with all their host; the 'earth and all things that are therein; the seas 'and all that is therein: He said, Let them be, 'and it was so. He hath stretched forth the 'heavens. He hath founded the earth, and hung 'it upon nothing. He hath shut up the sea with 'doors, and said, Hitherto shalt thou come and no 'farther, and here shall thy proud waves be staid. 'The Lord is an invisible Spirit, in whom we live, 'and move, and have our being. He is the fountain 'of life. He preserveth man and beast. He giveth 'food to all flesh. In his hand is the soul of every 'living thing, and the breath of all mankind. The 'Lord maketh poor and maketh rich. He bring-'eth low and lifteth up. He killeth and maketh 'alive. He woundeth and he healeth. By him 'kings reign, and princes decree justice; and not 'a sparrow falleth to the ground without him. All 'angels, authorities, and powers are subject to 'him. He appointeth the moon for seasons, and 'the sun knoweth his going down. He thunder-'eth with his voice, and directeth it under the 'whole heaven, and his lightening unto the ends 'of the earth. Fire and hail, snow and vapour, 'wind and storm, fulfil his word. The Lord is 'King for ever and ever, and his dominion is an

'n everlaſting dominion. The earth and the heavens 'ſhall periſh, but thou, O Lord, remaineſt. They 'all ſhall wax old as doth a garment, and as a 'veſture ſhalt thou fold them up, and they ſhall 'be changed; but thou art the ſame, and thy 'years ſhall have no end. God is perfect in know-'ledge; his underſtanding is infinite. He is the 'Father of lights. He looketh to the ends of the 'earth, and ſeeth under the whole heaven. The 'Lord beholdeth all the children of men from 'the place of his habitation, and conſidereth 'all their works. He knoweth our down-ſitting 'and up-riſing; he compaſſeth our path, and 'counteth our ſteps. He is acquainted with all 'our ways; and when we enter our cloſet, and 'ſhut our door, he ſeeth us. He knoweth the 'things that come into our mind, every one of 'them; and no thought can be with-holden from 'him. The Lord is good to all, and his tender 'mercies are over all his works. He is a father 'of the fatherleſs, and a judge of the widow. He 'is the God of peace, the Father of mercies, and 'the God of all comfort and conſolation. The 'Lord is great, and we know him not; his great-'neſs is unſearchable. Who but he hath meaſured 'the waters in the hollow of his hand, and meted 'out the heavens with a ſpan? Thine, O Lord, is 'the greatneſs, and the power, and the glory, and 'the victory, and the majeſty. Thou art very 'great, thou art clothed with honour. Heaven 'is thy throne, and earth is thy footſtool.'

Can the mind of a philoſopher riſe to a more juſt and magnificent, and at the ſame time a more amiable idea of the Deity than is here ſet forth in the ſtrongeſt images and moſt emphatical language? And yet this is the language of ſhepherds and fiſher-

men. The illiterate Jews and poor persecuted Christians retained these noble sentiments, while the polite and powerful nations of the earth were given up to that sottish sort of worship, of which the following elegant description is extracted from one of the inspired writers.

'Who hath formed a God, and molten an image 'that is profitable for nothing? The smith with 'the tongs both worketh in the coals and fashion-'eth it with hammers, and worketh it with the 'strength of his arms: yea he is hungry and his 'strength faileth. He drinketh no water and is 'faint. A man planteth an ash, and the rain 'doth nourish it; he burneth part thereof in the 'fire; he roasteth roast; he warmeth himself; and 'the residue thereof he maketh a god. He falleth 'down unto it, and worshippeth it, and prayeth un-'to it, and sayeth, Deliver me, for thou art my 'God. None considereth in his heart, I have burnt 'part of it in the fire, yea also, I have baked bread 'upon the coals thereof; I have roasted flesh 'and eaten it; and shall I make the residue there-'of an abomination? Shall I fall down to the stock 'of a tree?'

In such circumstances as these, for a man to declare for Free-thinking, and disengage himself from the yoke of idolatry, were doing honour to human nature, and a work well becoming the great asserters of reason. But in a church, where our adoration is directed to the Supreme Being, and (to say the least) where is nothing either in the object or manner of worship that contradicts the light of nature; there, under the pretence of Free-thinking, to rail at the religious institutions of their country, sheweth an undistinguishing genius that mistakes opposition for freedom of thought. And, indeed, notwithstanding the pretences of some few among

our free-thinkers, I can hardly think there are men so stupid and inconsistent with themselves, as to have a serious regard for natural religion, and at the same time use their utmost endeavours to destroy the credit of those sacred writings, which as they have been the means of bringing these parts of the world to the knowledge of natural religion, so in case they lose their authority over the minds of men, we should of course sink into the same idolatry which we see practised by other unenlightened nations.

If a person who exerts himself in the modern way of Free-thinking be not a stupid idolater, it is undeniable that he contributes all he can to the making other men so, either by ignorance or design; which lays him under the dilemma, I will not say of being a fool or knave, but of incurring the contempt or detestation of mankind.

Nº 89. Tuesday, June 23.

"Igneus est ollis vigor, & coelestis origo
"Seminibus" ——— *Virg. Aen. 6. v. 730.*

They boast etherial vigour, and are form'd
From seeds of heavenly birth.

THE same faculty of reason and understanding, which placeth us above the brute part of the creation, doth also subject our minds to greater and more manifold disquiets than creatures of an inferior rank are sensible of. It is by this that we anticipate future disasters, and oft create to ourselves real pain from imaginary evils, as well

as multiply the pangs arising from those which cannot be avoided.

It behoves us therefore to make the best use of that sublime talent, which, so long as it continues the instrument of passion, will serve only to make us more miserable, in proportion as we are more excellent than other beings.

It is the privilege of a thinking being to withdraw from the objects that solicit his senses, and turn his thoughts inward on himself. For my own part, I often mitigate the pain arising from the little misfortunes and disappointments that chequer human life by this introversion of my faculties, wherein I regard my own soul as the image of her Creator, and receive great consolation from beholding those perfections which testify her divine original, and lead me into some knowledge of her everlasting Archetype.

But there is not any property or circumstance of my being that I contemplate with more joy than my immortality. I can easily overlook any present momentary sorrow, when I reflect that it is in my power to be happy a thousand years hence. If it were not for this thought, I had rather be an oister than a man, the most stupid and senseless of animals than a reasonable mind tortured with an extreme innate desire of that perfection which it despairs to obtain.

It is with great pleasure that I behold Instinct, Reason and Faith, concurring to attest this comfortable truth. It is revealed from heaven, it is discovered by philosophers, and the ignorant, unenlightened part of mankind have a natural propensity to believe it. It is an agreeable entertainment to reflect on the various shapes under which this doctrine has appeared in the world. The Pytha-

gorean transmigration, the sensual habitations of the Mahometan, and the shady realms of Plato, do all agree in the main points, the continuation of our existence, and the distribution of rewards and punishments, proportioned to the merits and demerits of men in this life.

But in all these schemes there is something gross and improbable, that shocks a reasonable and speculative mind. Whereas nothing can be more rational and sublime than the Christian idea of a future state. "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, "neither hath it entered into the heart of man to "conceive the things which God hath prepared "for those that love him." The above-mentioned schemes are narrow transcripts of our present state; but in this indefinite description there is something ineffably great and noble. The mind of man must be raised to a higher pitch, not only to partake the enjoyments of the Christian paradise, but even to be able to frame any notion of them.

Nevertheless, in order to gratify our imagination, and by way of condescension to our low way of thinking, the ideas of light, glory, a crown, &c. are made use of to adumbrate that which we cannot directly understand. "The Lamb which is in "the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall "lead them unto living fountains of waters; and "God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes. "And there shall be no more death, neither sor"row, nor crying, neither shall there be any more "pain; for the former things are passed away, and "behold all things are new. There shall be no "night there, and they need no candle, neither "light of the sun: for the Lord God giveth them "light, and shall make them drink of the river of "his pleasures; and they shall reign for ever and

"ever. They shall receive a crown of glory "which fadeth not away."

These are chearing reflections; and I have often wondered that men could be found so dull and phlegmatic, as to prefer the thought of annihilation before them; or so ill-natured, as to endeavour to persuade mankind to the disbelief of what is so pleasing and profitable even in the prospect; or so blind, as not to see that there is a Deity, and if there be, that this scheme of things flows from his attributes, and evidently corresponds with the other parts of his creation.

I know not how to account for this absurd turn of thought, except it proceed from a want of other employment, joined with an affectation of singularity. I shall, therefore, inform our modern Free-thinkers of two points whereof they seem to be ignorant. The first is, that it is not the being singular, but being singular for something, that argues either extraordinary endowments of nature, or benevolent intentions to mankind, which draws the admiration and esteem of the world. A mistake in this point naturally arises from that confusion of thought which I do not remember to have seen so great instances of in any writers, as in certain modern Free-thinkers.

The other point is, that there are innumerable objects within the reach of a human mind, and each of these objects may be viewed in innumerable lights and positions, and the relations arising between them are innumerable. There is, therefore, an infinity of things whereon to employ their thoughts, if not with advantage to the world, at least, with amusement to themselves, and without offence or prejudice to other people. If they proceed to exert their talent of Free-thinking in this

way; they may be innocently dull, and no one take any notice of it. But to see men without either wit or argument pretend to run down divine and human laws, and treat their fellow-subjects with contempt for professing a belief of those points on which the present as well as future interest of mankind depends, is not to be endured. For my own part, I shall omit no endeavours to render their persons as despicable, and their practices as odious, in the eye of the world, as they deserve.

Nº 90. WEDNESDAY, JUNE 24.

——"Fungar vice cotis"—— *Hor. Ars Poet. v. 304.*

I'll play the whetstone. *Creech.*

IT is, they say, frequent with authors to write letters to themselves, either out of laziness or vanity.

The following is genuine, and, I think, deserves the attention of every man of sense in England.

To the GUARDIAN.

'SIR, June 20.

'THOUGH I am not apt to make complaints, 'and have never yet troubled you with any, 'and little thought I ever should, yet, seeing that 'in your paper of this day, you take no notice of 'yesterday's Examiner, as I hoped you would; my 'love for my religion, which is so nearly concerned, 'would not permit me to be silent. The matter,

'Sir, is this. A Bishop * of our church (to whom
'the Examiner himself has nothing to object, but
'his care and concern for the protestant religion,
'which by him, it seems, is thought a sufficient
'fault) has lately published a book, in which he
'endeavours to shew the folly, ignorance and mi-
'stake of the church of Rome in its worship of
'saints: from this the Examiner takes occasion to
'fall upon the author with his utmost malice, and
'to make him the subject of his ridicule. Is it
'then become a crime for a protestant to speak or
'write in defence of his religion? Shall a Papist
'have leave to print and publish in England what
'he pleases in defence of his own opinion, with
'the Examiner's approbation, and shall not a pro-
'testant be permitted to write an answer to it?
'For this, Mr Guardian, is the present case. Last
'year a Papist (or, to please Mr Examiner, a Ro-
'man Catholic) published the life of St Wenefrede,
'for the use of those devout pilgrims who go in
'great numbers to offer up their prayers to her at
'her well. This gave occasion to the worthy pre-
'late, in whose diocese that well is, to make some
'observations upon it; and in order to undeceive
'so many poor deluded people, to show how little
'reason, and how small authority there is, not
'only to believe any of the miracles attributed to
'St Wenefrede, but even to believe there ever was
'such a person in the world. And shall then a
'good man, upon such an account, be liable to be
'abused in so public a manner? Can any good
'Church-of-England-man bear to see a Bishop,
'one whom her present Majesty was pleased to
'make, treated in so ludicrous a way? or shall one

* Dr William Fleetwood, Bishop of St Asaph.

'pass by the scurrility and the immodesty that is
'to be found in several parts of the paper? Who
'can with patience see St Paul and St Wenefrede
'set by the Examiner, upon a level, and the au-
'thority for one made by him to be equal with
'that for the other? Who that is a Christian can
'endure his insipid mirth upon so serious an oc-
'casion? I must confess, it raises my indignation to
'the greatest height, to see a pen that has been
'long employed in writing panegyrics upon per-
'sons of the first rank, (who would be indeed to
'be pitied, were they to depend upon that for their
'praise) to see, I say, the same pen at last made
'use of in defence of popery.

'I think I may now, with justice, congratulate
'those whom the Examiner dislikes; since, for my
'own part, I should reckon it my great honour to
'be worthy his disesteem, and should count his
'censure, praise.

'I am, SIR,

'Your most humble servant.'

The above letter complains, with great justice, against this incorrigible creature; but I do not insert any thing concerning him, in hopes what I say will have any effect upon him, but to prevent the impression which what he says may have upon others. I shall end this paper with a letter I have just now written to a gentleman, whose writings are often inserted in the Guardian, without deviation of one tittle from what he sends.

'SIR, June 23.

'I HAVE received the favour of your's with the
'inclosed, which made up the papers of the
'two last days. I cannot but look upon myself

'with great contempt and mortification, when I 'reflect that I have thrown away more hours than 'you have lived, though you so much excel me in 'every thing for which I would live. Until I 'knew you, I thought it the privilege of angels 'only to be very knowing and very innocent. In 'the warmth of youth to be capable of such ab-'stracted and virtuous reflections, (with a suitable 'life) as those with which you entertain yourself, 'is the utmost of human perfection and felicity. 'The greatest honour I can conceive done to an-'other, is when an elder does reverence to a young-'er, though that younger is not distinguished above 'him by fortune. Your contempt of pleasures, 'riches and honour will crown you with them all, 'and I wish you them not for your own sake, but 'for the reason which only would make them eli-'gible by yourself, the good of others.

'I am, dearest youth,

'your friend and admirer,

NESTOR IRONSIDE.'

Nº 91. THURSDAY, JUNE 25.

——"Inest sua gratia parvis."

Little things have their value.

IT is the great rule of behaviour to follow Nature. The author of the following letter is so much convinced of this truth, that he turns what

would render a man of little soul, exceptious, humoursom, and particular in all his actions, to a subject of raillery and mirth. He is, you must know, but half as tall as an ordinary man, but is contented to be still at his friend's elbow, and has set up a club, by which he hopes to bring those of his own size into a little reputation.

To Nestor Ironside, Esq;

'Sir,

'I REMEMBER a saying of yours concerning persons in low circumstances of stature; that their littleness would hardly be taken notice of, if they did not manifest a consciousness of it themselves in all their behaviour. Indeed, the observation that no man is ridiculous, for being what he is, but only in the affectations of being something more, is equally true in regard to the mind and the body.

'I question not but it will be pleasing to you to hear, that a set of us have formed a society, who are sworn to 'Dare to be short,' and boldly bear out the dignity of littleness under the noses of those enormous engrossers of manhood, those hyperbolical monsters of the species, the tall fellows that overlook us.

'The day of our institution was the tenth of December, being the shortest of the year, on which we are to hold an annual feast over a dish of shrimps.

'The place we have chosen for this meeting is in the Little Piazza, not without an eye to the neighbourhood of Mr Powel's opera, for the performers of which we have, as becomes us, a brotherly affection.

‘ At our firſt reſort hither an old woman brought
‘ her ſon to the Club-Room, deſiring he might be
‘ educated in this ſchool, becauſe ſhe ſaw here
‘ were finer boys than ordinary. However, this
‘ accident no way diſcouraged our deſigns. We
‘ began with ſending invitations to thoſe of a ſta-
‘ ture not exceeding five foot, to repair to our aſ-
‘ ſembly; but the greater part returned excuſes,
‘ or pretended they were not qualified.

‘ One ſaid he was indeed but five foot at preſent,
‘ but repreſented that he ſhould ſoon exceed that
‘ proportion, his periwig-maker and ſhoemaker
‘ having lately promiſed him three inches more be-
‘ twixt them.

‘ Another alledged, he was ſo unfortunate as to
‘ have one leg ſhorter than the other, and whoever
‘ had determined his ſtature to five foot, had taken
‘ him at a diſadvantage; for when he was mount-
‘ ed on the other leg, he was at leaſt five foot two
‘ inches and a half.

‘ There were ſome who queſtioned the exactneſs
‘ of our meaſures, and others, inſtead of comply-
‘ ing, returned us informations of people yet ſhorter
‘ than themſelves. In a word, almoſt every one
‘ recommended ſome neighbour or acquaintance,
‘ whom he was willing we ſhould look upon to be
‘ leſs than he. We were not a little aſhamed that
‘ thoſe who are paſt the years of growth, and
‘ whoſe beards pronounce them men, ſhould be
‘ guilty of as many unfair tricks in this point, as
‘ the moſt aſpiring children when they are mea-
‘ ſured.

‘ We therefore proceeded to fit up the Club-
‘ Room, and provide conveniences for our accom-
‘ modation. In the firſt place, we cauſed a total
‘ removal of all the chairs, ſtools and tables, which

'had served the gross of mankind for many years. 'The disadvantages we had undergone, while we 'made use of these, were unspeakable. The president's whole body was sunk in the elbow-chair; 'and when his arms were spread over it, he appeared (to the great lessening of his dignity) like 'a child in a go-cart; it was also so wide in the 'seat, as to give a wag occasion of saying, that 'notwithstanding the president sat in it, there was 'a *sede vacante*.

'The table was so high that one, who came by 'chance to the door, seeing our chins just above 'the pewter dishes, took us for a circle of men 'that sat ready to be shaved, and sent in half a 'dozen barbers. Another time one of the club 'spoke contumeliously of the president, imagining 'he had been absent, when he was only eclipsed 'by a flask of Florence which stood on the table 'in a parallel line before his face. We therefore 'new-furnished the room in all respects proportionably to us, and had the door made lower, so as 'to admit no man of above five foot high, without brushing his foretop, which whoever does is 'utterly unqualified to sit among us.'

'Some of the statutes of the club are as follow:

'I. If it be proved upon any member, though 'never so duly qualified, that he strives as much 'as possible to get above his size, by stretching, 'cocking, or the like, or that he hath stood on 'tiptoe in a croud, with design to be taken for as 'tall a man as the rest; or hath privily conveyed 'any large book, cricket or other device under 'him, to exalt him on his seat; every such offen-

'der ſhall be ſentenced to walk in pumps for a 'whole month.

'II. If any member ſhall take advantage from 'the fulneſs or length of his wig, or any part of 'his dreſs, or the immoderate extent of his hat, or 'otherwiſe, to ſeem larger or higher than he is; 'it is ordered, he ſhall wear red heels to his ſhoes, 'and a red feather in his hat, which may appa- 'rently mark and ſet bounds to the extremities of 'his ſmall dimenſion, that all people may readily 'find him out between his hat and his ſhoes.

'III. If any member ſhall purchaſe a horſe for 'his own riding above fourteen hands and an half 'in height, that horſe ſhall forthwith be ſold, a 'Scotch Galloway bought in its ſtead for him, 'and the overplus of the money ſhall treat the 'club.

'IV. If any member, in direct contradiction to 'the fundamental laws of the ſociety, ſhall wear 'the heels of his ſhoes exceeding one inch and 'half, it ſhall be interpreted as an open renuncia- 'tion of littleneſs, and the criminal ſhall inſtantly 'be expelled. Note, The form to be uſed in ex- 'pelling a member ſhall be in theſe words, Go 'from among us, and be tall if you can!

'It is the unanimous opinion of our whole ſo- 'ciety, that ſince the race of mankind is granted 'to have decreaſed in ſtature from the beginning to 'this preſent, it is the intent of nature itſelf, that 'men ſhould be little; and we believe that all hu- 'man kind ſhall at laſt grow down to perfection, 'that is to ſay, be reduced to our own meaſure.

'I am very literally,

'Your humble ſervant,

'BOB SHORT.'

No 92. FRIDAY, JUNE 26.

" Homunculi quanti sunt, cum recogito !" Plautus.

Now I recollect, how considerable are these little men !

To NESTOR IRONSIDE, Esq.

' SIR,

' THE Club rising early this evening, I have
' time to finish my account of it. You are
' already acquainted with the nature and design
' of our institution; the characters of the members,
' and the topics of our conversation, are what re-
' main for the subject of this epistle.

' The most eminent persons of our assembly are
' a little poet, a little lover, a little politician, and
' a little hero. The first of these, Dick Distich by
' name, we have elected president, not only as he
' is the shortest of us all, but because he has en-
' tertained so just a sense of his stature, as to go
' generally in black, that he may appear yet less.
' Nay, to that perfection is he arrived, that he
' stoops as he walks. The figure of the man is
' odd enough; he is a lively little creature, with
' long arms and legs; a spider is no ill emblem
' of him. He has been taken at a distance for a
' small windmill. But indeed what principally
' moved us in his favour was his talent in poetry,
' for he hath promised to undertake a long work
' in short verse to celebrate the heroes of our size.
' He has entertained so great a respect for Statius,
' on the score of that line,

"Major in exiguo regnabat corpore virtus."
A larger portion of heroick fire
Did his small limbs and little breast inspire.

that he once designed to translate the whole Thebaid for the sake of little Tydeus.

Tom Tiptoe, a dapper black fellow, is the most gallant lover of the age. He is particularly nice in his habiliments; and to the end justice may be done him that way, constantly employs the same artist who makes attire for the neighbouring Princes and Ladies of quality at Mr Powel's. The vivacity of his temper inclines him sometimes to boast of the favours of the fair. He was, the other night, excusing his absence from the club, upon account of an assignation with a Lady, (and, as he had the vanity to tell us, a tall one too) who had consented to the full accomplishment of his desires that evening: but one of the company, who was his confident, assured us she was a woman of humour, and made the agreement on this condition, that his toe should be tied to hers.

Our politician is a person of real gravity, and professed wisdom. Gravity in a man of this size, compared with that of one of ordinary bulk, appears like the gravity of a cat compared with that of a lion. This Gentleman is accustomed to talk to himself, and was once over-heard to compare his own person to a little cabinet, wherein are locked up all the secrets of state, and refined schemes of Princes. His face is pale and meagre, which proceeds from much watching and studying for the welfare of Europe, which is also thought to have stinted his growth: For he hath destroyed his own constitution with tak-

'ing care of that of the nation. He is what Monf.
'Balzac calls " a great diftiller of the maxims of
" Tacitus." When he fpeaks, it is flowly and
'word by word, as one that is loth to enrich you
'too faft with his obfervations; like a limbeck that
'gives you, drop by drop, an extract of the fim-
'ples in it.

'The laft I fhall mention is Tim Tuck, the
'hero. He is particularly remarkable for the length
'of his fword, which interfects his perfon in a
'crofs line, and makes him appear not unlike a
'fly, that the boys have run a pin through and
'fet a walking. He once challenged a tall fellow
'for giving him a blow on the pate with his el-
'bow as he paffed along the ftreet. But what he
'efpecially values himfelf upon, is, that in all the
'campaigns he has made, he never once ducked
'at the whiz of a cannon-ball. Tim was full as
'large at fourteen years old as he is now. This
'we are tender of mentioning, your little heroes
'being generally choleric.

'These are the gentlemen that moft enliven our
'converfation. The difcourfe generally turns upon
'fuch accidents, whether fortunate or unfortunate,
'as are daily occafioned by our fize: Thefe we
'faithfully communicate, either as matter of mirth
'or of confolation to each other. The prefident
'had lately an unlucky fall, being unable to keep
'his legs on a ftormy day; whereupon he informed
'us, it was no new difafter, but the fame a certain
'ancient poet had been fubject to, who is recorded
'to have been fo light, that he was obliged to
'poife himfelf againft the wind with lead on one
'fide, and his own works on the other. The
'lover confeffed the other night that he had been
'cured of love to a tall woman by reading over

'the legend of Ragotine in Scaron, with his tea, 'three mornings successively. Our hero rarely 'acquaints us with any of his unsuccessful adven- 'tures; and as for the politician, he declares him- 'self an utter enemy to all kind of burlesque, so 'will never discompose the austerity of his aspect 'by laughing at our adventures, much less discover 'any of his own in this ludicrous light. What- 'ever he tells of any accidents that befal him, is 'by way of complaint, nor is he to be laughed at 'but in his absence.

'We are likewise particularly careful to com- 'municate in the Club all such passages of history, 'or characters of illustrious personages, as any 'way reflect honour on little men. Tim Tuck 'having but just reading enough for a military 'man, perpetually entertains us with the same sto- 'ries, of little David, that conquered the mighty Go- 'liah, and little Luxembourg that made Lewis XIV. 'a grand monarque, never forgetting little Alexan- 'der the Great. Dick Distich celebrates the ex- 'cessive humanity of Augustus, who called Ho- 'race *Lepidissimum Homunciolum*; and is won- 'derfully pleased with Voiture and Scaron, for 'having so well described their diminutive forms 'to all posterity. He is peremptorily of opinion, 'against a great reader, and all his adherents, that 'Æsop was not a jot properer or handsomer than 'he is represented by the common pictures. But 'the soldier believes with the learned person above- 'mentioned; for he thinks none but an impudent 'tall author could be guilty of such an unman- 'nerly piece of satire on little warriors, as his 'battle of the mouse and the frog. The politi- 'cian is very proud of a certain King of Egypt, 'called Bocchor, who, as Diodorus assures us, was

'a person of very low stature, but far exceeded all
'that went before him in discretion and politics.
'As I am secretary to the Club, it is my busi-
'ness whenever we meet to take minutes of the
'transactions: This has enabled me to send you
'the foregoing particulars, as I may hereafter
'other memoirs. We have spies appointed in every
'quarter of the town, to give us informations of
'the misbehaviour of such refractory persons as re-
'fuse to be subject to our statutes. Whatsoever
'aspiring practices any of these our people shall be
'guilty of in their amours, single combats, or any
'indirect means to manhood, we shall certainly
'be acquainted with, and publish to the world for
'their punishment and reformation. For the pre-
'sident has granted me the sole property of expo-
'sing and shewing to the town all such intractable
'dwarfs, whose circumstances exempt them from
'being carried about in boxes: reserving only to
'himself, as the right of a poet, those smart cha-
'racters that will shine in epigrams. Venerable
'Nestor, I salute you in the name of the Club.

'BOB SHORT, Secretary.'

N° 93. SATURDAY, JUNE 27.

—— animus lucis contemptor. *Virg. Aen. 9. v. 205.*

The thing call'd life with ease I can disclaim. *Dryden.*

THE following letters are curious and instruc-
tive, and shall make up the business of the
day.

To the Author of the GUARDIAN.

SIR,

THE inclosed is a faithful translation from an old author, which if it deserves your notice let the reader guess whether he was a Heathen or a Christian.

I am,

your most humble servant.

'I cannot, my friends, forbear letting you know what I think of death; for methinks I view and understand it much better, the nearer I approach to it. I am convinced that your fathers, those illustrious persons whom I so much loved and honoured, do not cease to live, though they have passed through what we call death; they are undoubtedly still living, but it is that sort of life which alone deserves truly to be called life. In effect, while we are confined to bodies, we ought to esteem ourselves no other than a sort of galley-slaves at the chain; since the soul, which is somewhat divine, and descends from heaven as the place of its original, seems debased and dishonoured by the mixture with flesh and blood, and to be in a state of banishment from its celestial country. I cannot help thinking too, that one main reason of uniting souls to bodies was, that the great work of the universe might have spectators to admire the beautiful order of Nature, the regular motion of heavenly bodies, who should strive to express that regularity in the uniformity of their lives. When I consider the boundless activity of our minds, the remembrance

'we have of things paſt, our foreſight of what is 'to come? When I reflect on the noble diſcoveries 'and vaſt improvements, by which theſe minds 'have advanced arts and ſciences; I am entirely 'perſuaded, and out of all doubt, that a nature 'which has in itſelf a fund of ſo many excellent 'things cannot poſſibly be mortal. I obſerve fur- 'ther, that my mind is altogether ſimple, without 'the mixture of any ſubſtance or nature different 'from its own; I conclude from thence that it is 'indiviſible, and conſequently cannot periſh.

'By no means think therefore, my dear friends, 'when I ſhall have quitted you, that I ceaſe to be, 'or ſhall ſubſiſt no where. Remember that while 'we live together, you do not ſee my mind, and 'yet are ſure that I have one, actuating and mo- 'ving my body; doubt not then but that this ſame 'mind will have a being when it is ſeparated, tho' 'you cannot then perceive its actions. What non- 'ſenſe would it be to pay thoſe honours to great 'men after their deaths, which we conſtantly do, 'if their ſouls did not then ſubſiſt? For my own 'part, I could never imagine that our minds live 'only when united to bodies, and die when they 'leave them; or that they ſhall ceaſe to think and 'underſtand when diſengaged from bodies, which 'without them have neither ſenſe nor reaſon: on 'the contrary, I believe the ſoul, when ſeparated 'from matter, to enjoy the greateſt purity and ſim- 'plicity of its nature, and to have much more wiſ- 'dom and light than while it was united. We ſee 'when the body dies what becomes of all the parts 'which compoſed it; but we do not ſee the mind, 'either in the body, or when it leaves it. Nothing 'more reſembles death than ſleep, and it is in that 'ſtate that the ſoul chiefly ſhews it has ſomething

"divine in its nature." How much more then must "it shew it, when entirely disengaged!

To the Author of the GUARDIAN.

'SIR,

'SINCE you have not refused to insert matters of a theological nature in those excellent papers, with which you daily both instruct and divert us, I earnestly desire you to print the following paper. The notions therein advanced are, for ought I know, new to the English reader, and if they are true, will afford room for many useful inferences.

'No man that reads the Evangelists, but must observe that our blessed Saviour does upon every occasion bend all his force and zeal to rebuke and correct the hypocrisy of the Pharisees. Upon that subject he shews a warmth which one meets with in no other part of his sermons. They were so enraged at this public detection of their secret villainies, by one who saw through all their disguises, that they joined in the prosecution of him, which was so vigorous, that Pilate at last consented to his death. The frequency and vehemence of these representations of our Lord, have made the word Pharisee to be looked upon as odious among Christians, and to mean only one who lays the utmost stress upon the outward ceremonial, and ritual part of his religion, without having such an inward sense of it, as would lead him to a general and sincere observance of those duties which can only arise from the heart, and which cannot be supposed to spring from a desire of applause or profit.

'This is plain from the History of the life and actions of our Lord in the four Evangelists. One

‘ of them, St Luke, continued his history down in a second part, which we commonly call The Acts of the Apostles. Now it is observable, that in this second part in which he gives a particular account of what the Apostles did and suffered at Jerusalem upon their first entering upon their commission, and also of what St Paul did after he was consecrated to the Apostleship until his journey to Rome, we find not only no opposition to Christianity from the Pharisees, but several signal occasions in which they assisted its first teachers, when the Christian church was in its infant state. The true, zealous and hearty persecutors of Christianity at that time were the Sadducees, whom we may truly call the Free-thinkers among the Jews. They believed neither resurrection, nor angel, nor spirit, *i. e.* in plain English, they were Deists, at least if not Atheists. They could outwardly comply with and conform to the establishment in church and state, and they pretended forsooth to belong only to a particular sect; and because there was nothing in the law of Moses which in so many words asserted a resurrection, they appeared to adhere to that in a particular manner beyond any other part of the Old Testament. These men therefore justly dreaded the spreading of Christianity after the ascension of our Lord, because it was wholly founded upon his resurrection.

‘ Accordingly therefore, when Peter and John had cured the lame man at the beautiful gate of the temple, and had thereby raised a wonderful expectation of themselves among the people, the priests and Sadducees, *Acts* iv. clapt them up, and sent them away for the first time with a severe reprimand. Quickly after, when the deaths of

Ananias and Sapphira, and the many miracles which, in these first instances of the Apostolical Power, had alarmed the priests, who looked upon the temple worship, and consequently their bread, to be struck at: these priests, and all they that were with them, who were of the sect of the Sadducees, imprisoned the Apostles, intending to examine them in the great council the next day. Where, when the council met, and the priests and Sadducees proposed to proceed with great rigour against them, we find that Gamaliel, a very eminent Pharisee, St Paul's master, a man of great authority among the people, many of whose determinations we have still preserved in the body of the Jewish traditions, commonly called the Talmud, opposed their heat, and told them, for ought they knew, the Apostles might be acted by the Spirit of God, and that in such a case it would be in vain to oppose them, since if they did so, they would only fight against God, whom they could not overcome. Gamaliel was so considerable a man among his own sect, that we may reasonably believe he spoke the sense of his party as well as his own. St Stephen's martyrdom came on presently after, in which we do not find the Pharisees, as such, had any hand; it is probable that he was prosecuted by those who had before imprisoned Peter and John. One novice indeed of that sect was so zealous, that he kept the clothes of those that stoned him. This novice, whose zeal went beyond all bounds, was the great St Paul, who was peculiarly honoured with a call from heaven by which he was converted; and he was afterwards, by God himself, appointed to be the Apostle of the Gentiles. Be-

fected him, and him too reclaimed in so glorious a manner, we find no one Pharisee either named or hinted at by St Luke, as an opposer of Christianity in those earliest days. What others might do we know not. But we find the Sadducees pursuing St Paul even to death at his coming to Jerusalem, in the 21st of the *Acts*. He then, upon all occasions, owned himself to be a Pharisee. In the 22d chapter he told the people, that he had been bred up at the feet of Gamaliel after the strictest manner, in the law of his fathers. In the 23d chapter he told the council that he was a Pharisee, the son of a Pharisee, and that he was accused for asserting the hope and resurrection of the dead, which was their darling doctrine. Hereupon the Pharisees stood by him: though they did not own our Saviour to be the Messiah, yet they would not deny but some angel or spirit might have spoken to him, and then if they opposed him, they should fight against God. This was the very argument Gamaliel had used before. The resurrection of our Lord, which they saw so strenuously asserted by the Apostles, whose miracles they also saw and owned, (*Acts* iv. 16.) seems to have struck them, and many of them were converted (*Acts* xv. 5.) even without a miracle, and the rest stood still and made no opposition.

We see here what the part was which the Pharisees acted in this important conjuncture. Of the Sadducees we meet not with one in the whole apostolic history that was converted. We hear of no miracles wrought to convince any of them, though there was an eminent one wrought to reclaim a Pharisee. St Paul, we see, after his con-

'verſion always gloried in his having been bred a
'Phariſee. He did ſo to the people of Jeruſalem,
'to the great council, to King Agrippa, and to
'the Philippians. So that from hence we may
'juſtly infer, that it was not their inſtitution, which
'was in itſelf laudable, which our bleſſed Saviour
'found fault with, but is was their hypocriſy,
'their covetouſneſs, their oppreſſion, their over-
'valuing themſelves upon their zeal for the cere-
'monial law, and their adding to that yoke by
'their traditions, all which were not properly
'eſſentials of their inſtitution, that our Lord
'blamed.

'But I muſt not run on. What I would ob-
'ſerve, Sir, is, that Atheiſm is more dreadful,
'and would be more grievous to human ſociety,
'if it were inveſted with ſufficient power, than
'Religion under any ſhape, where its profeſſors do
'at the bottom believe what they profeſs. I de-
'ſpair not of a papiſt's converſion, though I would
'not willingly lie at a zealot papiſt's mercy, (and
'no proteſtant would, if he knew what popery is)
'though he truly believes in our Saviour. But
'the Free-thinker, who ſcarcely believes there is
'a God, and certainly diſbelieves revelation, is a
'very terrible animal. He will talk of natural
'rights, and the juſt freedoms of mankind, no
'longer than until he himſelf gets into power;
'and by the inſtance before us, we have ſmall
'grounds to hope for his ſalvation, or that God
'will ever vouchſafe him ſufficient grace to reclaim
'him from errors, which have been ſo immediate-
'ly levelled againſt himſelf.

'If theſe notions be true, as I verily believe they
'are, I thought they might be worth publiſhing

'at this time, for which reason they are sent in
'this manner to you by,

'SIR,

'your most humble servant,

'M. N.'

N° 94. MONDAY, JUNE 29.

"Ingenium sibi quod vacuas desumpsit Athenas,
"Et studiis annos septem dedit, insenuitque
"Libris & curis; statua taciturnius exit
"Plerumque, & risu populum quatit"——

Hor. Ep. 2. l. 2. v. 81.

IMITATED.

The man, who stretch'd in Isis' calm retreat,
To books and study gives sev'n years compleat,
See! strow'd with learned dust, his night-cap on,
He walks, an object new beneath the sun!
The boys flock round him, and the people stare:
So stiff, so mute! some statue, you would swear,
Stept from its pedestal to take the air!

Pope.

SINCE our success in worldly matters may be said to depend upon our education, it will be very much to the purpose to inquire if the foundations of our fortune could not be laid deeper and surer than they are. The education of youth falls of necessity under the direction of those who, through fondness to us and our abilities, as well as to their own unwarrantable conjectures, are very likely to be deceived; and the misery of it is, that the poor creatures, who are the sufferers upon

wrong advances, seldom find out the errors, until they become irretrievable. As the greater number of all degrees and conditions have their education at the universities, the errors which I conceive to be in those places fall most naturally under the following observation. The first mismanagement in these public nurseries, is, the calling together a number of pupils, of howsoever different ages, views and capacities, to the same lectures. But surely there can be no reason to think, that a delicate tender babe, just weaned from the bosom of his mother, indulged in all the impertinencies of his heart's desire, should be equally capable of receiving a lecture of philosophy, with a hardy ruffian of full age, who has been occasionally scourged through some of the great schools, groaned under constant rebuke and chastisement, and maintained a ten years war with literature, under very strict and rugged discipline.

I know the reader has pleased himself with an answer to this already, *viz.* That an attention to the particular abilities and designs of the pupil, cannot be expected from the trifling salary paid upon such account. The price indeed which is thought a sufficient reward, for any advantages a youth can receive from a man of learning, is an abominable consideration; the enlarging which, would not only increase the care of tutors but would be a very great encouragement to such as designed to take this province upon them, to furnish themselves with a more general and extensive knowledge. As the case now stands, those of the first quality pay their tutors but little above half so much as they do their footmen. What morality, what history, what taste of the modern languages, what, lastly, that can make a man happy, or great, may

he expected in return for such an immense treasure! But it is monstrous indeed, that the men of the best estates and families are more solicitous about the tutelage of a favourite dog or horse, than of their heirs male. The next evil is the pedantical vexation that is maintained at the University for the Greek and Latin, which puts the youth upon such exercises as many of them are incapable of performing with any tolerable success. Upon this emergency they are succoured by the allowed wits of their respective colleges, who are always ready to befriend them with two or three hundred Latin or Greek words thrown together, with a very small proportion of sense.

But the most established error of our university education is the general neglect of all the little qualifications and accomplishments which make up the character of a well-bred man, and the general attention to what is called deep learning. But as there are very few blessed with a genius that shall force success by the strength of itself alone, and few occasions of life that require the aid of such genius, the vast majority of the unblessed souls ought to store themselves with such acquisitions, in which every man has capacity to make a considerable progress, and from which every common occasion of life may reap great advantage. The persons that may be useful to us in the making out our fortunes, are such as are already happy in their way. I may proceed to say, that the men of figure and family are more superficial in their education than those of a less degree, and, of course, are ready to encourage and protect that qualification in another which they themselves are masters of. For their own application implies the pursuit of something commendable; and when they see their own

characters propoſed unſuitable, they would be won by ſuch an irreſiſtible flattery. But thoſe of the univerſity, who are to make their fortunes by a ready inſinuation into the favour of their ſuperiors, contemn this needful foppery ſo far, as not to be able to ſpeak common ſenſe to them, without heſitation, perplexity, and confuſion. For want of care in acquiring leſs accompliſhments which adorn ordinary life, he that is ſo unhappy as to be born poor, is condemned to a method that will very probably keep him ſo.

I hope all the learned will forgive me what is ſaid purely for their ſervice, and tends to no other injury againſt them, than admoniſhing them not to overlook ſuch little qualifications, as they every day ſee defeat their greater excellencies in the purſuits both of reputation and fortune.

If the youth of the univerſity were to be advanced, according to their ſufficiency in the ſevere progreſs of learning; if riches could be ſecured to men of underſtanding, and favour to men of ſkill; then indeed all ſtudies were ſolemnly to be defied, that did not ſeriouſly purſue the main end: but ſince our merit is to be tried by the unſkilful many, we muſt gratify the ſenſe of the injudicious majority, ſatisfying ourſelves that the ſhame of a trivial qualification ſticks only upon him that prefers it to one more ſubſtantial. The more accompliſhments a man is maſter of, the better is he prepared for a more extended acquaintance; and upon theſe conſiderations without doubt, the author of the Italian book called Il Cortegiano, or The Courtier, makes throwing the bar, vaulting the horſe, nay even wreſtling, with ſeveral other as low qualifications, neceſſary for the man whom he figures for a perfect courtier; for this reaſon no

doubt, because his end being to find grace in the eyes of men of all degrees, the means to pursue this end, was the furnishing him with such real and seeming excellencies as each degree had its particular taste of. But those of the University, instead of employing their leisure hours in the pursuit of such acquisitions as would shorten their way to better fortune, enjoy those moments at certain houses in the town, or repair to others at very pretty distances out of it, where "they drink and forget "their poverty, and remember their misery no "more." Persons of this indigent education are apt to pass upon themselves and others for modest, especially in the point of behaviour; though it is easy to prove, that this mistaken modesty not only arises from ignorance, but begets the appearance of its opposite, pride. For he that is conscious of his own insufficiency to address his superiors without appearing ridiculous, is by that betrayed into the same neglect and indifference towards them, which may bear the construction of pride. From this habit they begin to argue against the base, submissive application from men of letters to men of fortune, and be grieved when they see, as Ben Johnson says,

> "— The learned pate
> "Duck to the golden fool" —

though these are points of necessity and convenience, and to be esteemed submissions rather to the occasion than to the person. It was a fine answer of Diogenes, who being asked in mockery, why philosophers were the followers of rich men, and not rich men of philosophers, replied, because the one knew what they had need of, and the other did not. It certainly must be difficult to prove, that a man of business or a profession ought not to be what

we call a Gentleman, but yet very few of them are so. Upon this account they have little conversation with those who might do them such service, but upon such occasions only as application is made to them in their particular calling; and for any thing they can do or say in such matters have their reward, and therefore rather receive than confer an obligation: whereas he that adds his being agreeable to his being serviceable, is constantly in a capacity of obliging others. The character of a beau is, I think, what the men that pretend to learning please themselves in ridiculing; and yet if we compare these persons as we see them in public, we shall find that the lettered coxcombs without good-breeding give more just occasion to raillery, than the unlettered coxcombs with it: as our behaviour falls within the judgment of more persons than our conversation, and a failure in it is therefore more visible. What pleasant victories over the loud, the saucy, and the illiterate, would attend the men of learning and breeding; which qualifications, could we but join them, would beget such a confidence, as, arising from good sense and good nature, would never let us oppress others or desert ourselves. In short, whether a man intends a life of business or pleasure, it is impossible to pursue either, in an elegant manner, without the help of good-breeding. I shall conclude with the face at least of a regular discourse; and say, if it is our behaviour and address upon all common occasions that prejudice people in our favour or to our disadvantage, and the more substantial parts, as our learning and industry, cannot possibly appear but to few; it is not justifiable to spend so much time in that which so very few are judges of, and utterly neglect that which falls within the censure of so many.

N° 95. Tuesday, June 30.

——*Aliena negotia centum*——

A croud of petitioners.

I FIND business increase upon me very much, as will appear by the following letters.

SIR, *Oxford, June* [illegible]

THIS day Mr Oliver Purville, Gentleman, property-man to the Theatre-Royal in the room of Mr William Peer, deceased, arrived here in widow Bartlett's waggon. He is an humble member of the little club, and a passionate man, which makes him tell the disasters which he met with on his road hither, a little too incoherently to be rightly understood. By what I can gather from him, it seems, that within three miles of this side Wickham the party was set upon by highwaymen. Mr Purville was supercargo to the great hamper, in which were the following goods. The chains of Jaffeir and Pierre; the crowns and scepters of the posterity of Banquo; the bull, bear and horse of captain Otter; bones, skulls, pickaxes and a bottle of brandy, and five muskets; fourscore pieces of stock-gold, and thirty pieces of tin-silver hid in a green purse within a skull. These the robbers, by being put up safe, supposed to be true, and rode off with, not forgetting to take Mr Purville's own current coin. They broke the armour of Jacomo, which was

'cased up in the same hamper, and one of them
'put on the said Jacomo's mask to escape. They
'also did several extravagancies with no other pur-
'pose but to do mischief; they broke a mace for
'the Lord Mayor of London. They also destroy-
'ed the world, the sun and moon, which lay loose
'in the waggon. Mrs Bartlett is frighted out of
'her wits; for Purville says he has her servant's
'receipt for the world, and expects she shall make
'it good. Purville is resolved to take no lodgings
'in town, but makes behind the scenes a bed-cham-
'ber of the hamper: His bed is that in which Des-
'demona is to die, and he uses the sheet in which
'Mr Johnson is tied up in a comedy, for his own
'bed of nights. It is to be hoped the great ones
'will consider Mr Purville's loss. One of the rob-
'bers has sent, by a country fellow, the stock gold,
'and had the impudence to write the following
'letter to Mr Purville.

"SIR,

"IF you had been an honest man, you would
"not have put bad money upon men who ven-
"tured their lives for it. But we shall see you when
"you come back.

"PHILIP SCOWRER.

'There are many things in this matter which
'employ the ablest men here, as whether an action
'will lie for the world among people who make
'the most of words; or whether it be adviseable
'to call that round ball the world, and if we do
'not call it so, whether we can have any remedy?
'The ablest lawyer here says there is no help; for
'if you call it the world, it will be answered, how
'could the world be in one shire, to wit, that of

'Buckingham? for the county must be named, 'and if you do not name it we shall certainly be 'nonsuited. I do not know whether I make my-'self understood; but you understand me right 'when you believe I am

'your most humble servant,

'and faithful correspondent,

'The Prompter.'

'Honoured Sir,

'YOUR character of Guardian makes it not 'only necessary, but becoming, to have seve-'ral employed under you. And being myself am-'bitious of your service, I am now your humble 'petitioner to be admitted into a place I do not 'find yet disposed of —I mean that of your lion-'catcher. It was, Sir, for want of such commis-'sion from your honour, that very many lions have 'lately escaped. However, I made bold to distin-'guish a couple. One I found in a coffeehouse— 'He was of the larger sort, looked fierce, and roar-'ed loud. I considered wherein he was dangerous; 'and accordingly expressed my displeasure against 'him, in such a manner upon his chaps, that now 'he is not able to shew his teeth. The other was 'a small lion, who was slipping by me as I stood 'at the corner of an alley—I smelt the creature 'presently, and catched at him, but he got off 'with the loss of a lock of hair only, which proved 'of a dark colour. This and the teeth abovemen-'tioned I have by me, and design them both for 'a present to Button's coffeehouse.

'Besides this way of dealing with them, I have 'invented many curious traps, snares, and artifi-

'[illegible], which, it is humbly conceived, can-
'not fail of clearing the kingdom of the whole
'species in a short time.

'This is humbly submitted to your honour's
'consideration, and I am ready to appear before
'your honour, to answer to such questions as you
'in your great wisdom, shall think meet to ask,
'whenever you please to command.

'Your honour's most obedient
'humble servant,
'HERCULES CRABTREE.'

'N. B. I have an excellent nose.'

SIR,

Tom's Coffeehouse in Cornhill, June 17. 1713.

'READING in your yesterday's paper a letter
'from Daniel Button, in recommendation of
'his coffeehouse for polite conversation and free-
'dom from the argument by the button, I make
'bold to send you this to assure you, that at this
'place there is as yet kept up as good a *decorum*
'in the debates of politics, trade, stocks, &c. as
'at Will's, or at any other coffeehouse at your end
'of the town. In order therefore to preserve this
'house from the arbitrary way of forcing an assent,
'by seizing on the collar, neckcloth, or any other
'part of the body or dress, it would be of signal
'service if you would be pleased to intimate, that
'we, who frequent this place after Exchange time,
'shall have the honour of seeing you here some-
'times; for that would be a sufficient guard to us
'from all such petty practices, and also be a means
'of enabling the honest man, who keeps the house,
'to continue to serve us with the best bohea, and

[illegible]gredients and coffee, and will in a particular manner oblige

'SIR,

[illegible] your honour's [illegible] humble servant,

JAMES DI[illegible].

'P. S. The room above stairs is the handsomest in the [illegible] of the town, furnished with large peer-glasses for persons to view themselves in, who have no business with any body else, and every way fit for the reception of fine gentlemen.'

'SIR,

'I AM a very great scholar, wear a fair wig, and have an immense number of books curiously bound and gilt. I excel in a singularity of diction and manners, and visit persons of the first quality. In fine, I have by me a great quantity of cockle shells, which, however, does not defend me from the insults of another learned man, who neglects me in a most insupportable manner: For I have it from persons of undoubted veracity, that he presumed once to pass by my door without waiting upon me. Whether this be consistent with the respect which we learned men ought to have for each other, I leave to your judgment, and am,

SIR,

Your affectionate friend,

[illegible]

'Friend NESTOR,

'I HAD always a great value for thee, and have so still. But I must tell thee, that thou strangely affectest to be sage and solid. Now pr'ythee let me observe to thee, that though it be common enough for people as they grow older to grow graver, yet it is not so common to become wiser. Verily to me thou seemest to keep strange company, and with a positive sufficiency, incident to old age, to follow too much thine own inventions. Thou dependest too much likewise upon thy correspondence here, and art apt to take peoples words without consideration. But my present business with thee, is, to expostulate with thee about a late paper occasioned, as thou say'st, by Jack Lizard's information, (my very good friend) that we are to have a Public Act.

'Now, I say, in that paper there is nothing contended for which any man of common-sense will deny: all that there is said, is, that no man or woman's reputation ought to be blasted, i. e. no body ought to have an ill character who does not deserve it: Very true; but here's this false consequence insinuated, that therefore nobody ought to hear of their faults; or in other words let any body do as much ill as he pleases, he ought not to be told of it. Art thou a patriot, Mr Ironside, and wilt thou affirm, that arbitrary proceedings and oppression ought to be concealed or justified? Art thou a gentleman, and wouldst thou have base, sordid, ignoble tricks connived at, or tolerated? Art thou a scholar, and wouldst thou have learning and good manners discouraged? Wouldst thou have cringing servility,

'parasitical shuffling, fawning, and dishonest compliances, made the road to success? Art thou a Christian, and wouldst thou have all villanies within the law practised with impunity? Should they not be told of it? It is certain, there are many things which though there are no laws against them, yet ought not to be done; and in such cases there is no argument so likely to hinder their being done as the fear of public shame for doing them. The two great reasons against an Act are always the saving of money, and hiding of roguery.

'Here many things are omitted which will be in the speech of the Terræ filius.'

'And now, dear old boy, I am glad to hear that at these years thou hast gallantry enough left to have thoughts of setting up for a knight-errant, a tamer of monsters, and a defender of distressed damsels.

'Adieu, old fellow, and let me give thee this advice at parting: E'en get thyself case-hardened; for though the very best steel may snap, yet old iron you know will rust.

UMBRA.'

'Be just, and publish this.'

'Mr IRONSIDE, Oxford, Sat. 27, 1713.

THIS day arrived the van-guard of the theatrical army. Your friend, Mr George Powel, commanded the artillery both celestial and terrestrial. The magazines of snow, lightning and thunder, are safely laid up. We have had no disaster on the way, but that of breaking Cupid's bow by a jolt of the waggon; but they tell us they make them very well in Oxford. We all

'went in a body, and were shown our chambers 'in Lincoln-College. The Terræfilius expects you 'down, and we of the theatre design to bring you 'into town with all our guards. Those of Alex-'ander the Great, Julius Cæsar, and the faithful 'retinue of Cato, shall meet you at Shotover. 'The ghost of Hamlet, and the statue which sup-'ped with Don John, both say, that though it be 'at noon-day, they will attend your entry. Every 'body expects you with great impatience. We 'shall be in very good order when all are come 'down. We have sent to town for a brick-wall 'which we forgot. The sea is to come by water.

'Your most humble servant,

'and faithful correspondent,

THE PROMPTER.'

Nº 96. WEDNESDAY, JULY 1.

> *Cuncti adsint, meritæque expectent præmia palmæ.*
>
> Virg. Æn. 5. v. 70.
>
> Let all be present at the games prepar'd,
> And joyful victors wait the just reward.
>
> Dryden.

THERE is no maxim in politics more indisputable, than that a nation should have many honours in reserve for those who do national services. This raises emulation, cherishes public merit, and inspires every one with an ambition which promotes the good of his country. The less ex-

pensive these honours are to the public, the more still do they turn to its advantage.

The Romans abounded with these little honorary rewards, that without conferring wealth or riches, gave only place and distinction to the person who received them. An oaken garland to be worn on festivals and public ceremonies, was the glorious recompence of one who had covered a citizen in battle. A soldier would not only venture his life for a mural crown, but think the most hazardous enterprise sufficiently repaid by so noble a donation.

But among all honorary rewards which are neither dangerous nor detrimental to the donor, I remember none so remarkable as the titles which are bestowed by the Emperor of China. These are never given to any subject, says Monsieur le Conte, until the subject is dead. If he has pleased his Emperor to the last, he is called in all public memorials by the title which the Emperor confers upon him after his death, and his children take their ranks accordingly. This keeps the ambitious subject in a perpetual dependence, making him always vigilant and active, and in every thing conformable to the will of his sovereign.

There are no honorary rewards among us, which are more esteemed by the person who receives them, and are cheaper to the Prince than the giving of medals. But there is something in the modern manner of celebrating a great action in medals, which makes such a reward much less valuable than it was among the Romans. There is generally but one coin stamped on the occasion, which is made a present to the person who is celebrated on it. By this means his whole fame is in his own custody. The applause that is bestowed upon him is too much limited and confined. He is

is in possession of an honour which the world perhaps knows nothing of. He may be a great man in his own family; his wife and children may see the monument of an exploit, which the public in a little time is a stranger to. The Romans took a quite different method in this particular. Their medals were their current money. When an action deserved to be recorded in coin, it was stamped perhaps upon an hundred thousand pieces of money like our shillings, or halfpence, which were issued out of the mint, and became current. This method published every noble action to advantage, and in a short space of time spread thro' the whole Roman Empire. The Romans were so careful to preserve the memory of great events upon their coins, that when any particular piece of money grew very scarce, it was often recoined by a succeeding Emperor, many years after the death of the Emperor to whose honour it was first struck.

A friend* of mine drew up a project of this kind during the late ministry, which would then have been put in execution had it not been too busy a time for thoughts of that nature. As this project has been very much talked of by the gentleman above-mentioned to men of the greatest genius as well as quality, I am informed there is now a design on foot for executing the proposal which was then made, and that we shall have several farthings and halfpence charged on the reverse with many of the glorious particulars of her Majesty's reign. This is one of those arts of peace which may very well deserve to be cultivated, and which may be of great use to posterity.

As I have in my possession the copy of the paper

* Dr Swift.

above-mentioned, which was delivered to the late Lord Treasurer, I shall here give the publick a sight of it. For I do not question but that the curious part of my readers will be very much pleased to see so much matter and so many useful hints upon this subject laid together in so clear and concise a manner.

THE English nation have not been so careful as other polite nations to preserve the memory of their great actions and events on medals. Their subjects are few, their motto's and devices mean, and the coins themselves not numerous enough to spread among the people, or descend to posterity.

The French have outdone us in these particulars, and, by the establishment of a society for the invention of proper inscriptions and designs, have the whole history of their present king in a regular series of medals.

They have failed, as well as the English, in coining so small a number of each kind, and those of such costly metals, that each species may be lost in a few ages, and is at present no where to be met with but in the cabinets of the curious.

The ancient Romans took the only effectual method to disperse and preserve their medals, by making them their current money.

Every thing glorious or useful, as well in peace as war, gave occasion to a different coin. Not only an expedition, victory, or triumph, but the exercise of a solemn devotion, the remission of a duty or tax, a new temple, sea-port, or high-way were transmitted to posterity after this manner.

The greatest variety of devices are on their copper money, which have most of the designs that

are to be met with on the gold and silver, and several peculiar to that metal only. By this means they were dispersed into the remotest corners of the empire, came into the possession of the poor as well as rich, and were in no danger of perishing in the hands of those that might have melted down coins of a more valuable metal.

Add to all this, that the designs were invented by men of genius, and executed by a decree of the senate.

It is therefore proposed,

I. That the English farthings and halfpence be re-coined upon the union of the two nations.

II. That they bear devices and inscriptions alluding to all the most remarkable parts of her Majesty's reign.

III. That there be a society established for the finding out of proper subjects, inscriptions, and devices.

IV. That no subject, inscription, or device, be stamped without the approbation of this society, nor, if it be thought proper, without the authority of privy-council.

By this means, medals that are at present only a dead treasure, or mere curiosities, will be of use in the ordinary commerce of life, and at the same time, perpetuate the glories of her Majesty's reign, reward the labours of her greatest subjects, keep alive in the people a gratitude for public services, and excite the emulation of posterity. To these generous purposes nothing can so much contribute as medals of this kind, which are of undoubted authority, of necessary use and observation, not perishable by time, nor confined to any certain place; properties not to be found in books, statues, pic-

tures, buildings, or any other monuments of illustrious actions.

Q

N° 97. THURSDAY, JULY 2.

——— "Furor est post omnia perdere naulum."

Juv. Sat. 8. v. 97.

'Tis [illegible]

SIR,

'I WAS left a thousand pounds by my uncle; and being a man to my thinking very likely to get a rich widow, I laid aside all thoughts of making my fortune any other way, and without loss of time made my application to one who had buried her husband about a week before. By the help of some of her she-friends, who were my relations, I got into her company when she would see no man besides myself and her lawyer, who is a little rivelled, spindle-shanked gentleman, and married to boot, so that I had no reason to fear him. Upon my first seeing her, she said in conversation, within my hearing, that she thought a pale complexion the most agreeable either in man or woman: Now you must know, Sir, my face is as white as chalk. This gave me some encouragement; so that to mend the matter I bought a fine flaxen long wig that cost me thirty guineas, and found an opportunity of seeing her in it the next day. She then let drop some expressions about an agate snuff-box. I immediately took the hint, and bought one, being unwill-

ing to omit any thing that might make me desirable in her eyes. I was betrayed after the same manner into a brocade wastecoat, a sword-knot, a pair of silver fringed gloves, and a diamond ring. But whether out of fickleness or a design upon me, I cannot tell; but I found by her discourse, that what she liked one day, she disliked another: so that in six months space I was forced to equip myself above a dozen times. As I told you before, I took her hints at a distance, for I could never find an opportunity of talking with her directly to the point. All this time, however, I was allowed the utmost familiarities with her lap-dog, and have played with it above an hour together, without receiving the least reprimand; and had many other marks of favour shewn me, which I thought amounted to a promise. If she chanced to drop her fan, she received it from my hands with great civility. If she wanted any thing, I reached it for her. I have filled her tea-pot above an hundred times, and have afterwards received a dish of it from her own hands. Now, Sir, do you judge, if after such encouragements she was not obliged to marry me. I forgot to tell you, that I kept a chair by the week, on purpose to carry me thither and back again. Not to trouble you with a long letter, in the space of about a twelve-month, I have run out of my whole thousand pound upon her, having laid out the last fifty in a new suit of clothes, in which I was resolved to receive her final answer, which amounted to this, that she was engaged to another; that she never dreamed I had any such thing in my head as marriage; and that she thought I had frequented her house only because I loved to be in company with my relations. This,

'you know, Sir, is using a man like a fool, and so I told her; but the worst of it is, that I have spent my fortune to no purpose. All therefore that I desire of you is, to tell me whether, upon exhibiting the several particulars which I have here related to you, I may not sue her for damages in a court of justice. Your advice in this particular will very much oblige,

'your most humble admirer,

'SIMON SOFTLY.'

Before I answer Mr Softly's request, I find myself under a necessity of discussing two nice points: First of all, What it is, in cases of this nature, that amounts to an encouragement; and secondly, What it is that amounts to a promise. Each of which subjects requires more time to examine than I am at present master of. Besides, I would have my friend Simon consider, whether he has any council that will undertake his cause *in forma pauperis*; he having unluckily disabled himself, by his own account of the matter, from prosecuting his suit any other way.

In answer however to Mr Softly's request, I shall acquaint him with a method made use of by a young fellow in King Charles the Second's reign, whom I shall here call Silvio, who had long made love, with much artifice and intrigue, to a rich widow, whose true name I shall conceal under that of Zelinda. Silvio, who was much more smitten with her fortune than her person, finding a twelvemonth's application unsuccessful, was resolved to make a saving bargain of it; and since he could not get the widow's estate into his possession, to re-

cover at least what he had laid out of his own in the pursuit of her.

In order to this he presented her with a bill of costs; having particularized in it the several expences he had been at in his long perplexed amour. Zelinda was so pleased with the humour of the fellow, and his frank way of dealing, that, upon the perusal of the bill, she sent him a purse of fifteen hundred guineas, by the right application of which, the lover, in less than a year, got a woman of a greater fortune than her he had missed. The several articles in the bill of costs I pretty well remember, though I have forgotten the particular sum charged to each article.

Laid out in supernumerary full-bottom wigs.

Fiddles for a serenade, with a speaking-trumpet.

Gilt paper in letters, and billet-doux, with perfumed wax.

A ream of sonnets and love-verses, purchased at different times of Mr Triplett, at a crown a sheet.

To Zelinda two sticks of May-cherries.

Last summer at several times, a bushel of peaches.

Three porters whom I planted about her to watch her motions.

The first who stood centry near her door.

The second who had his stand at the stables where her coach was put up.

The third who kept watch at the corner of the street where Ned Courtall lives, who has since married her.

Two additional porters planted over her during the whole month of May.

Five conjurers kept in pay all last winter.

Spy-money to John Trott her footman, and Mrs Sarah Wheedle her companion.

A new Conningsmark blade to fight Ned Courtall.

To Zelinda's woman (Mrs Abigail) an Indian fan, a dozen pair of white kid gloves, a piece of Flanders lace, and fifteen guineas in dry money.

Secret service money to Betty at the Ring.

Ditto to Mrs Tape the mantua-maker.

Loss of time.

N° 98. Friday, July 3.

[illegible]

He resumes himself.

THE first who undertook to instruct the world in single papers was Isaac Bickerstaff of famous memory: a man nearly related to the family of the Ironsides. We have often smoked a pipe together; for I was so much in his books, that at his decease he left me a silver standish, a pair of spectacles, and the lamp by which he used to write his lucubrations.

The venerable Isaac was succeeded by a gentleman of the same family, very memorable for the shortness of his face and of his speeches. This ingenious author published his thoughts, and held his tongue with great applause, for two years together.

I Nestor Ironside, have now for some time undertaken to fill the place of these my two renowned kinsmen and predecessors. For it is observed of every branch of our family, that we have all of us a wonderful inclination to give good advice, though it is remarked of some of us, that we are apt on this occasion rather to give than take.

However it be, I cannot but observe with some secret pride, that this way of writing diurnal papers has not succeeded for any space of time in the hands of any persons who are not of our line. I believe I speak within compass, when I affirm that above a hundred different authors have endeavoured after our family-way of writing, some of which have been writers in other kinds of the greatest eminence in the kingdom; but I do not know how it has happened, they have none of them hit upon the art. Their projects have always dropt after a few unsuccessful essays. It puts me in mind of a story which was lately told me of a pleasant friend of mine, who has a very fine hand on the violin. His maid-servant seeing his instrument lying upon the table, and being sensible there was music in it, if she knew how to fetch it out, drew the bow over every part of the strings, and at last told her master, after she had tried the fiddle all over, but could not for her heart find where about the tune lay.

But though the whole burden of such a paper is only fit to rest on the shoulders of a Bickerstaff or an Ironside; there are several who can acquit themselves of a single day's labour in it with suitable abilities. These are gentlemen whom I have often invited to this trial of wit, and who have several of them acquitted themselves to my private emolument, as well as to their own reputation. My paper among the republic of letters is the Ulysses his bow, in which every man of wit or learning may try his strength. One who does not care to write a book, without being sure of his abilities, may see by this means if his parts and talents are to the public taste.

This I take to be of great advantage to men of the best sense, who are always diffident of their

private judgment, until it receives a sanction from the public. *Provoco ad populum*, I appeal to the people, was the usual saying of a very excellent dramatic poet, when he had any dispute with particular persons about the justness and regularity of his productions. It is but a melancholy comfort for an author to be satisfied that he has written up to the rules of art, when he finds he has no admirers in the world besides himself. Common modesty should, on this occasion, make a man suspect his own judgment, and that he misapplies the rules of his art, when he finds himself singular in the applause which he bestows upon his own writings.

The public is always even with an author who has not a just deference for them. The contempt is reciprocal. I laugh at every one, said an old Cynic, who laughs at me. Do you so? replied the philosopher; then let me tell you, you live the merriest life of any man in Athens.

It is not therefore the least use of this my paper, that it gives a timorous writer, and such is every good one, an opportunity of putting his abilities to the proof, and of sounding the public before he launches into it. For this reason I look upon my paper as a kind of nursery for authors, and question not but some, who have made a good figure here, will hereafter flourish under their own names in more long and elaborate works.

After having thus far enlarged upon this particular, I have one favour to beg of the candid and courteous reader, that when he meets with any thing in this paper which may appear a little dull and heavy (though I hope this will not be often) he will believe it is the work of some other person, and not of NESTOR IRONSIDE.

I have, I know not how, been drawn into tattle of myself, *more majorum*, almost the length of a whole GUARDIAN: I shall therefore fill up the remaining part of it, with what still relates to my own person, and my correspondents. Now I would have them all know, that on the twentieth instant it is my intention to erect a Lion's head in imitation of those I have described in Venice, through which all the private intelligence of that commonwealth is said to pass. This head is to open a most wide and voracious mouth, which shall take in such letters and papers as are conveyed to me by my correspondents, it being my resolution to have a particular regard to all such matters as come to my hands through the mouth of the Lion. There will be under it a box, of which the key will be kept in my own custody, to receive such papers as are dropped into it. Whatever the Lion swallows, I shall digest for the use of the public. This head requires some time to finish, the workmen being resolved to give it several masterly touches, and to represent it as ravenous as possible. It will be set up in Button's coffeehouse in Covent-Garden, who is directed to shew the way to the Lion's head, and to instruct any young author how to convey his works into the mouth of it with safety and secrecy.

N° 99. SATURDAY, JULY 4.

Justum, & tenacem propositi virum
Non civium ardor prava jubentium,
Non vultus instantis tyranni
Mente quatit solidâ, neque Auster
Dux inquieti turbidus Adriæ,
Nec fulminantis magna Jovis manus;
Si fractus illabatur orbis,
Impavidum ferient ruinæ. Hor. Od. 3. l. 3.

PARAPHRASED.

The man resolv'd and steady to his trust,
Inflexible to ill, and obstinately just,
May the rude rabble's insolence despise,
Their senseless clamours and tumultuous cries;
The tyrant's fierceness he beguiles,
And the stern brow, and the harsh voice defies,
And with superior greatness smiles.
Not the rough whirlwind, that deforms
Adria's black gulph, and vexes it with storms,
The stubborn virtue of his soul can move;
Not the red arm of angry Jove,
That flings the thunder from the sky,
And gives it rage to roar, and strength to fly.
Should the whole frame of nature round him break,
In ruin and confusion hurl'd,
He, unconcern'd, would hear the mighty crack,
And stand secure amidst a falling world.

Anon.

THERE is no virtue so truly great and godlike as justice. Most of the other virtues are the virtues of created beings, or accommodated to our nature as we are men. Justice is that which is practised by God himself, and to be practised in its perfection by none but him. Omniscience and omnipotence are requisite for the full exertion of it.

The one to discover every degree of uprightness or iniquity in thoughts, words and actions; the other to measure out and impart suitable rewards and punishments.

As to be perfectly just is an attribute in the divine nature, to be so to the utmost of our abilities is the glory of a man. Such an one who has the public administration in his hands, acts like the representative of his Maker, in recompensing the virtuous, and punishing the offender. By the extirpating of a criminal, he averts the judgments of heaven, when ready to fall upon an impious people; or as my friend Cato expresses it much better, in a sentiment conformable to his character.

> When by just vengeance impious mortals perish,
> The gods behold their punishment with pleasure,
> And lay th' uplifted thunderbolt aside.

When a nation once loses its regard to justice; when they do not look upon it as something venerable, holy and inviolable; when any of them dare presume to lessen, affront or terrify those who have the distribution of it in their hands; when a judge is capable of being influenced by any thing but law, or a cause may be recommended by any thing that is foreign to its own merits, we may venture to pronounce, that such a nation is hastening to its ruin.

For this reason the best law that has ever passed in our days is that which continues our judges in their post during their good behaviour, without leaving them to the mercy of such who in ill times might, by an undue influence over them, trouble and pervert the course of justice. I dare say the extraordinary person who is now posted in the chief station of the law, would have been the same had that act never passed; but it is a great satisfac-

tion to all honest men, that while we see the greatest ornament of the profession in so high a post, we are sure he cannot but distinguish himself by that assiduous, regular, and impartial administration of justice, for which he is so universally celebrated by the whole kingdom. Such men are, to be reckoned among the greatest national blessings, and should have that honour paid them whilst they are yet living, which will not fail to crown their memory when dead.

I always rejoice when I see a tribunal filled with a man of an upright and inflexible temper, who in the execution of his country's laws can overcome all private fear, resentment, solicitation, and even pity itself. Whatever passion enters into a sentence or decision, so far will there be in it a tincture of injustice. In short, justice discards party, friendship, kindred, and is therefore always represented as blind, that we may suppose her thoughts are wholly intent on the equity of a cause, without being diverted or prejudiced by objects foreign to it.

I shall conclude this paper with a Persian story, which is very suitable to my present subject. It will not a little please the reader, if he has the same taste of it which I myself have.

As one of the Sultans lay encamped on the plains of Avala, a certain great man of the army entered by force into a peasant's house, and finding his wife very handsome, turned the good man out of his dwelling, and went to bed to her. The peasant complained the next morning to the Sultan, and desired redress; but was not able to point out the criminal. The Emperor, who was very much incensed at the injury done to the poor man, told him that probably the offender might give his wife another visit, and if he did, commanded

him immediately to repair to his tent and acquaint him with it. Accordingly, within two or three days the officer entered again the peasant's house, and turned the owner out of doors; who thereupon applied himself to the imperial tent, as he was ordered. The Sultan went in person, with his guards, to the poor man's house, where he arrived about midnight. As the attendants carried each of them a flambeau in their hands, the Sultan, after having ordered all the lights to be put out, gave the word to enter the house, find out the criminal, and put him to death. This was immediately executed, and the corps laid out upon the floor by the Emperor's command. He then bid every one light his flambeau, and stand about the dead body. The Sultan approaching it looked upon the face, and immediately fell upon his knees in prayer. Upon his rising up, he ordered the peasant to set before him whatever food he had in his house. The peasant brought out a good deal of coarse fare, of which the Emperor ate very heartily. The peasant seeing him in good humour, presumed to ask of him, why he had ordered the flambeaux to be put out before he had commanded the adulterer should be slain? why, upon their being lighted again, he looked upon the face of the dead body, and fell down in prayer? and why, after this, he had ordered meat to be set before him, of which he now eat so heartily? The Sultan being willing to gratify the curiosity of his host, answered him in this manner. "Upon hearing the "greatness of the offence which had been commit-"ted by one of the army, I had reason to think it "might have been one of my own sons, for who "else would have been so audacious and pre-"suming? I gave orders therefore for the lights to

'be extinguished, that I might not be led astray
'by partiality or compassion, from doing justice
'on the criminal. Upon the lighting the flam-
'beaux a second time, I looked upon the face of
'the dead person, and, to my unspeakable joy,
'found it was not my son. It was for this reason
'that I immediately fell upon my knees and gave
'thanks to God. As for my eating heartily of
'the food you have set before me, you will cease
'to wonder at it, when you know that the great
'anxiety of mind I have been in upon this occa-
'sion, since the first complaints you brought me,
'has hindered my eating any thing from that time
'until this very moment.'

No 100. MONDAY, JULY 6.

Hoc vos præcipue, niveæ, decet: hoc ubi vidi,
Oscula ferre humero, qua patet, usque libet.

Ovid. Ars Amator. l. 3. v. 309.

If snowy white your neck, you still should wear
That, and the shoulder of the left arm, bare;
Such sights ne'er fail to fire my amorous heart,
And make me pant to kiss the naked part.

Congreve.

THERE is a certain female ornament by some called a tucker, and by others the neck-piece, being a slip of fine linen or muslin that used to run in a small kind of ruffle round the uppermost verge of the womens stays, and by that means covered a great part of the shoulders and bosom. Having thus given a definition, or rather description of the tucker, I must take notice, that our ladies have of

late thrown aside this fig-leaf, and exposed in its primitive nakedness that gentle swelling of the breast which it was used to conceal. What their design by it is, they themselves best know.

I observed this as I was sitting the other day by a famous she-visitant at my Lady Lizard's, when accidentally as I was looking upon her face, letting my sight fall into her bosom, I was surprised with beauties which I never before discovered, and do not know where my eye would have run, if I had not immediately checked it. The lady herself could not forbear blushing, when she observed by my looks that she had made her neck too beautiful and glaring an object, even for a man of my character and gravity. I could scarce forbear making use of my hand to cover so unseemly a sight.

If we survey the pictures of our great-grandmothers in Queen Elizabeth's time, we see them clothed down to the very wrists, and up to the very chin. The hands and face were the only samples they gave of their beautiful persons. The following age of females made larger discoveries of their complexion. They first of all tucked up their garments to the elbow, and notwithstanding the tenderness of the sex, were content, for the information of mankind, to expose their arms to the coldness of the air, and injuries of the weather. This artifice hath succeeded to their wishes, and betrayed many to their arms, who might have escaped them, had they been still concealed.

About the same time, the ladies considering that the neck was a very modest part in a human body, they freed it from those yokes, I mean those monstrous linen ruffs, in which the simplicity of their grandmothers had inclosed it. In proportion as the age refined, the dress still sunk lower, so that

when we now say a woman has a handsome neck, we reckon into it many of the adjacent parts. The disuse of the tucker has still enlarged it, insomuch that the neck of a fine woman at present takes in almost half the body.

Since the female neck thus grows upon us, and the ladies seem disposed to discover themselves to us more and more, I would fain have them tell us once for all, how far they intend to go, and whether they have yet determined among themselves where to make a stop?

For my own part, their necks, as they call them, are no more than busts of alabaster in my eye. I can look upon

"The yielding marble of a snowy breast,"

with as much coldness as this line of Mr Waller represents in the object itself. But my fair readers ought to consider that all their beholders are not Nestors. Every man is not sufficiently qualified with age and philosophy to be an indifferent spectator of such allurements. The eyes of young men are curious and penetrating, their imaginations of a roving nature, and their passion under no discipline or restraint. I am in pain for a woman of rank, when I see her thus exposing herself to the regard of every impudent staring fellow. How can she expect that her quality can defend her, when she gives such provocation? I could not but observe last winter, that upon the disuse of the neck-piece (the ladies will pardon me, if it is not the fashionable term of art) the whole tribe of Oglers gave their eyes a new determination, and stared the fair sex in the neck rather than the face. To prevent these saucy familiar glances, I would entreat my gentle readers to sew on their tuckers

again, to retrieve the modeſty of their characters, and not to imitate the nakedneſs, but the innocence of their mother Eve.

What moſt troubles and indeed ſurpriſes me in this particular, I have obſerved that the leaders in this faſhion were moſt of them married women. What their deſign can be in making themſelves bare I cannot poſſibly imagine. No body expoſes wares that are appropriated. When the bird is taken, the ſnare ought to be removed. It was a remarkable circumſtance in the inſtitution of the ſevere Lycurgus: as that great lawgiver knew that the wealth and ſtrength of a republic conſiſted in the multitude of citizens, he did all he could to encourage marriage: In order to it he preſcribed a certain looſe dreſs for the Spartan maids, in which there were ſeveral artificial rents and openings, that upon their putting themſelves in motion diſcovered ſeveral limbs of the body to the beholders. Such were the baits and temptations made uſe of by that wiſe law-giver, to incline the young men of his age to marriage. But when the maid was once ſped, ſhe was not ſuffered to tantalize the male part of the commonwealth. Her garments were cloſed up, and ſtitched together with the greateſt care imaginable. The ſhape of her limbs and complexion of her body had gained their ends, and were ever after to be concealed from the notice of the public.

I ſhall conclude this diſcourſe of the tucker with a moral which I have taught upon all occaſions, and ſhall ſtill continue to inculcate into my female readers; namely, that nothing beſtows ſo much beauty on a woman as modeſty. This is a maxim laid down by Ovid himſelf, the greateſt maſter in the art of love. He obſerves upon it, that Venus

pleased most when she appeared (*semi-reducta*) hinting a figure withdrawing herself from the eye of the beholder. It is very probable he had in his thoughts the statue which we see in the *Venus de Medicis*, where she is represented in such a shy retiring posture, and covers her bosom with one of her hands. In short, modesty gives the maid greater beauty than even the bloom of youth, it bestows on the wife the dignity of a matron, and reinstates the widow in her virginity.

No 105. Tuesday, July 7.

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

THIS being the great day of thanksgiving for the Peace, I shall present my reader with a couple of letters that are the fruits of it. They are written by a gentleman who has taken this opportunity to see France, and has given his friends in England a general account of what he has there met with, in several epistles. Those which follow were put into my hands with liberty to make them public, and I question not but my reader will think himself obliged to me for so doing.

SINCE I had the happiness to see you last, I have encountered as many misfortunes as a knight-errant. I had a fall into the water at

'Calais, and since that, several bruises upon the 'land, lame-post horses by day, and hard beds at 'night, with many other dismal adventures,

"Quorum animus meminisse horret luctuque refugit."
Virg. Æn. 2. v. 12.

At which my memory with grief recoils.

'My arrival at Paris was at first no less uncomfort'able, where I could not see a face nor hear a 'word that I ever met with before; so that my 'most agreeable companions have been statues and 'pictures, which are many of them very extra'ordinary; but what particularly recommends 'them to me, is, that they do not speak French, 'and have a very good quality, rarely to be met 'with in this country, of not being too talkative.

'I am settled for some time at Paris. Since my 'being here I have made the tour of all the king's 'palaces, which has been, I think, the pleasantest 'part of my life. I could not believe it was in the 'power of art to furnish out such a multitude of 'noble scenes as I there met with, or that so many 'delightful prospects could lie within the compass 'of a man's imagination. There is every thing 'done that can be expected from a prince who re'moves mountains, turns the course of rivers, raises 'woods in a day's time, and plants a village or 'town on such a particular spot of ground only 'for the bettering of a view. One would wonder 'to see how many tricks he has made the water 'play for his diversion. It turns itself into pyra'mids, triumphal arches, glass bottles, imitates 'a fire-work, rises in a mist, or tells a story out of 'Æsop.

'I do not believe, as good a poet as you are, 'that you can make finer landskips than those 'about the king's houses, or with all your descrip-

tions raise a more magnificent palace than Versailles. I am however so singular as to prefer Fontainebleau to all the rest. It is situated among rocks and woods, that give you a fine variety of savage prospects. The king has humoured the genius of the place, and only made use of so much art as is necessary to help and regulate nature, without reforming her too much. The cascades seem to break through the clefts and cracks of rocks that are covered over with moss, and look as if they were piled upon one another by accident. There is an artificial wildness in the meadows, walks, and canals; and the garden, instead of a wall, is fenced on the lower end by a natural mound of rock-work that strikes the eye very agreeably. For my part, I think there is something more charming in these rude heaps of stone than in so many statues, and would as soon see a river winding through woods and meadows, as when it is tossed up in so many whimsical figures at Versailles. To pass from works of nature to those of art. In my opinion, the pleasantest part of Versailles is the gallery. Every one sees on each side of it something that will be sure to please him. For one of them commands a view of the finest garden in the world; and the other is wainscotted with looking-glass. The history of the present king until the year 16, is painted on the roof by Le Brun, so that his majesty has actions enough by him to furnish another gallery much longer than the present.

The painter has represented his most Christian Majesty under the figure of Jupiter, throwing thunderbolts all about the cieling, and striking terror into the Danube and Rhine, that lie asto-

pished and blasted with lightning above the cornice.

But what makes all these shows the more agreeable is, the great kindness and affability that is shown to strangers. If the French do not excel the English in all the arts of humanity, they do at least in the outward expressions of it. And upon this, as well as other accounts, though I believe the English are a much wiser nation, the French are undoubtedly much more happy. Their old men in particular are, I believe, the most agreeable in the world. An antediluvian could not have more life and briskness in him at threescore and ten: for that fire and levity which makes the young ones scarce conversible, when a little wasted and tempered by years, makes a very pleasant and gay old age. Besides, this national fault of being so very talkative looks natural and graceful in one that has grey hairs to countenance it. The mentioning this fault in the French must put me in mind to finish my letter, lest you think me already too much infected by their conversation; but I must desire you to consider, that traveling does in this respect lay a little claim to the privilege of old age.

I am, Sir, &c.

S I R, Blois, May 15. N. S.

I CANNOT pretend to trouble you with any news from this place, where the only advantage I have, besides getting the language, is, to see the manners and tempers of the people, which I believe may be better learnt here than in courts and greater cities, where artifice and disguise are more in fashion.

'I have already seen, as I informed you in my last, all the king's palaces, and have now seen a great part of the country. I never thought there had been in the world such an excessive magnificence or poverty as I have met with in both together. One can scarce conceive the pomp that appears in every thing about the king; but at the same time it makes half his subjects go barefoot. The people are, however, the happiest in the world, and enjoy, from the benefit of their climate and natural constitution, such a perpetual gladness of heart and easiness of temper, as even liberty and plenty cannot bestow on those of other nations. It is not in the power of want or slavery to make them miserable. There is nothing to be met with in the country but mirth and poverty. Every one sings, laughs, and starves. Their conversation is generally agreeable; for if they have any wit or sense, they are sure to show it. They never mend upon a second meeting, but use all the freedom and familiarity at first sight, that a long intimacy, or abundance of wine can scarce draw from an Englishman. Their women are perfect mistresses in this art of showing themselves to the best advantage. They are always gay and sprightly, and set off the worst faces in Europe with the best airs. Every one knows how to give herself as charming a look and posture as Sir Godfrey Kneller could draw her in. I cannot end my letter without observing, that from what I have already seen of the world, I cannot but set a particular mark of distinction upon those who abound most in the virtues of their nation, and least with its imperfections. When therefore I see the good sense of an Englishman in its highest perfection without

any mixture of the spleen; I hope you will excuse me, if I admire the character, and am ambitious of subscribing myself,

SIR, Yours, &c.'

No 102. Wednesday, July 8.

> —Natos ad flumina primum
> Deferimus, saevoque gelu duramus et undis.
>
> *Virg. Aen. 9. v. 603.*

> Strong from the cradle, of a sturdy brood,
> We bear our new-born infants to the flood;
> There bath'd amid the stream, our boys we hold,
> With winter harden'd, and inur'd to cold.
>
> *Dryden.*

I AM always beating about in my thoughts for something that may turn to the benefit of my dear countrymen. The present season of the year having put most of them in slight summer-suits, has turned my speculations to a subject that concerns every one who is sensible of cold or heat, which I believe takes in the greatest part of my readers.

There is nothing in nature more inconstant than the British climate, if we except the humour of its inhabitants. We have frequently in one day all the seasons of the year. I have shivered in the Dog-days, and been forced to throw off my coat in January. I have gone to bed in August, and rose in December. Summer has often caught me in my Drap de Berry, and winter in my Daily suit.

I remember a very whimsical fellow (commonly known by the name of the Posture-master) in King

Charles the second's reign, who was the plague of all the taylors about town. He would often send for one of them to take measure of him; but would so contrive it as to have a most immoderate rising in one of his shoulders. When the clothes were brought home and tried upon him, the deformity was removed into the other shoulder. Upon which the taylor begged pardon for the mistake, and mended it as fast as he could; but upon a third trial found him a straight shouldered man as one would desire to see, but a little unfortunate in a hump back. In short, this wandering tumour puzzled all the workmen about town, who found it impossible to accommodate so changeable a customer. My reader will apply this to any one who would adapt a suit to a season of our English climate.

After this short descant on the uncertainty of our English weather, I come to my moral.

A man should take care that his body be not too soft for his climate; but rather, if possible, harden and season himself beyond the degree of cold wherein he lives. Daily experience teaches us how we may inure ourselves by custom to bear the extremities of weather without injury. The inhabitants of Nova Zembla go naked, without complaining of the bleakness of the air in which they are born, as the armies of the northern nations keep the field all winter. The softest of our British ladies expose their arms and necks to the open air, which the men could not do without catching cold, for want of being accustomed to it. The whole body by the same means might contract the same firmness and temper. The Scythian that was asked how it was possible for the inhabitants of his frozen climate to go naked, replied, "Because we are all over face." Mr Locke advises parents

to have their children's feet wash'd every morning in cold water, which might probably prolong multitudes of lives.

I verily believe a cold bath would be one of the most healthful exercises in the world, were it made use of in the education of youth. It would make their bodies more than proof to the injuries of the air and weather. It would be somewhat like what the poets tell us of Achilles, whom his mother is said to have dipped, when he was a child, in the river Styx. The story adds, that this made him invulnerable all over, excepting that part which his mother held in her hand during this immersion, and which by that means lost the benefit of these hardening waters. Our common practice runs in a quite contrary method. We are perpetually softning ourselves by good fires and warm clothes. The air within our rooms has generally two or three degrees more of heat in it than the air without doors.

Crassus is an old lethargic valetudinarian. For these twenty years last past he has been clothed in frize of the same colour and of the same piece. He fancies he should catch his death in any other kind of manufacture; and though his avarice would incline him to wear it until it was threadbare, he dares not do it lest he should take cold when the nap is off. He could no more live without his frize-coat than without his skin. It is not indeed so properly his coat as what the anatomists call one of the integuments of the body.

How different an old man is Crassus from myself! It is indeed the particular distinction of the Ironsides to be robust and hardy, to defy the cold and rain, and let the weather do its worst. My father lived until a hundred without a cough; and we

have a tradition in the family, that my grandfather used to throw off his hat and go open-breasted after fourscore. As for myself, they used to sowse me over head and ears in water when I was a boy, so that I am now looked upon as one of the most case-hardened of the whole family of the Ironsides. In short, I have been so plunged in water and inured to the cold, that I regard myself as a piece of true-tempered *Steel*, and can say with the above-mentioned Scythian, that I am face, or if my enemies please, forehead, all over.

Nº 103. THURSDAY, JULY 9.

"Dum flammas Jovis, & sonitus imitatur Olympi."

Virg. Æn. 6. v. 586.

With mimic thunder impiously he plays,
And darts the artificial lightning's blaze.

I AM considering how most of the great phenomena or appearances in nature, have been imitated by the art of man. Thunder is grown a common drug among the chemists. Lightning may be bought by the pound. If a man has occasion for a lambent flame, you have whole sheets of it in a handful of phosphur. Showers of rain are to be met with in every water-work; and we are informed, that some years ago the virtuosos of France covered a little vault with artificial snow, which they made to fall above an hour together for the entertainment of his present majesty.

I am led into this train of thinking by the noble fire-work that was exhibited last night upon the

Thames. You might there see a little sky filled with innumerable blazing stars and meteors. Nothing could be more astonishing than the pillars of flame, clouds of smoke, and multitudes of stars mingled together in such an agreeable confusion. Every rocket ended in a constellation, and strow'd the air with such a shower of silver spangles, as opened and enlightened the whole scene from time to time. It put me in mind of the lines in Oedipus:

"Why from the bleeding womb of monstrous night
"Burst forth such myriads of abortive stars?"

In short, the artist did his part to admiration, and was so encompassed with fire and smoke, that one would have thought nothing but a salamander could have been safe in such a situation.

I was in company with two or three fanciful friends during this whole show. One of them being a critic, that is, a man who on all occasions is more attentive to what is wanting than what is present, begun to exert his talent upon the several objects we had before us. I am mightily pleased, says he, with that burning cypher. There is no matter in the world so proper to write with as wild-fire, as no characters can be more legible than those which are read by their own light. But as for your cardinal virtues, I do not care for seeing them in such combustible figures. Who can imagine Chastity with a body of fire, or Temperance in a flame? Justice indeed may be furnished out of this element as far as her sword goes, and courage may be all over one continued blaze, if the artist pleases.

Our companion observing that we laughed at this unseasonable severity, let drop the critic, and proposed a subject for a fire-work, which he thought

would be very amusing, if executed by so able an artist as he who was at that time entertaining us. The plan he mentioned was a scene in Milton. He would have a large piece of machinery represent the Pandæmonium, where

"———from the arched roof
"Pendent by subtle magic, many a row
"Of starry lamps and blazing cressets, fed
"With Naphtha and Asphaltus, yielded light
"As from a sky———

This might be finely represented by several illuminations disposed in a great frame of wood, with ten thousand beautiful exhalations of fire, which men versed in this art know very well how to raise. The evil spirits at the same time might very properly appear in vehicles of flame, and employ all the tricks of art to terrify and surprise the spectator.

We were well enough pleased with this start of thought, but fancied there was something in it too serious, and perhaps too horrid, to be put in execution.

Upon this a friend of mine gave us an account of a fire-work described, if I am not mistaken, by Strada. A prince of Italy, it seems, entertained his mistress with it upon a great lake. In the midst of this lake was a huge floating mountain made by art. The mountain represented Ætna, being bored through the top with a monstrous orifice. Upon a signal given the eruption began. Fire and smoke, mixed with several unusual prodigies and figures, made their appearance for some time. On a sudden there was heard a most dreadful rumbling noise within the entrails of the machine. After which the mountain burst, and discovered a vast cavity in that side which faced the prince and his court. Within this hollow was Vulcan's shop full of fire

and clock-work. A column of blue flame iſſued continually from the forge. Vulcan was employed in hammering out thunder-bolts, that every now and then flew up from the anvil with dreadful cracks and flaſhes. Venus ſtood by him in a figure of the brighteſt fire, with numberleſs Cupids on all ſides of her, that ſhot out vollies of burning arrows. Before her was an altar with hearts of fire flaming on it. I have forgot ſeveral other particulars no leſs curious, and have only mentioned theſe to ſhew that there may be a ſort of fable or deſign in a fire-work which may give an additional beauty to thoſe ſurpriſing objects.

I ſeldom ſee any thing that raiſes wonder in me which does not give my thoughts a turn that makes my heart the better for it. As I was lying in my bed, and ruminating on what I have ſeen, I could not forbear reflecting on the inſignificancy of human art, when ſet in compariſon with the deſigns of providence. In the purſuit of this thought I conſidered a comet, or, in the language of the vulgar, a blazing-ſtar, as a ſky-rocket diſcharged by an hand that is almighty. Many of my readers ſaw that in the year 1680, and if they are not Mathematicians, will be amazed to hear that it travelled in a much greater degree of ſwiftneſs than a cannon-ball, and drew after it a tail of fire that was fourſcore millions of miles in length. What an amazing thought is it to conſider this ſtupendous body, traverſing the immenſity of the creation with ſuch a rapidity, and at the ſame time wheeling about in that line which the Almighty has preſcribed for it! that it ſhould move in ſuch inconceivable fury and combuſtion, and at the ſame time with ſuch an exact regularity! How ſpacious muſt the univerſe be, that gives ſuch bodies as theſe their

full play, without suffering the least disorder or confusion by it? What a glorious show are those beings entertained with, that can look into this great theatre of nature, and see myriads of such tremendous objects wandering through those immeasurable depths of ether, and running their appointed courses! Our eyes may hereafter be strong enough to command this magnificent prospect, and our understandings able to find out the several uses of these great parts of the universe. In the mean time they are very proper objects for our imaginations to contemplate, that we may form more exalted notions of infinite wisdom and power, and learn to think humbly of ourselves, and of all the little works of human invention. C

No 104. FRIDAY, JUNE 10.

"Quae e longinquo magis placent." *Tacit.*

The farther fetch'd, the more they please.

ON Tuesday last I published two letters written by a gentleman in his travels. As they were applauded by my best readers, I shall this day publish two more from the same hand. The first of them contains a matter of fact which is very curious, and may deserve the attention of those who are versed in our British antiquities.

'SIR, *Blois, May 15. N. S.*

BECAUSE I am at present out of the road of news, I shall send you a story that was lately given me by a gentleman of this country,

'who is descended from one of the persons con-
'cerned in the relation, and very inquisitive to
'know if there be any of the family now in Eng-
'land.

'I shall only premise to it, that this story is pre-
'served with great care among the writings of
'this gentleman's family, and that it has been
'given to two or three of our English nobility,
'when they were in these parts, who could not
'return any satisfactory answer to the gentleman,
'whether there be any of that family now remain-
'ing in Great-Britain.

'In the reign of King John there lived a noble-
'man called John de Sigonia, Lord of that place
'in Touraine: his brothers were Philip and Briant.
'Briant, when very young, was made one of the
'French King's pages, and served him in that
'quality when he was taken prisoner by the Eng-
'lish. The King of England chanced to see the
'youth, and being much pleased with his person
'and behaviour, begged him of the King his pri-
'soner. It happened, some years after this, that
'John the other brother, who in the course of the
'war had raised himself to a considerable post in
'the French army, was taken prisoner by Briant,
'who at that time was an officer in the King of
'England's guards. Briant knew nothing of his
'brother, and being naturally of an haughty tem-
'per, treated him very insolently, and more like a
'criminal than a prisoner of war. This John re-
'sented so highly, that he challenged him to a
'single combat. The challenge was accepted, and
'time and place assigned them by the King's ap-
'pointment. Both appeared on the day prefixed,
'and entered the lists compleatly armed amidst a
'great multitude of spectators. Their first encoun-

'ters were very furious, and the success equal on 'both sides; until after some toil and bloodshed 'they were parted by their seconds to fetch breath, 'and prepare themselves afresh for the combat. 'Briant, in the mean time, had cast his eye upon 'his brother's escutcheon, which he saw agree in 'all points with his own. I need not tell you after 'this, with what joy and surprize the story ends. 'King Edward, who knew all the particulars of it, 'as a mark of his esteem, gave to each of them, 'by the King of France's consent, the following 'coat of arms, which I will send you in the origi-'nal language, not being herald enough to blazon 'it in English.

"*Le Roi d'Angleterre, par permission du Roi de* "*France, pour perpetuelle memoire de leurs grands* "*faits d'armes & fidelité envers leurs Rois, leur* "*donna par ampliation à leurs armes une Croix* "*d'argent cantonée de quatre coquilles d'or en* "*champ de sable, qu'ils avoient auparavant, une* "*endenteleuse faite en façons de Croix de gueulle* "*inserée au dedans de la dite croix d'argent, & par* "*le milieu d'icelle qui est participation des deux Croix* "*que portent les dits Rois en la guerre.*"

'I am afraid, by this time, you begin to wonder 'that I should send you for news a tale of three 'or four hundred years old; and I dare say never 'thought, when you desired me to write to you, 'that I should trouble you with a story of King 'John, especially at a time, when there is a Mo-'narch on the French throne that furnishes dis-'course for all Europe. But I confess I am the 'more fond of the relation, because it brings to 'mind the noble exploits of our own countrymen:

'Though at the same time, I must own it is not so much the vanity of an Englishman which puts me upon writing it, as that I have of taking any occasion to subscribe myself,

SIR, yours, &c.'

SIR, Blois, May 20, N. S.

'I AM extremely obliged to you for your last kind letter, which was the only English that had been spoken to me in some months together, for I am at present forced to think the absence of my countrymen my good fortune:

"Votum in amante novum! vellem quod amatur abesset."
Ovid, Met. l. 3. v. 468.

Strange wish, to harbour in a lover's breast!
I wish that absent, which I love the best.

'This is an advantage that I could not have hoped for, had I stayed near the French court, though I must confess I would not but have seen it, because I believe it shewed me some of the finest places and of the greatest persons in the world. One cannot hear a name mentioned in it that does not bring to mind a piece of a gazette, nor see a man that has not signalized himself in a battle. One would fancy one's self to be in the inchanted palaces of a romance; one meets with so many heroes, and finds something so like scenes of magic in the gardens, statues, and water-works. I am ashamed that I am not able to make a quicker progress through the French tongue, because I believe it is impossible for a learner of a language to find in any nation such advantages as in this, where every body is so very courteous and so very talkative. They always take care to make

'a noise as long as they are in company, and are
'as loud any hour in the morning, as our own
'countrymen at midnight. By what I have seen,
'there is more mirth in the French conversation,
'and more wit in the English. You abound more
'in jests, but they in laughter. Their language
'is indeed extremely proper to tattle in, it is made
'up of so much repetition and compliment. One
'may know a foreigner by his answering only No,
'or Yes to a question, which a Frenchman gene-
'rally makes a sentence of. They have a set of
'ceremonious phrases that run through all ranks
'and degrees among them. Nothing is more com-
'mon than to hear a shop-keeper desiring his neigh-
'bour to have the goodness to tell him what it is
'o'clock, or a couple of coblers that are extremely
'glad of the honour of seeing one another.

'The face of the whole country where I now
'am, is at this season pleasant beyond imagination.
'I cannot but fancy the birds of this place, as well
'as the men, a great deal merrier than those of
'our own nation. I am sure the French year has
'got the start of ours more in the works of nature
'than in the new style. I have past one March in
'my life without being ruffled with the winds, and
'one April without being washed with rains.

'I am, Sir, yours.'

I.

N° 105. SATURDAY, JULY 11.

"Quod neque in Armeniis tigres fecere latebris,
"Perdere nec foetus ausa Leaena suos,
"At tenerae faciunt, sed non impune, puellae;
"Saepe, suos utero quae necat, ipsa perit.
Ovid. Amor. l. 2. El. 14.

The tygresses, that haunt th' Armenian wood,
Will spare their proper young, tho' pinch'd for food;
Nor will the Lybian lionesses slay
Their whelps: but women are more fierce than they,
More barbarous to the tender fruit they bear;
Nor nature's call, tho' loud she cries, will hear.
But righteous vengeance oft their crimes pursues,
And they are lost themselves, who would their children lose.

THERE was no part of the show on the Thanksgiving Day that so much pleased and affected me as the little boys and girls who were ranged with so much order and decency in that part of the Strand which reaches from the May-pole to Exeter-Change. Such a numerous and innocent multitude, clothed in the charity of their benefactors, was a spectacle pleasing both to God and man, and a more beautiful expression of joy and thanksgiving than could have been exhibited by all the pomps of a Roman triumph. Never did a more full and unspotted chorus of human creatures join together in a hymn of devotion. The care and tenderness which appeared in the looks of their several instructors, who were disposed among this little helpless people, could not forbear touching every heart that had any sentiments of humanity.

I am very sorry that her Majesty did not see this

assembly of objects, so proper to excite that charity and compassion which she bears to all who stand in need of it, though at the same time I question not but her royal bounty will extend itself to them. A charity bestowed on the education of so many of her young subjects, has more merit in it than a thousand pensions to those of a higher fortune who are in greater stations in life.

I have always looked on this institution of Charity-Schools, which, of late years, has so universally prevailed through the whole nation, as the glory of the age we live in, and the most proper means that can be made use of to recover it out of its present degeneracy and depravation of manners. It seems to promise us an honest and virtuous posterity: there will be few in the next generation who will not at least be able to write and read, and have not had an early tincture of religion. It is therefore to be hoped that the several persons of wealth and quality, who made their procession through the members of these new erected seminaries, will not regard them only as an empty spectacle, or the materials of a fine show, but contribute to their maintainance and increase. For my part, I can scarce forbear looking on the astonishing victories our arms have been crowned with, to be in some measure the blessings returned upon that national charity which has been so conspicuous of late; and that the great successes of the last war, for which we lately offered up our thanks, were in some measure occasioned by the several objects which then stood before us.

Since I am upon this subject, I shall mention a piece of charity which has not been yet exerted among us, and which deserves our attention the more, because it is practised by most of the nations about us. I mean a provision for foundlings, or

for those children who through want of such a provision are exposed to the barbarity of cruel and unnatural parents. One does not know how to speak on such a subject without horror: but what multitudes of infants have been made away by those who brought them into the world, and were afterwards either ashamed or unable to provide for them!

There is scarce an assizes where some unhappy wretch is not executed for the murder of a child. And how many more of these monsters of inhumanity may we suppose to be wholly undiscovered, or cleared for want of legal evidence? Not to mention those, who by unnatural practices do in some measure defeat the intentions of providence, and destroy their conceptions even before they see the light. In all these the guilt is equal, though the punishment is not so. But to pass by the greatness of the crime, (which is not to be expressed by words) if we only consider it as it robs the commonwealth of its full number of citizens, it certainly deserves the utmost application and wisdom of a people to prevent it.

It is certain, that which generally betrays these profligate women into it, and overcomes the tenderness which is natural to them on other occasions, is the fear of shame, or their inability to support those whom they give life to. I shall therefore shew how this evil is prevented in other countries, as I have learned from those who have been conversant in the several great cities of Europe.

There are at Paris, Madrid, Lisbon, Rome, and many other large towns, great hospitals built like our colleges. In the walls of these hospitals are placed machines, in the shape of large lanthorns, with a little door on the side of them turned towards

the ſtreet, and a bell hanging by them. The child is depoſited in this lanthorn, which is immediately turned about into the inſide of the hoſpital. The perſon who conveys the child, rings the bell and leaves it there, upon which the proper officer comes and receives it without making further inquiries. The parent or her friend, who lays the child there, generally leaves a note with it, declaring whether it be yet chriſtened, the name it ſhould be called by, the particular marks upon it, and the like.

It often happens that the parent leaves a note for the maintenance and education of the child, or takes it out after it has been ſome years in the hoſpital. Nay, it has been known that the father has afterwards owned the young foundling for his ſon, or left his eſtate to him. This is certain, that many are by this means preſerved, and do ſignal ſervices to their country, who without ſuch a proviſion might have periſhed as abortives, or have come to an untimely end, and perhaps have brought upon their guilty parents the like deſtruction.

This I think is a ſubject that deſerves our moſt ſerious conſideration, for which reaſon I hope I ſhall not be thought impertinent in laying it before my readers. O

No 106. Monday, July 13.

Quod latet arcana, non enarrabile, fibra.
Pers. Sat. 5. v. 29.

The deep recesses of the human breast.

AS I was making up my Monday's provision for the public, I received the following letter, which being a better entertainment than any I can furnish out myself, I shall set it before the reader, and desire him to fall on without further ceremony.

'SIR,

'YOUR two kinsmen and predecessors of immortal memory, were very famous for their dreams and visions, and, contrary to all other authors, never pleased their readers more than when they were nodding. Now it is observed, that the *Second-sight* generally runs in the blood; and, Sir, we are in hopes, that you yourself, like the rest of your family, may at length prove a dreamer of dreams, and a seer of visions. In the mean while, I beg leave to make you a present of a dream, which may serve to lull your readers until such time as you yourself shall think fit to gratify the public with any of your nocturnal discoveries.

'You must understand, Sir, I had yesterday been reading and ruminating upon that passage where Momus is said to have found fault with the make of a man, because he had not a win-

'dow in his breast. The moral of this story is
'very obvious, and means no more than that the
'heart of man is so full of wiles and artifices, trea-
'chery and deceit, that there is no guessing at
'what he is from his speeches and outward ap-
'pearances. I was immediately reflecting how
'happy each of the sexes would be, if there was a
'window in the breast of every one that makes or
'receives love. What protestations and perjuries
'would be saved on the one side, what hypocrisy
'and dissimulation on the other! I am myself very
'far gone in this passion for Aurelia, a woman of
'an unsearchable heart. I would give the world
'to know the secrets of it, and particularly whe-
'ther I am really in her good graces, or if not,
'who is the happy person.

'I fell asleep in this agreeable reverie, when on
'a sudden methought Aurelia lay by my side. I
'was placed by her in the posture of Milton's
'Adam, and 'with looks of cordial love hung over
'her enamoured.' As I cast my eye upon her
'bosom, it appeared to be all of crystal, and so
'wonderfully transparent, that I saw every thought
'in her heart. The first images I discovered in it
'were fans, silks, ribbands, laces, and many other
'gewgaws, which lay so thick together, that the
'whole heart was nothing else but a toyshop.
'These all faded away and vanished, when imme-
'diately I discerned a long train of coaches and six,
'equipages and liveries that ran through the heart
'one after another in a very great hurry for above
'half an hour together. After this, looking very
'attentively, I observed the whole space to be fill-
'ed with a hand of cards, in which I could see di-
'stinctly three mattadors. There then followed a
'quick succession of different scenes. A playhouse,

'a church, a court, a puppet-show, rose up one after another; until at last they all of them gave place to a pair of new shoes, which kept footing in the heart for a whole hour. These were driven off at last by a lap-dog, who was succeeded by a Guinea pig, a squirrel, and a monkey. I myself, to my no small joy, brought up the rear of these worthy favourites. I was ravished at being so happily posted and in full possession of the heart: but as I saw the little figure of myself simpering and mightily pleased with its situation; on a sudden the heart methought gave a sigh, in which, as I found afterwards, my little representative vanished; for upon applying my eye, I found my place taken up by an ill-bred, aukward puppy, with a money-bag under each arm. This gentleman, however, did not keep his station long, before he yielded it up to a wight as disagreeable as himself, with a white stick in his hand. These three last figures represented to me in a lively manner the conflicts in Aurelia's heart between love, avarice, and ambition, for we justled one another out by turns, and disputed the post for a great while. But at last, to my unspeakable satisfaction, I saw myself entirely settled in it. I was so transported with my success, that I could not forbear hugging my dear piece of crystal, when to my unspeakable mortification I awaked, and found my mistress metamorphosed into a pillow.

'This is not the first time I have been thus disappointed.

'O venerable NESTOR, if you have any skill in dreams, let me know whether I have the same place in the real heart, that I had in the visionary one. To tell you truly, I am perplexed to death

between hope and fear. I was very sanguine until eleven o'clock this morning, when I overheard an unlucky old woman telling her neighbour that dreams always went by contraries. I did not indeed before much like the crystal heart, remembering that confounded simile in Valentinian, of a maid 'as cold as crystal never to be thaw'd.' Besides, I verily believe if I had slept a little longer, that awkward whelp with his money-bags would certainly have made his second entrance. If you can tell the fair one's mind, it will be no small proof of your art; for I dare say it is more than she herself can do. Every sentence she speaks is a riddle; all that I can be certain of is, that I am her and

Your humble servant,

Peter Puzzle.

No 107. Tuesday, July 14.

———*Tentanda via est*——— *Virg. Georg.* 3. v. 8.

I'll try the experiment.

I HAVE lately entertained my reader with two or three letters from a traveller, and may possibly, in some of my future papers, oblige him with more from the same hand. The following one comes from a projector, which is a sort of correspondent as diverting as a traveller; his subject having the same grace of novelty to recommend it, and being equally adapted to the curiosity of the reader. For

my own part, I have always had a particular fondness for a project, and may say, without vanity, that I have a pretty tolerable genius that way myself. I could mention some which I have brought to maturity, others which have miscarried, and many more which I have yet by me, and are to take their fate in the world when I see a proper juncture. I had a hand in the land-bank, and was consulted with upon the reformation of manners. I have had several designs upon the Thames and the New-River, not to mention my refinements upon lotteries and insurances, and that never-to-be-forgotten project, which if it had succeeded to my wishes, would have made gold as plentiful in this nation as tin or copper. If my countrymen have not reaped any advantages from these my designs, it was not for want of any good-will toward them. They are obliged to me for my kind intentions, as much as if they had taken effect. Projects are of a twofold nature: the first arising from public-spirited persons, in which number I declare myself: the other proceeding from a regard to our private interest, of which nature is that in the following letter.

'SIR,

'A MAN of your reading knows very well that 'there were a set of men in old Rome, called 'by the name of Nomenclators, that is in English, 'men who call every one by his name. When a 'great man stood for any public office, as that of 'a Tribune, a Consul, or a Censor, he had always 'one of these Nomenclators at his elbow, who 'whispered in his ear the name of every one he 'met with, and by that means enabled him to sa-'lute every Roman citizen by his name when he

'asked him for his vote. To come to my purpose: I 'have with much pains and assiduity qualified myself 'for a Nomenclator to this great city, and shall 'gladly enter upon my office as soon as I meet 'with suitable encouragement. I will let myself 'out by the week to any curious country gentle-'man or foreigner. If he takes me with him in a 'coach to the ring, I will undertake to teach him, 'in two or three evenings, the names of the most 'celebrated persons who frequent that place. If 'he plants me by his side in the pit, I will call 'over to him, in the same manner, the whole circle 'of beauties that are disposed among the boxes, 'and at the same time point out to him the persons 'who ogle them from their respective stations. I 'need not tell you that I may be of the same use 'in any other public assembly. Nor do I only pro-'fess the teaching of names, but of things. Upon 'the sight of a reigning beauty, I shall mention 'her admirers, and discover her gallantries, if they 'are of public notoriety. I shall likewise mark out 'every toast, the club in which she was elected, 'and the number of votes that were on her side. 'Not a woman shall be unexplained that makes a 'figure either as a maid, a wife, or a widow. The 'men too shall be set out in their distinguishing 'characters, and declared whose properties they are. 'Their wit, wealth, or good humour, their persons, 'stations, and titles, shall be described at large.

'I have a wife who is a Nomenclatress, and 'will be ready, on any occasion, to attend the 'Ladies. She is of a much more communicative 'nature than myself, and is acquainted with all the 'private history of London and Westminster, and 'ten miles round. She has fifty private amours, 'which no body yet knows any thing of but her-

'self, and thirty clandestine marriages that have 'not been touched by the tip of a tongue. She 'will wait upon any Lady at her own lodgings, and 'talk by the clock after the rate of three guineas 'an hour.

'N. B. She is a near kinswoman of the author 'of the New Atalantis.

'I need not recommend to a man of your saga-'city, the usefulness of this project, and do there-'fore beg your encouragement of it, which will 'lay a very great obligation upon

'your humble servant.'

After this letter from my whimsical correspondent, I shall publish one of a more serious nature, which deserves the utmost attention of the public, and in particular of such who are lovers of mankind. It is on no less a subject, than that of discovering the Longitude, and deserves a much higher name than that of a project, if our language afforded any such term. But all I can say on this subject will be superfluous, when the reader sees the names of those persons by whom this letter is subscribed, and who have done me the honour to send it me. I must only take notice, that the first of these Gentlemen is the same person who has lately obliged the world with that noble plan, entitled "A Scheme "of the Solar System, with the Orbits of the "Planets and Comets belonging thereto, described "from Dr Halley's accurate Table of Comets, "Philosoph. Transact. Nº 297. founded on Sir "Isaac Newton's wonderful discoveries, by William "Whiston, M. A."

To Nestor Ironside, Esq; at Button's Coffee-house near Covent-Garden.

SIR, London, July 11, 1713.

'HAVING a discovery of considerable importance to communicate to the public, and finding that you are pleased to concern yourself in any thing that tends to the common benefit of mankind, we take the liberty to desire the insertion of this letter into your GUARDIAN. We expect no other recommendation of it from you, but the allowing of it a place in so useful a paper. Nor do we insist on any protection from you, if what we propose should fall short of what we pretend to; since any disgrace, which in that case must be expected, ought to lie wholly at our own doors, and to be intirely borne by ourselves, which we hope we have provided for by putting our own names to this paper.

'It is well known, Sir, to yourself, and to the learned, and trading, and sailing world, that the great defect of the art of navigation, is, that a ship at sea has no certain method, in either her eastern or western voyages, or even in her less distant sailing from the coasts, to know her longitude, or how much she is gone eastward or westward, as it can easily be known in any clear day or night, how much she is gone northward or southward. The several methods by lunar eclipses, by those of Jupiter's satellites, by the appulses of the moon or fixed stars, and by the even motions of pendulum clocks and watches, upon how solid foundations soever they are built, still failing in long voyages at sea, when they come to be practised; and leaving the poor sail-

'ors frequently to the great inaccuracy of a log-line, or dead-reckoning. This defect is so great, and so many ships have been lost by it, and this has been so long, and so sensibly known by trading nations, that great rewards are said to be publicly offered for its supply. We are well satisfied, that the discovery we have to make as to this matter, is easily intelligible by all, and ready to be practised at sea as well as at land; that the latitude will thereby be likewise found at the same time; and that with proper charges it may be made as universal as the world shall please; nay, that the longitude and latitude may be generally hereby determined to a greater degree of exactness than the latitude itself is now usually found at sea. So that on all accounts we hope it will appear very worthy the public consideration. We are ready to disclose it to the world, if we may be assured that no other persons shall be allowed to deprive us of those rewards which the public shall think fit to bestow for such a discovery; but do not desire actually to receive any benefit of that nature till Sir Isaac Newton himself with such other proper persons as shall be chosen to assist him, have given their opinion in favour of this discovery. If Mr Ironside pleases so far to oblige the public as to communicate this proposal to the world, he will also lay a great obligation on

'his very humble servants,

'Will. Whiston.

'Humphry Ditton.'

Nº 108. WEDNESDAY, JULY 16.

> "Abietibus juvenes patriis & montibus aequi."
>
> *Virg. Æn. 9. v. 674.*
>
> ——Youths, of height and size,
> Like firs that on their mother-mountain rise.
>
> *Dryden.*

I DO not care for burning my fingers in a quarrel, but since I have communicated to the world a plan which has given offence to some gentlemen whom it would not be very safe to disoblige, I must insert the following remonstrance; and at the same time promise those of my correspondents who have drawn this upon themselves to exhibit to the public any such answer as they shall think proper to make to it.

'Mr GUARDIAN,

'I WAS very much troubled to see the two 'letters which you lately published concern- 'ing the short club. You cannot imagine what 'airs all the little pragmatical fellows about us 'have given themselves since the reading of those 'papers. Every one cocks and struts upon it, and 'pretends to overlook us who are two foot higher 'than themselves. I met with one the other day 'who was at least three inches above five foot, 'which you know is the statutable measure of that 'club. This overgrown runt has struck off his 'heels, lowered his fore-top, and contracted his 'figure, that he might be looked upon as a mem- 'ber of this new-erected society; nay, so far did

'his vanity carry him, that he talked familiarly 'of Tom Tiptoe, and pretends to be an intimate 'acquaintance of Tim Tuck. For my part, I 'scorn to speak any thing to the diminution of 'these little creatures, and should not have mind-'ed them had they been still shuffled among the 'crowd. Shrubs and underwoods look well 'enough while they grow within the shades of 'oaks and cedars; but when these pigmies pre-'tend to draw themselves out from the rest of the 'world, and form themselves into a body, it is 'time for us who are men of figure to look about 'us. If the ladies should once take a liking to 'such a diminutive race of lovers, we should, in 'a little time, see mankind epitomized, and the 'whole species in miniature; daisy roots would 'grow fashionable diet. In order therefore to 'keep our posterity from dwindling, and fetch 'down the pride of these aspiring race of upstarts, 'we have here instituted a tall club.

'As the short club consists of those who are un-'der five foot, ours is to be composed of such as 'are above six. These we look upon as the two 'extremes and antagonists of the species, con-'sidering all those as neuters who fill up the middle 'space. When a man rises beyond six foot, he is 'an Hypermeter, and may be admitted into the 'tall club.

'We have already chosen thirty members the 'most sightly of all her Majesty's subjects. We 'elected a president, as many of the ancients did 'their kings, by reason of his height, having only 'confirmed him in that station above us which na-'ture had given him. He is a Scotch Highlander, 'and within an inch of a show. As for my own 'part, I am but a sesquipedal, having only six foot

'and a half in stature. Being the shortest member of the club, I am appointed secretary. If you saw us altogether you would take us for the sons of Anak. Our meetings are held like the old Gothic parliaments, *sub dio*, in open air; but we shall make an interest, if we can, that we may hold our assemblies in Westminster-hall when it is not term-time. I must add to the honour of our club, that it is one of our society who is now finding out the longitude. The device of our public seal, is a crane grasping a pigmy in his right foot.

'I know the short club value themselves very much upon Mr Distich, who may possibly play some of his Pentameters upon us; but if he does, he shall certainly be answered in Alexandrines. For we have a poet among us of a genius as exalted as his stature, and who is very well read in Longinus his treatise concerning the Sublime. Besides, I would have Mr Distich consider, that if Horace was a short man, Musæus, who makes such a noble figure in Virgil's sixth Æneid, was taller by the head and shoulders than all the people of Elysium. I shall therefore confront his *lepidissimum homuncionem* (a short quotation, and fit for a member of their club) with one that is much longer, and therefore more suitable to a member of ours.

" *Quos circumfusos sic est affata sibylla;*
" *Musæum ante omnes; medium nam plurima turba*
" *Hunc habet, atque humeris extantem suscipit altis.*

Vir. Æn. 6. v. 666.

To these the sibyl thus her speech address'd:
And first to him * surrounded by the rest;
Tow'ring his height, and ample was his breast.

Dryden.

* Musæus.

'If after all, this society of little men proceed 'as they have begun to magnify themselves, and 'lessen men of higher stature, we have resolved to 'make a detachment, some evening or other, that 'shall bring away their whole club in a pair of 'panniers, and imprison them in a cupboard which 'we have set apart for that use, until they have 'made a public recantation. As for the little 'bully, Tim Tuck, if he pretends to be choleric, 'we shall treat him like his friend little Dicky, and 'hang him upon a peg until he comes to himself. 'I have told you our design, and let their little 'Machiavel prevent it if he can.

'This is, Sir, the long and the short of the 'matter. I am sensible I shall stir up a nest of 'wasps by it, but let them do their worst. I 'think that we serve our country by discouraging 'this little breed, and hindring it from coming into 'fashion. If the fair sex look upon us with an eye 'of favour, we shall make some attempts to length-'en out the human figure, and restore it to its 'ancient procerity. In the mean time, we hope 'old age has not inclined you in favour of our an-'tagonists; for I do assure you, Sir, we are all 'your high admirers, though none more than,

'SIR, Yours, &c.'

Nº 109. Thursday, July 16.

"Pugnabat tunica sed tamen illa tegit."

Ovid. Amor. l. 1, Eleg. 5. v. 14.

Yet still she strove her naked charms to hide.

I HAVE received many letters from persons of all conditions in reference to my late discourse concerning the Tucker. Some of them are filled with reproaches and invectives. A lady who subscribes herself Teraminta bids me in a very pert manner mind my own affairs, and not pretend to meddle with their linen; for that they do not dress for an old fellow, who cannot see them without a pair of spectacles. Another, who calls herself Bubnelia, vents her passion in scurrilous terms; an old Ninny-hammer, a Dotard, a Nincompoop, is the best language she can afford me. Florella indeed expostulates with me upon the subject, and only complains that she is forced to return a pair of stays which were made in the extremity of the fashion, that she might not be thought to encourage peeping.

But if on the one side I have been used ill (the common fate of all reformers) I have on the other side received great applauses and acknowledgements for what I have done, in having put a seasonable stop to this unaccountable humour of stripping, that was got among our British ladies. As I would much rather the world should know what is said to my praise, than to my disadvantage, I shall suppress what has been written to me by those who

have reviled me on this occasion, and only publish those letters which approve my proceedings.

'SIR,

'I AM to give you thanks in the name of half a 'dozen superannuated beauties, for your paper 'of the 6th instant. We all of us pass for women 'of fifty, and a man of your sense knows how many 'additional years are always to be thrown into fe-'male computations of this nature. We are very 'sensible that several young flirts about town had 'a design to cast us out of the fashionable world, 'and to leave us in the lurch by some of their late 'refinements. Two or three of them have been 'heard to say, that they would kill every old wo-'man about town. In order to it, they began to 'throw off their clothes as fast as they could, and 'have played all those pranks which you have so 'seasonably taken notice of. We were forced to 'uncover after them, being unwilling to give out 'so soon, and be regarded as veterans in the beau 'monde. Some of us have already caught our 'deaths by it. For my own part, I have not 'been without a cold ever since this foolish fashion 'came up. I have followed it thus far with the 'hazard of my life, and how much farther I must 'go, nobody knows, if your paper does not bring 'us relief. You may assure yourself that all the 'antiquated necks about town are very much ob-'liged to you. Whatever fires and flames are con-'cealed in our bosoms (in which perhaps we vie 'with the youngest of the sex) they are not suffi-'cient to preserve us against the wind and weather. 'In taking so many old women under your care, 'you have been a real GUARDIAN to us, and saved

'the life of many of your contemporaries. In 'short, we all of us beg leave to subscribe our'selves,

most venerable Nestor,

your humble servants and sisters.'

I am very well pleased with this approbation of my good sisters. I must confess I have always looked on the Tucker to be the *decus et tutamen*, the ornament and defence of the female neck. My good old lady, the Lady Lizard, condemned this fashion from the beginning, and has observed to me, with some concern, that her sex at the same time they are letting down their stays, are tucking up their petticoats, which grow shorter and shorter every day. The leg discovers itself in proportion with the neck. But I may possibly take another occasion of handling this extremity, it being my design to keep a watchful eye over every part of the female sex, and to regulate them from head to foot. In the mean time I shall fill up my paper with a letter which comes to me from another of my obliged correspondents.

'Dear Guardee,

'THIS comes to you from one of those un'tuckered ladies whom you were so sharp upon 'on Monday was se'ennight. I think myself migh'tily beholden to you for the reprehension you 'then gave us. You must know I am a famous 'olive beauty. But though this complexion makes 'a very good face when there are a couple of black 'sparkling eyes set in it, it makes but a very 'indifferent neck. Your fair women therefore

'thought of this fashion to insult the Olives and the 'Brunets. They know very well, that a neck of 'ivory does not make so fine a show as one of ala'baster. It is for this reason, Mr Ironside, that 'they are so liberal in their discoveries. We 'know very well, that a woman of the whitest 'neck in the world, is to you no more than a wo'man of snow; but Ovid, in Mr Duke's transla'tion of him, seems to look upon it with another 'eye, when he talks of Corinna, and mentions

———— her heaving breast,
Courting the hand, and suing to be prest.

'Women of my complexion ought to be more 'modest, especially since our faces debar us from 'all artificial whitenings. Could you examine 'many of these ladies who present you with such 'beautiful snowy chests, you would find they are 'not all of a piece. Good father Nestor, do 'not let us alone until you have shortened our 'necks, and reduced them to their ancient stan'dard.

I am your most obliged,
humble servant,
OLIVIA.'

I shall have a just regard to Olivia's remonstrance, though at the same time I cannot but observe that her modesty seems to be intirely the result of her complexion.

No 110. Friday, July 17.

—— *Non ego paucis*
Offendar maculis, quas aut incuria fudit,
Aut humana parum cavit natura.

Hor. Ars Poet. v. 351.

I will not quarrel with a slight mistake,
Such as our nature's frailty may excuse.

Roscommon.

THE candour which Horace shows in the motto of my paper, is that which distinguishes a critic from a caviller. He declares that he is not offended with those little faults in a poetical composition, which may be imputed to inadvertency, or to the imperfection of human nature. The truth of it is, there can be no more a perfect work in the world than a perfect man. To say of a celebrated piece that there are faults in it, is in effect to say no more, than that the author of it was a man. For this reason I consider every critic that attacks an author in high reputation, as the slave in the Roman triumph, who was to call out to the conqueror, "Remember, Sir, that you are a man." I speak this in relation to the following letter, which criticises the works of a great poet, whose very faults have more beauty in them than the most elaborate compositions of many more correct writers. The remarks are very curious and just, and introduced by a compliment to the work of an author, who I am sure would not care for being praised at the expence of another's reputation. I must therefore desire my correspondent to excuse me, if I do not publish either the preface or conclusion of his letter, but only the critical part of it.

OUR tragedy writers have been notoriously defective in giving proper sentiments to the persons they introduce. Nothing is more common than to hear an heathen talking of angels and devils, the joys of heaven and the pains of hell, according to the Christian system. Lee's Alexander discovers himself to be a Cartesian in the first page of Oedipus.

——"The sun's sick too.
"Shortly he'll be an earth"——

As Dryden's Cleomenes is acquainted with the Copernican hypothesis two thousand years before its invention.

"I am pleas'd with my own work; Jove was not more
"With infant nature, when his spacious hand
"Had rounded this huge ball of earth and seas,
"To give it the first push, and see it roll
"Along the vast abyss"——

I have now Mr. Dryden's Don Sebastian before me, in which I find frequent allusions to ancient history, and the old mythology of the heathen. It is not very natural to suppose a king of Portugal would be borrowing thoughts out of Ovid's Metamorphoses when he talked even to those of his own court; but to allude to these Roman fables when he talks to an emperor of Barbary, seems very extraordinary. But observe how he defies him out of the classics in the following lines.

"Why didst not thou engage me man to man,
"And try the virtue of that Gorgon face
"To stare me into statue?"

"Almeyda at the same time is more book-learned than Don Sebastian. She plays an Hydra upon the emperor that is full as good as the Gorgon.

" O that I had the fruitful heads of Hydra,
" That one might bourgeon where another fell!
" Still would I give thee work, still, still, thou tyrant,
" And hiss thee with the last—"

"She afterwards, in allusion to Hercules, bids him lay down the lion's skin, and take the distaff; and in the following speech utters her passion still more learnedly.

" No, were we join'd, ev'n tho' it were in death,
" Our bodies burning in one funeral pile,
" The prodigy of Thebes would be renew'd,
" And my divided flame should break from thine."

"The emperor of Barbary shews himself acquainted with the Roman poets as well as either of his prisoners, and answers the foregoing speech in the same classic strain.

" Serpent, I will engender poison with thee;
" Our offspring, like the seed of dragon's teeth,
" Shall issue arm'd, and fight themselves to death."

"Ovid seems to have been Muley Molock's favourite author, witness the lines that follow.

" She still inexorable, still imperious,
" And loud, as if like Bacchus born in thunder."

"I shall conclude my remarks on his part with that poetical complaint of his being in love, and leave my reader to consider how prettily it would sound in the mouth of an emperor of Morocco.

" The God of love once more has shot his fires
" Into my soul, and my whole heart receives him."

'Muley Zeydan is as ingenious a man as his
' brother Muley Moloch; as where he hints at the
' story of Castor and Pollux.

—— " May we ne'er meet!
" For like the twins of Leda, when I mount,
" He gallops down the skies ——

' As for the Mufti, we will suppose that he was
' bred up a scholar, and not only versed in the
' law of Mahomet, but acquainted with all kinds
' of polite learning. For this reason he is not at all
' surprised when Dorax calls him a Phaeton in
' one place, and in another tells him he is like
' Archimedes.

' The Mufti afterwards mentions Ximenes, Al-
' bornox, and Cardinal Wolsey by name. The
' poet seems to think he may make every person,
' in his play, know as much as himself, and talk
' as well as he could have done on the same occa-
' sion. At least I believe every reader will agree
' with me, that the above-mentioned sentiments,
' to which I might have added several others, would
' have been better suited to the court of Augustus,
' than that of Muley Moloch. I grant they are
' beautiful in themselves, and much more so in
' that noble language, which was peculiar to this
' great poet. I only observe that they are impro-
' per for the persons who make use of them. Dry-
' den is indeed generally wrong in his sentiments.
' Let any one read the dialogue between Octavia
' and Cleopatra, and he will be amazed to hear a
' Roman lady's mouth filled with such obscene rail-
' lery. If the virtuous Octavia departs from her
' character, the loose Dolabella is no less incon-
' sistent with himself, when all of a sudden, he

he drops the Pagan, and talks in the sentiments of revealed religion.

> "Our sorrow for our sins, and then delights
> "To pardon erring man: sweet mercy seems
> "Its darling attribute, which limits justice;
> "As if there were degrees in infinite;
> "And infinite would rather want perfection
> "Than punish to excess."

I might shew several faults of this same nature in the celebrated Aureng-Zebe. The impropriety of thoughts in the speeches of the great Mogul and his empress has been generally censured. Take the sentiments out of the shining dress of words, and they would be too coarse for a scene in Billingsgate.

N° 111. SATURDAY, JULY 18.

> "Hic aliquis de gente hircosa Centurionum
> "Dicat: quod satis est, sapio mihi; non ego curo
> "Esse quod Arcesilas, aerumnosique Solones."
>
> *Pers. Sat. 3. v. 77.*

> But, here, some captain of the land or fleet,
> Stout of his hands, but of a soldier's wit;
> Cries, I have sense, to serve my turn, in store;
> And he's a rascal who pretends to more.
> Damme, whate'er those book-learn'd blockheads say,
> Solon's the veriest fool in all the play.
>
> DRYDEN.

I AM very much concerned when I see young gentlemen of fortune and quality so wholly set upon pleasures and diversions, that they neglect all

those improvements in wisdom and knowledge which may make them easy to themselves and useful to the world. The greatest part of our British youth lose their figure and grow out of fashion by that time they are five and twenty. As soon as the natural gaiety and amiableness of the young man wears off, they have nothing left to recommend them, but lie by the rest of their lives among the lumber and refuse of the species. It sometimes happens indeed, that for want of applying themselves in due time to the pursuits of knowledge, they take up a book in their declining years, and grow very hopeful scholars by that time they are threescore. I must therefore earnestly press my readers, who are in the flower of their youth, to labour at those accomplishments which may set off their persons when their bloom is gone, and to *lay in* timely provisions for manhood and old age. In short, I would advise the youth of fifteen to be dressing up every day the man of fifty, or to consider how to make himself venerable at threescore.

Young men, who are naturally ambitious, would do well to observe how the greatest men of antiquity made it their ambition to excel all their contemporaries in knowledge. Julius Cæsar and Alexander, the most celebrated instances of human greatness, took a particular care to distinguish themselves by their skill in the arts and sciences. We have still extant several remains of the former, which justify the character given of him by the learned men of his own age. As for the latter, it is a known saying of his, that he was more obliged to Aristotle who had instructed him, than to Philip who had given him life and empire. There is a letter of his recorded by Plutarch and Aulus Gellius, which he wrote to Aristotle upon hearing that

he had published those lectures he had given him in private. This letter was written in the following words, at a time when he was in the height of his Persian conquests.

Alexander to Aristotle, greeting.

'YOU have not done well to publish your books 'of select knowledge; for what is there now 'in which I can surpass others, if those things 'which I have been instructed in are communicated 'to every body? For my own part, I declare to you 'I would rather excel others in knowledge than 'power. Farewel.'

We see by this letter, that the love of conquest was but the second ambition in Alexander's soul. Knowledge is indeed that which, next to virtue, truly and essentially raises one man above another. It finishes one half of the human soul. It makes being pleasant to us, fills the mind with entertaining views, and administers to it a perpetual series of gratifications. It gives ease to solitude, and gracefulness to retirement. It fills a public station with suitable abilities, and adds a lustre to those who are in possession of them.

Learning, by which I mean all useful knowledge, whether speculative or practical, is in popular and mixed governments the natural source of wealth and honour. If we look into most of the reigns from the conquest, we shall find that the favourites of each reign have been those who have raised themselves. The greatest men are generally the growth of that particular age in which they flourish. A superior capacity for business, and a more extensive knowledge, are the steps by which a new man often mounts to favour, and outshines the rest of his con-

temporalities. But when men are actually born to titles, it is almost impossible that they should fail of receiving an additional greatness, if they take care to accomplish themselves for it.

The story of Solomon's choice does not only instruct us in that point of history, but furnishes out a very fine moral to us, namely, that he who applies his heart to wisdom, does at the same time take the most proper method of gaining long life, riches and reputation, which are very often not only the rewards but the effects of wisdom.

As it is very suitable to my present subject, I shall first of all quote this passage in the words of sacred writ, and afterwards mention an allegory, in which this whole passage is represented by a famous French poet: not questioning but it will be very pleasing to such of my readers as have a taste of fine writing.

"In Gibeon the Lord appeared to Solomon in "a dream by night: and God said, Ask what I "shall give thee. And Solomon said, Thou hast "shewed unto thy servant David my father great "mercy, according as he walked before thee in "truth and in righteousness, and in uprightness "of heart with thee, and thou hast kept for him "this great kindness, that thou hast given him a "son to sit on his throne, as it is this day. And "now, O Lord my God, thou hast made thy servant king instead of David my father: And I "am but a little child: I know not how to go out "or come in. —— Give therefore thy servant an understanding heart to judge thy people, that I may "discern between good and bad: for who is able "to judge this thy so great a people? And the "speech pleased the Lord, that Solomon had asked this thing. And God said unto him, Be"cause thou hast asked this thing, and hast not

" asked for thyself long life, neither hast asked
" riches for thyself, nor hast asked the life of thine
" enemies, but hast asked for thyself, understand-
" ing to discern judgment: Behold, I have done
" according to thy words: Lo, I have given thee
" a wise and understanding heart, so that there
" was none like thee before thee, neither after thee
" shall any arise like unto thee. And I have also
" given thee that which thou hast not asked, both
" riches and honour, so that there shall not be any
" among the kings like unto thee all thy days.
" And if thou wilt walk in my ways, to keep my
" statutes and my commandments, as thy father
" David did walk, then I will lengthen thy days.
" And Solomon awoke, and behold, it was a
" dream. ———

The French poet has shadowed this story in an allegory, of which he seems to have taken the hint from the fable of the three goddesses appearing to Paris, or rather from the vision of Hercules, recorded by Xenophon, where Pleasure and Virtue are represented as real persons making their court to the hero with all their several charms and allurements. Health, Wealth, Victory and Honour are introduced successively in their proper emblems and characters, each of them spreading her temptations, and recommending herself to the young monarch's choice. Wisdom enters the last, and so captivates him with her appearance, that he gives himself up to her. Upon which she informs him, that those who appeared before her were nothing else but her equipage; and that since he had placed his heart upon Wisdom, Health, Wealth, Victory, and Honour, should always wait on her as her handmaids.

Nº 112. Monday, July 20.

——— *Udam*
Spernit humum fugiente penna. Hor. Od. 2. l. 3. v. 23.

Scorns the base earth, and crowd below,
And with a soaring wing still mounts on high. Creech.

THE philosophers of King Charles his reign were busy in finding out the art of flying. The famous Bishop Wilkins was so confident of success in it, that he says he does not question but in the next age it will be as usual to hear a man call for his wings when he is going a journey, as it is now to call for his boots. The humour so prevailed among the virtuosos of this reign, that they were actually making parties to go up to the moon together, and were more put to it in their thoughts how to meet with accommodations by the way, than how to get thither. Every one knows the story of the great Lady, who at the same time was building castles in the air for their reception. I always leave such trite quotations to my reader's private recollection. For which reason also I shall forbear extracting out of authors several instances of particular persons who have arrived at some perfection in this art, and exhibited specimens of it before multitudes of beholders. Instead of this I shall present my reader with the following letter from an artist, who is now taken up with this invention, and conceals his true name under that of Dædalus.

'Mr Ironside,

'Knowing that you are a great encourager of ingenuity, I think fit to acquaint you, that I have made a considerable progress in the art of flying. I flutter about my room two or three hours in a morning, and when my wings are on, can go above a hundred yards at a hop, step, and jump. I can fly already as well as a turkey-cock, and improve every day. If I proceed as I have begun, I intend to give the world a proof of my proficiency in this art. Upon the next public thanksgiving-day it is my design to sit astride the dragon upon Bow-steeple, from whence, after the first discharge of the Tower-guns, I intend to mount into the air, fly over Fleet-street, and pitch upon the May-pole in the Strand; from thence, by a gradual descent, I shall make the best of my way for St James's Park, and light upon the ground near Rosamond's Pond. This I doubt not will convince the world that I am no pretender; but before I set out, I shall desire to have a patent for making of wings, and that none shall presume to fly, under pain of death, with wings of any other man's making. I intend to work for the court myself, and will have journeymen under me to furnish the rest of the nation. I likewise desire, that I may have the sole teaching of persons of quality, in which I shall spare neither time nor pains until I have made them as expert as myself. I will fly with the women on my back for the first fortnight. I shall appear at the first masquerade dressed up in my feathers and plumage like an Indian prince, that the quality may see how prettily they will look in their travelling ha-

'bits. You know, Sir, there is an unaccountable
'prejudice to projectors of all kinds, for which
'reason when I talk of practising to fly, silly people
'think me an owl for my pains; but, Sir, you
'know better things. I need not enumerate to
'you the benefits which will accrue to the public
'from this invention; as, how the roads of England
'will be saved when we travel through these new
'high-ways, and how all family accounts will be
'lessened in the article of coaches and horses. I
'need not mention posts and packet-boats, with
'many other conveniencies of life, which will be
'supplied this way. In short, Sir, when mankind
'are in possession of this art, they will be able to
'do more business in threescore and ten years, than
'they could do in a thousand by the methods now
'in use. I therefore recommend myself and art to
'your patronage, and am

'your most humble servant.'

I have fully considered the project of these our modern Dædalists, and am resolved so far to discourage it, as to prevent any person from flying in my time. It would fill the world with innumerable immoralities, and give such occasions for intrigues as people cannot meet with who have nothing but legs to carry them. You should have a couple of lovers make a midnight assignation upon the top of the monument, and see the cupola of St. Paul's covered with both sexes like the outside of a pigeon-house. Nothing would be more frequent than to see a beau flying in at a garret-window, or a gallant giving chase to his mistress like a hawk after a lark. There would be no walking in a shady wood without springing a covey of Toasts.

The poor huſband could not dream what was doing over his head: if he were jealous indeed he might clip his wife's wings; but what would this avail when there were flocks of whore-maſters perpetually hovering over his houſe? What concern would the father of a family be in all the time his daughter was upon the wing? Every heireſs muſt have an old woman flying at her heels. In ſhort, the whole air would be full of this kind of Gibier, as the French call it. I do allow, with my correſpondent, that there would be much more buſineſs done than there is at preſent. However, ſhould he apply for ſuch a patent as he ſpeaks of, I queſtion not but there would be more petitions out of the City againſt it, than ever yet appeared againſt any other monopoly whatſoever. Every tradeſman that cannot keep his wife a coach could keep her a pair of wings, and there is no doubt but ſhe would be every morning and evening taking the air with them.

I have here only conſidered the ill conſequences of this invention in the influence it would have on love-affairs. I have many more objections to make on other accounts; but theſe I ſhall defer publiſhing until I ſee my friend aſtride the dragon.

Nº 113. TUESDAY, JULY 21.

———"Amphora cœpit
"Institui; currente rota, cur urceus exit?" *Hor. Ars Poet. v. 21.*

When you begin with so much pomp and show,
Why is the end so little and so low? *Roscommon.*

I LAST night received a letter from an honest citizen, who it seems is in his honey-moon. It is written by a plain man on a plain subject, but has an air of good sense and natural honesty in it, which may perhaps please the public as much as myself. I shall not therefore scruple the giving it a place in my paper, which is designed for common use, and for the benefit of the poor as well as the rich.

Good Mr IRONSIDE, *Cheapside, July 18.*

'I HAVE lately married a very pretty body, 'who being something younger and richer 'than myself, I was advised to go a-wooing to her 'in a finer suit of clothes than ever I wore in my 'life; for I love to dress plain, and suitable to a 'man of my rank. However, I gained her heart 'upon it. Upon the wedding-day I put myself, 'according to custom, in another suit fire-new, 'with silver buttons to it. I am so out of counte-'nance among my neighbours upon being so fine, 'that I heartily wish my clothes well worn out. 'I fancy every body observes me as I walk the 'street, and long to be in my old plain geer again. 'Besides, forsooth, they have put me in a silk

'night-gown and a gaudy fool's cap, and make
'me now and then stand in the window with it.
'I am ashamed to be dandled thus, and cannot
'look in the glass without blushing to see myself
'turned into such a pretty little master. They
'tell me I must appear in my wedding-suit for the
'first month at least; after which I am resolved to
'come again to my every day's clothes, for at present
'every day is Sunday with me. Now in my mind,
'Mr IRONSIDE, this is the wrongest way of pro-
'ceeding in the world. When a man's person is
'new and unaccustomed to a young body, he does
'not want any thing else to set him off. The no-
'velty of the lover has more charms than a wed-
'ding-suit. I should think therefore, that a man
'should keep his finery for the latter seasons of
'marriage, and not begin to dress until the honey-
'moon is over. I have observed at a Lord Mayor's
'feast, that the sweet-meats do not make their ap-
'pearance until people are cloyed with beef and
'mutton, and begin to lose their stomachs. But
'instead of this, we serve up delicacies to our
'guests, when their appetites are keen, and coarse
'diet when their bellies are full. As bad as I hate
'my silver-buttoned coat and silk night-gown, I
'am afraid of leaving them off, not knowing
'whether my wife would not repent of her mar-
'riage when she sees what a plain man she has to
'her husband. Pray, Mr IRONSIDE, write some-
'thing to prepare her for it, and let me know
'whether you think she can ever love me in a
'hair button.

'I am, *&c.*

'P. S. I forgot to tell you of my white gloves,
'which, they say too, I must wear all the first
'month.'

My correspondent's observations are very just, and may be useful in low life; but to turn them to the advantage of people in higher stations, I shall raise the moral, and observe something parallel to the wooing and wedding-suit, in the behaviour of persons of figure. After long experience in the world, and reflections upon mankind, I find one particular occasion of unhappy marriages, which, though very common, is not very much attended to. What I mean is this. Every man in the time of courtship, and in the first entrance of marriage, puts on a behaviour like my correspondent's holiday suit, which is to last no longer than until he is settled in the possession of his mistress. He resigns his inclinations and understanding to her humour and opinion. He neither loves nor hates, nor talks, nor thinks in contradiction to her. He is controlled by a nod, mortified by a frown, and transported by a smile. The poor young lady falls in love with this supple creature, and expects of him the same behaviour for life. In a little time she finds that he has a will of his own, that he pretends to dislike what she approves, and that instead of treating her like a goddess, he uses her like a woman. What still makes the misfortune worse, we find the most abject flatterers degenerate into the greatest tyrants. This naturally fills the spouse with sullenness and discontent, spleen and vapour, which, with a little discreet management, make a very comfortable marriage. I very much approve of my friend Tom Truelove in this particular. Tom made love to a woman of sense, and always treated her as such during the whole time of courtship. His natural temper and good-breeding hindered him from doing any thing disagreeable, as his sincerity and frankness of behaviour made him

converſe with her before marriage, in the ſame manner he intended to continue to do afterwards. Tom would often tell her, Madam, you ſee what a ſort of man I am. If you will take me with all my faults about me, I promiſe to mend rather than grow worſe. I remember Tom was once hinting his diſlike of ſome little trifle his miſtreſs had ſaid or done. Upon which ſhe aſked him, how he would talk to her after marriage, if he talked at this rate before? No, Madam, ſays Tom, I mention this now becauſe you are at your own diſpoſal; were you at mine I ſhould be too generous to do it. In ſhort, Tom ſucceeded, and has ever ſince been better than his word. The lady has been diſappointed on the right ſide, and has found nothing more diſagreeable in the huſband than ſhe diſcovered in the lover.

O

Nº 114. WEDNESDAY, JULY 22.

"Alveos accipite, et ceris opus infundite;
"Fuci recuſant, apibus conditio placet."

Phædr. Fab. 13. l. 3. v. 9.

Take the hives, and fall to work upon the honey-combs; the drones refuſe, the bees accept the propoſal.

I THINK myſelf obliged to acquaint the public that the Lion's head, of which I advertiſed them about a fortnight ago, is now erected at Button's coffeehouſe in Ruſſel-ſtreet, Covent Garden, where it opens its mouth at all hours for the reception of ſuch intelligence as ſhall be thrown into it. It is reckoned an excellent piece of workman-

ship, and was designed by a great hand in imitation of the antique Egyptian lion, the face of it being compounded out of that of a lion and a wizard. The features are strong and well furrowed. The whiskers are admired by all that have seen them. It is planted on the western side of the coffeehouse, holding its paws under the chin upon a box, which contains every thing that he swallows. He is indeed a proper emblem of knowledge and action, being all head and paws.

I need not acquaint my readers, that my lion, like a moth or bookworm, feeds upon nothing but paper, and shall only beg of them to diet him with wholesome and substantial food. I must therefore desire that they will not gorge him either with nonsense or obscenity; and must likewise insist, that his mouth be not defiled with scandal, for I would not make use of him to revile the human species, and satirize those who are his betters. I shall not suffer him to worry any man's reputation, nor indeed fall on any person whatsoever, such only excepted, as disgrace the name of this generous animal, and under the title of lions contrive the ruin of their fellow subjects. I must desire likewise, that intriguers will not make a pimp of my lion, and by his means convey their thoughts to one another. Those who are read in the history of the Popes observe, that the Leos have been the best, and the Innocents the worst of that species, and I hope that I shall not be thought to derogate from my Lion's character, by representing him as such a peacable good-natured well-designing beast.

I intend to publish once every week "The roarings of the Lion," and hope to make him roar so loud as to be heard over all the British nation.

If my correspondents will do their parts in

prompting him, and supplying him with suitable provision, I question not but the lion's head will be reckoned the best head in England.

There is a notion generally received in the world that a Lion is a dangerous creature to all women who are not virgins; which may have given occasion to a foolish report, that my Lion's jaws are so contrived, as to snap the hands of any of the female sex, who are not thus qualified to approach it with safety. I shall not spend much time in exposing the falsity of this report, which I believe will not weigh any thing with women of sense: I shall only say, that there is not one of the sex in all the neighbourhood of Covent-Garden, who may not put her hand in his mouth with the same security as if she were a vestal. However, that the ladies may not be deterred from corresponding with me by this method, I must acquaint them that the coffeeman has a little daughter of about four years old who has been virtuously educated, and will lend her hand upon this occasion to any lady that shall desire it of her.

In the mean time, I must further acquaint my fair readers, that I have thoughts of making a further provision for them at my ingenious friend Mr Motteux's or at Corticelli's, or some other place frequented by the wits and beauties of the sex. As I have here a Lion's head for the men, I shall there erect an unicorn's head for the ladies, and will so contrive it, that they may put in their intelligence at the top of the horn, which shall convey it into a little receptacle at the bottom prepared for that purpose. Out of these two magazines I shall supply the town from time to time with what may tend to their edification, and at the same time carry on an epistolary correspondence

between the two heads; not a little beneficial both to the public and to myself. As both these monsters will be very insatiable, and devour great quantities of paper, there will no small use redound from them to that manufacture in particular.

The following letter having been left with the keeper of the lion, with a request from the writer that it may be the first morsel which is put into his mouth, I shall communicate it to the public as it came to my hand, without examining whether it be proper nourishment, as I intend to do for the future.

'Mr GUARDIAN,

'YOUR predecessor, the Spectator, endeavoured, 'but in vain, to improve the charms of the 'fair sex, by exposing their dress whenever it lanched into extremities. Among the rest the great 'petticoat came under his consideration; but, in 'contradiction to whatever he has said, they still 'resolutely persist in this fashion. The form of 'their bottom is not, I confess, altogether the 'same; for whereas before it was of an orbicular 'make, they now look as if they were pressed, so 'that they seem to deny access to any part but the 'middle. Many are the inconveniencies that accrue to her Majesty's loving subjects from the said 'petticoats, as hurting mens shins, sweeping down 'the wares of industrious females in the street, &c. 'I saw a young lady fall down the other day; and 'believe me, Sir, she very much resembled an overturned bell without a clapper. Many other disasters I could tell you of, that befall themselves, 'as well as others, by means of this unwieldly garment. I wish, Mr GUARDIAN, you would join 'with me in showing your dislike of such a mon-

'strous fashion, and I hope when the ladies see it is
'the opinion of two of the wisest men in England,
'they will be convinced of their folly.

'I am, Sir,

'your daily reader and admirer,

'Tom Pleasant.'

No 115. Thursday, July 23.

"Ingenium par materiae"—— *Juv. Sat. 1. v. 151.*

A genius equal to the subject.

When I read rules of Criticism I immediately inquire after the works of the author who has written them, and by that means discover what it is he likes in a composition; for there is no question but every man aims at least at what he thinks beautiful in others. If I find by his own manner of writing that he is heavy and tasteless, I throw aside his Criticisms with a secret indignation, to see a man without genius or politeness dictating to the world on subjects which I find are above his reach.

If the Critic has published nothing but rules and observations in criticism, I then consider whether there be a propriety and elegance in his thoughts and words, clearness and delicacy in his remarks, wit and good-breeding in his raillery; but if in the place of all these I find nothing but dogmatical stupidity, I must beg such a writer's pardon if I have

no manner of deference for his judgment, and refuse to conform myself to his taste.

"So Macer and Mundungus school the times,
"And write in rugged prose the softer rules of rhimes.
"Well do they play the careful critics part,
"Instructing doubly by their matchless art:
"Rules for good verse they first with pains indite,
"Then shew us what are bad, by what they write."

Mr Congreve to Sir R. Temple.

The greatest critics among the ancients are those who have the most excelled in all other kinds of composition, and have shown the height of good writing even in the precepts which they have given for it.

Among the moderns likewise no critic has ever pleased, or been looked upon as authentic, who did not show by his practice that he was a master of the theory. I have now one before me, who after having given many proofs of his performance both in poetry and prose, obliged the world with several critical works. The author I mean is Strada. His Prolusion on the style of the most famous among the ancient Latin poets who are extant, and have written in epic verse, is one of the most entertaining, as well as the most just pieces of criticism that I have ever read. I shall make the plan of it the subject of this day's paper.

It is commonly known that Pope Leo the tenth was a great patron of learning, and used to be present at the performances, conversations, and disputes of all the most polite writers of his time. Upon this bottom Strada founds the following narrative. When this pope was at his Villa, that stood upon an eminence upon the banks of the Tiber, the poets contrived the following pageant or machine for his entertainment. They made a huge

floating mountain, that was split at the top in imitation of Parnassus. There were several marks on it that distinguished it for the habitation of heroic poets. Of all the muses Calliope only made her appearance. It was covered up and down with groves of laurel. Pegasus appeared hanging off the side of a rock, with a fountain running from his heel. This floating Parnassus fell down the river to the sound of trumpets, and in a kind of Epic measure, for it was rowed forward by six huge wheels, three on each side, that by their constant motion carried on the machine, until it arrived before the pope's Villa.

The representatives of the ancient poets were disposed in stations suitable to their respective characters. Statius was posted on the highest of the two summits, which was fashioned in the form of a precipice, and hung over the rest of the mountain in a dreadful manner, so that people regarded him with the same terror and curiosity as they look upon a daring rope-dancer whom they expect to fall every moment.

Claudian was seated on the other summit, which was lower, and at the same time more smooth and even than the former. It was observed likewise to be more barren, and to produce, on some spots of it, plants that are unknown to Italy, and such as the gardeners call exotics.

Lucretius was very busy about the roots of the mountains, being wholly intent upon the motion and management of the machine, which was under his conduct, and was indeed of his invention. He was sometimes so engaged among the wheels, and covered with machinery, that not above half the poet appeared to the spectators, though at other times, by the working of the engines, he was raised up, and

became as conſpicuous as any of the brotherhood.

Ovid did not ſettle in any particular place, but ranged over all Parnaſſus with great nimbleneſs and activity. But as he did not much care for the toil and pains that were requiſite to climb the upper part of the hill, he was generally roving about the bottom of it.

But there was none who was placed in a more eminent ſtation, and had a greater proſpect under him than Lucan. He vaulted upon Pegaſus with all the heat and intrepidity of youth, and ſeemed deſirous of mounting into the clouds upon the back of him. But as the hinder feet of the horſe ſtuck to the mountain while the body reared up in the air, the poet with great difficulty kept himſelf from ſliding off his back, inſomuch that the people often gave him for gone, and cried out, every now and then, that he was tumbling.

Virgil, with great modeſty in his looks, was ſeated by Calliope, in the midſt of a plantation of laurels which grew thick about him, and almoſt covered him with their ſhade. He would not perhaps have been ſeen in this retirement, but that it was impoſſible to look upon Calliope without ſeeing Virgil at the ſame time.

This poetical maſquerade was no ſooner arrived before the pope's Villa, but they received an invitation to land, which they did accordingly. The hall prepared for their reception, was filled with an audience of the greateſt eminence for quality and politeneſs. The poets took their places, and repeated each of them a poem written in the ſtyle and ſpirit of thoſe immortal authors whom they repreſented. The ſubject of theſe ſeveral poems, with the judgement paſſed upon each of them, may be an agreeable entertainment for another day's paper.

20 JY 66

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